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THE NEW YORKER

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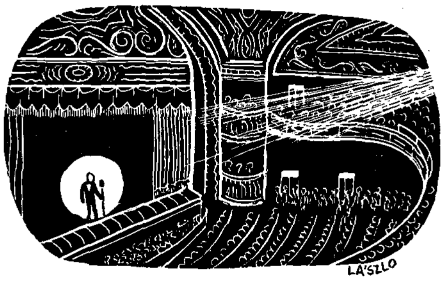
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				28	29	30
1	2	3	4	5	6	7

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Come Blow Your Horn—An inconsequential comedy about a man who is dedicated to manufacturing artificial fruit and has great difficulty in getting his two sons to share his interest. Hal March and Joel Grey are the sons, and Lou Jacobi is the father. (Brooks Atkinson, 47th St., W. CI 5-1310. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

A Far Country—A play concerned with one of Freud's first attempts at psychoanalysis, in the course of which he cured a young woman of her conviction that her legs were permanently paralyzed. There isn't very much in the way of suspense in this drama by Henry Denker, but the writing is honest and the performances by Kim Stanley and Steven Hill, in the principal roles, are laudable. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Greek Tragedy Theatre—Aeschylus' "The Choephori" and "The Eumenides" make up the final offering in a two-week repertory of plays in modern Greek. Earphones that provide a simultaneous translation may be rented at each performance. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 2:30. Closes Sunday, Oct. 1.)

Mary, Mary—The dialogue of this comedy by Jean Kerr is comic, and the characters are vivacious, so the fact that the plot—which has to do with a young couple trying to get together after an estrangement—isn't overly original is not terribly important. Barbara Bel Geddes, Barry Nelson, Michael Wilding, Betsy von Furstenberg, and John Cromwell are all entertaining in it. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Rhinoceros—Eugene Ionesco's shrewd and funny report on what happens to people when they get so anxious to conform that they descend to the level of armored primordial beasts. Zero Mostel and Alfred Ryder are in the cast. (Longacre, 48th St., W. CI 6-5639. Nightly at 8:40. Matinée Saturday at 2:40. Closes Saturday, Sept. 30.)

MUSICALS

Carnival—A musical that deals with life among a clutch of tent-show performers in southern Europe. Adapted from the movie called "Lili," the play has ingratiating performances by Anna Maria Alberghetti, James Mitchell, Jerry Orbach, Pierre Olaf, and Kaye Ballard, and includes a most diverting quartet of puppets manipulated by Mr. Orbach. Bob Merrill did the music and lyrics, Michael Stewart wrote the book, and Gower Champion supervised the whole lively affair. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Do Re Mi—Jukebox extrepreneurs at work and at play. Not very stimulating, despite the best efforts of Phil Silvers and Nancy Walker. The book was written by Garson Kanin, the music by Jule Styne, and the lyrics by Betty Comden and Adolph Green. (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**bye bye birdie:** Gretchen Wyler and Gene Rayburn in a musical concerned with rock 'n' roll, adolescence, and springtime. Music by Charles Strouse, lyrics by Lee Adams, and book by Michael Stewart. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30. Closes Saturday, Oct. 7.)... **camelot:** William Squire, Julie Andrews, John Cullum, and Robert Goulet are prominent in King Arthur's court. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:35. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:35.)... **fiorello!:** The Little Flower transplanted to the stage and set to words and music by Sheldon Harnick and Jerry Bock. Tom Bosley is Fiorello. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-7992. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **irma la douce:** All about a trollop and the company that keeps her. Elizabeth Seal plays the prostitute, and Denis Quilley is cast as her particular boy friend. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **my fair lady:** Shaw's "Pygmalion," turned into a musical by Lerner and Loewe. Michael Allinson and Margot Moser now head the cast. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. PL 7-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) ... **the sound of music:** A sentimental confection, by Rodgers and Hammerstein, in which Mary Martin becomes the stepmother of seven wide-eyed children of the Trapp family. Theodore Bikel is their papa. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. JU 6-5555. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) ... **the unsinkable molly brown:** The ascent of a poor girl from the backwoods of Colorado to the glittering social heights of France. Tammy Grimes is the lass, and the score is by Meredith Willson. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

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CHANGE OF ADDRESS

It is essential that subscribers ordering a change of address give four weeks' notice and provide their old as well as their new address. Please give postal zone numbers for both addresses.

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

From the Second City—A revue that originated in Chicago. Staged by Paul Sills and presented by Max Liebman, Bernard Sahlins, Howard Alk, and Mr. Sills. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes in dates and curtain times, so it is a good idea to verify them before starting out.)

Purlie Victorious—Ossie Davis and Ruby Dee in a comedy by Mr. Davis. The director is Howard Da Silva, the producer Philip Rose. Opens Thursday, Sept. 28. (Cort, 48th St., E. CI 5-4289. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Sail Away—Elaine Stritch in Noël Coward's new musical. Presented by Bonard Productions, in association with Charles Russell. Opens Tuesday, Oct. 3. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, except Oct. 4, and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Caretaker—A London import, by Harold Pinter, with Donald Pleasence, Robert Shaw, and Alan Bates serving as the whole cast. Directed by Donald McWhinnie and produced by Roger L. Stevens, Frederick Brisson, and Gilbert Miller. Opens Wednesday, Oct. 4. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. JU 2-3897. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 7:35. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Blood, Sweat and Stanley Poole—A play by James and William Goldman, with a cast headed by Darren McGavin and Peter Fonda. A presentation of Roger L. Stevens and Fields Productions, directed by Jerome Chodorov. Preview Wednesday, Oct. 4, at 8:40. Opens officially on Thursday, Oct. 5. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 7:45. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is generally advisable.)

The American Dream and **The Death of Bessie Smith**—The first of these one-act plays by Edward Albee is a masterly horror-comedy about a typical well-to-do American middle-aged couple (Mommy and Daddy), a grandma, and a pair of mysterious visitors, all of whom say exactly what comes into their heads, printable or not. The second play, however, is an out-of-whack contest between some Southern racists and the celebrated blues singer, who is never seen—and never felt, either. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. CH 2-3951. Saturdays at 7 and 10, and Sundays at 3 and 7:30.)

The Balcony—Life in a gaudy bordello as reflected in the sensitive eyes of perverts. The play was written by Jean Genêt and directed by José Quintero. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. GR 3-4590. Mondays, Wednesdays, and Sundays at 8:40; Fridays at 9:30; and Saturdays at 10:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 3.)

The Blacks—Jean Genêt again, with a sometimes stunning, sometimes windy sleight-of-hand attempt to depict, in many-layered symbols, the agonies between the Negroes and the whites of the world. The direction, by Gene Frankel, is not all it might be, but the cast of thirteen, an all-Negro one, is superb. A maddening, capricious, and indelible evening. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8:30.)

The Connection—Jack Gelber's curious and

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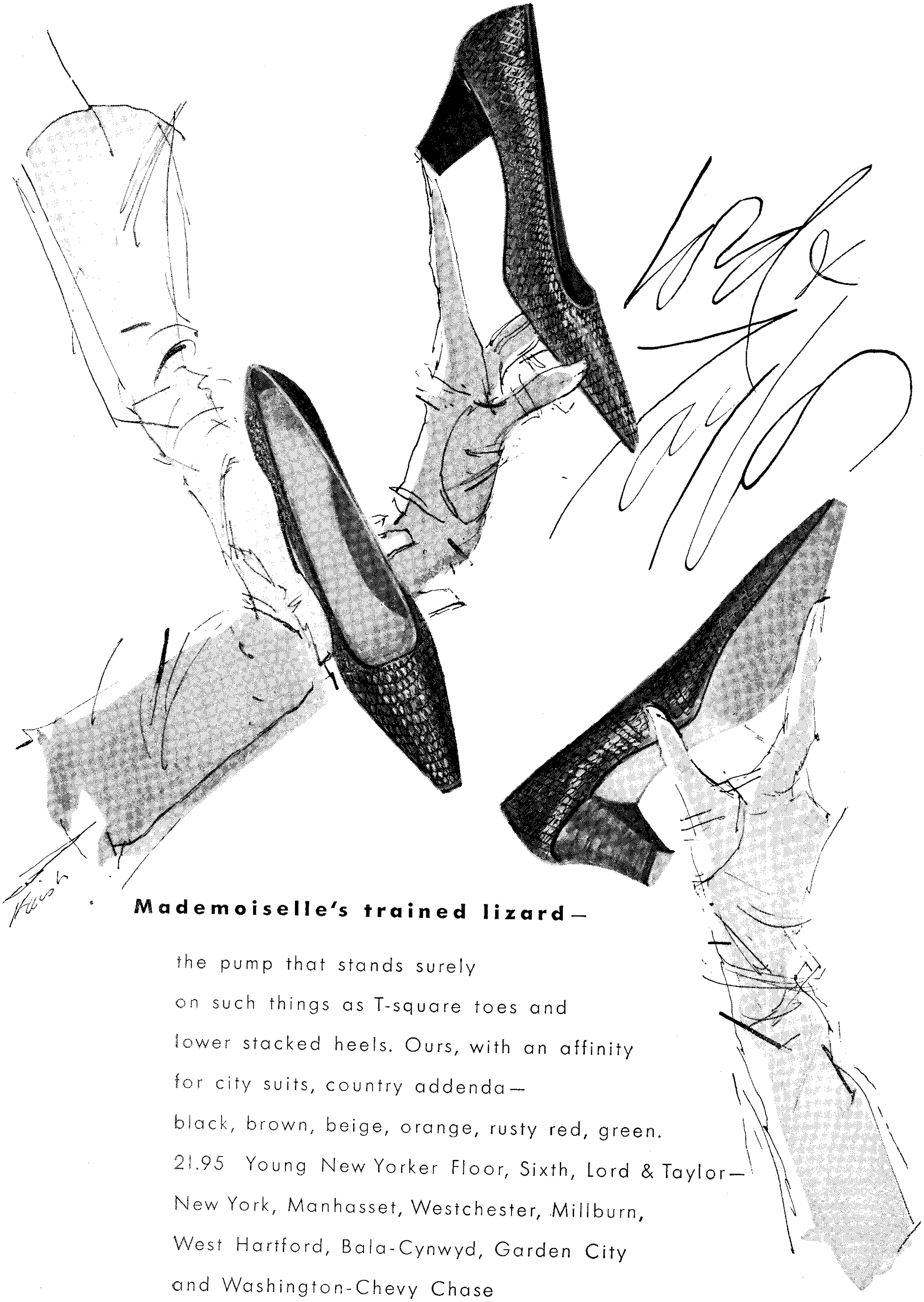

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

compelling play about dope addiction and a number of other things. (Living Theatre, 530 Sixth Ave., at 14th St. CH 3-4569. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:30.)

The Fantasticks—A pretty little musical comedy, by Tom Jones and Harvey Schmidt, in which the whimsey is as thick as *that*. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. OR 4-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

Ghosts—Leueen MacGrath, fascinating as Mrs. Alving, heads a generally fine cast in David Ross's lively production of Ibsen's eighty-year-old problem play. (Fourth Street Theatre, 83 E. 4th St. AL 4-7954. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

Happy Days—Samuel Beckett's monologue with interruptions is mysterious, funny, and moving. This brilliant production is a triple tour de force by the playwright, by Alan Schneider, the director, and by Ruth White, who delivers the monologue as she lies, first half buried and then seven-eighths buried, in a mound of earth. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. CH 2-3951. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40.)

Hi, Paisano!—A musical that has a book by Ernest Chambers, lyrics by June Carroll, and music by Robert Holton. Jorie Remus is in the cast. Previews Thursday and Friday, Sept. 28-29, at 8:40. Opens officially on Saturday, Sept. 30. (York Playhouse, First Ave. at 64th St. TR 9-4130. Opening-night curtain at 8:40; thereafter Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

Krapp's Last Tape and **The Zoo Story**—A four-week return engagement of this Samuel Beckett-Edward Albee double bill, with Donald Davis, Ben Piazza, and William Daniels. (East End Theatre, 85 E. 4th St. AL 4-9520. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 7:30. Closes Sunday, Oct. 8.)

Little Mary Sunshine—This benign spoof of the defunct art of operetta doesn't score heavily as parody, but it is very comic just the same. (Players Theatre, 115 Macdougal St. AL 4-5076. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8:30.)

Misalliance—A revival of the Shaw opus. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-9609. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

One Way Pendulum—N. F. Simpson's nutty farce from England would be funnier if it were even nuttier. Anna Russell, though, as a professional eater and amateur gossip, is funny enough for all practical purposes. (Phoenix 74th Street Theatre, 334 E. 74th St. LE 5-5557. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

The Opening of a Window—A play by Gene Radano. (Theatre Marquee, 110 E. 59th St. PL 3-2575. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

The Pirates of Penzance—The Stratford (Ontario) Festival production, directed by Tyrone Guthrie. (Phoenix Theatre, Second Ave. at 12th St. AL 4-0525. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, Oct. 22.)

Red Eye of Love—A play by Arnold Weinstein, with Jane Romano. (Provincetown Playhouse, 133 Macdougal St. GR 7-9894. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 8:30.)

The Thracian Horses—Nancy Wickwire in a Maurice Valency comedy having to do with the Alcestis legend. (Orpheum Theatre, Second Ave. at 8th St. OR 4-8140. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8:30.)

The Threepenny Opera—The local "Second Shepherd's Play." In the cast are David Atkinson and Marion Brash. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

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Under Milk Wood—A strenuous and only partially successful attempt to supply Thomas's celebrated radio play with faces and forms, which, as before, merely get in the way of the poetry. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. GR 3-4590. Tuesdays and Thursdays at 8:40; Fridays at 7; and Saturdays at 8. Matinées Thursdays and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Oct. 8.)

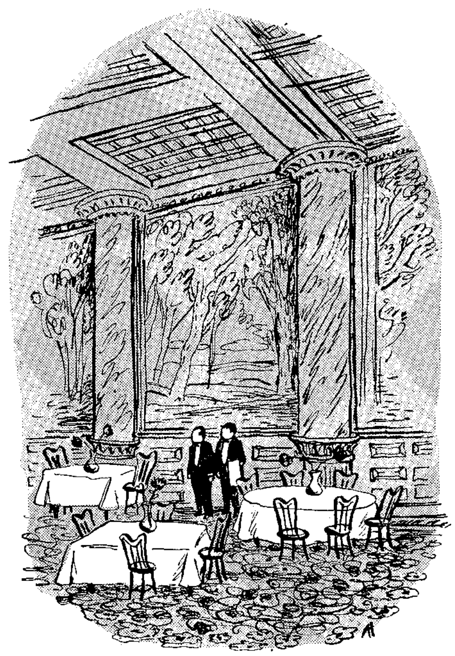
Note—A revue without music (partly extemporaneous, always contemporaneous, and, in general, offhandedly diverting) is being presented at the Premise, 154 Bleecker St., a coffeehouse whose method of staging is as entertaining as its spoken words. (LF 3-5020.) The schedule: Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30; Fridays at 8 and 10:30; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 8:30.

BALLET

Leningrad Kirov Ballet—At the **Metropolitan Opera House:** Gala Program II ("Chopiniana," "Shostakovich Seventh Symphony," an excerpt from "Taras Bulba," and other works), Thursday and Friday, Sept. 28-29, at 8:30. . . . ¶ Gala Program I (excerpts from "Bayaderka," "The Nutcracker," "Taras Bulba," and other works), Saturday, Sept. 30, at 2:30. . . . ¶ "Sleeping Beauty," Saturday, Sept. 30, at 8. . . . **Madison Square Garden** (CO 5-6811): "Swan Lake," Tuesday and Wednesday, Oct. 3-4, at 8, and Saturday, Oct. 7, at 8. . . . ¶ Gala Program I, Thursday and Friday, Oct. 5-6, at 8:30, and Saturday, Oct. 7, at 2:30.

Ballet Español Roberto Iglesias—Appearing for a single performance. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Sunday, Oct. 1, at 8:30.)

American Ballet Theatre—Opening performances of an engagement that will run through Saturday, Oct. 14—Monday evening, Oct. 2: "Les Sylphides," "Moon Reindeer" (New York première), "Caprichos," and "Gala Performance." . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, Oct. 3: "Les Sylphides," "Grand Pas—Glazunov." "Miss Julie," and "Gala Performance." . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Oct. 4: "Swan Lake," "The Combat," "Eden Pas de Deux" (première), and "Theme and Variations." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Oct. 5: "Lady from the Sea," "Etudes" (American première), and "Les Patineurs." . . . ¶ Friday evening, Oct. 6: "Lady from the Sea," "Etudes," and "Les Patineurs." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Oct. 7 (primarily for children): "Swan Lake," "Billy the Kid," and "Les Patineurs." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Oct. 7: "Swan Lake," "Judgment of Paris," and "Etudes." (54th Street Theatre, 152 W. 54th St. JU 6-3787. Evenings at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sunday at 3.)



NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

El Morocco, 307 E. 54th St. (PL 2-5079)—A theatre in the round expressly designed for talented (and perhaps a few untalented) amateurs. Freddy Alonso's rumba band and Joe D'Orsi's orchestra provide dance music, which in the circumstances is probably supererogatory.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—In the Cotillion Room is a potpourri called "Steppin' in Society" (*nom d'un nom!*), in which such amusers as Pat Bright, Jack Haskell, and Patricia Marand appear twice a night. Some of it is spirit-of-mockery; the rest is just *de rigueur*, or even rigor mortis. For dancing, Stanley Melba's orchestra and Phil Wayne's trio take the usual turns. Closed Mondays. . . . ¶ Stanley Worth's quartet hums dance music at cocktails, dinner, and supper every evening in the Café Pierre, a highly social occasion.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—In the Persian Room, there are visitations at dinner and supper by Shirley Bassey, a newly arrived soprano from London, and one who is completely electrified (with animal magnetism, at a guess). Between times, the bands of Emil Coleman and Mark Monte roll out an endless carpet of dance tunes. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Kurt Maier, a glissando sort of pianist, takes tea from four to six-thirty in the Palm Court and dinner from seven to nine in the Edwardian Room. . . . ¶ The Rendez-Vous, which has dowager dignity but a touch of mischief, too, is where Charles Holden's and Nick D'Amico's bands dispense dance music after eight-thirty. Closed Mondays.

Roosevelt, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200)—The dance band of Lenny Herman rumbles along in the Grill at a pace that will never kill. Closed Sundays.

St. Regis, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—Chauncey Gray's orchestra, that old social gadabout, has now nested in the Maisonette, along with Chiquito's trio of rumba chaps. Patachou, a Parisian gadabout, shows up at dinner and supper with a bagful of very tried-and-true songs indigenous to her native city. Closed Sundays.

Savoy Hilton, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2600)—Once in a blue moon turns out to be every evening but Sunday in the Columns, where, bathed in a pale lunar glow, the town's merrymakers may listen to Gunnar Hansen's orchestra from seven to eight-thirty and prance to it from then on. . . . ¶ The only murmuring in the rosewood forest known as the Savoy Room comes from the concise and well-informed piano of Ray Hartley, who begins at cocktails and ends at supper. No music Sundays.

Sheraton-East, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000)—Two state occasions operate side by side belowstairs—the suitably widespread Embassy Club (*on y danse* to Lazaro Quintero's orchestra from eight-thirty until two) and the compact little Knight Box, where Jani Sarkozi's violin plies its trade at dinner and supper. Both events suspend on Sundays.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—Twice a night, Geneviève, creature of impulse, is given the freedom of the Empire Room (a much more ample range than television offered her) to indulge in her ditties and her bilingual malapropisms. There's dancing, too, whenever Milt Shaw's and Emery Deutsch's crews take the stand. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ The Walldorfkeller's theme—part Vienna and part Tyrol—is car-

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ried out to some extent by the chef and sommelier. The theme of the third man concerned, the local musician, is, of course, carried out by a zither, which twangs happily from six-thirty until ten. No music Sundays.

NOTE—The Rainbow Room, a watchtower for observers of Manhattan, is the top layer of 30 Rockefeller Plaza, as well as a place where the drifting-and-dreaming music of a trio and a piano is served up from cocktails through dinner, except Sundays. The phone: CI 6-5800.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

LITTLE CLUB, 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-1800): A real New York cityscape, made up of people who honestly believe that only one state has yet been admitted to the Union. They are accompanied from dinner until a late bedtime by the piano of Marty Berns. Closed Mondays. . . . **GOLDIE'S NEW YORK**, 232 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): The night is always young here, and often the cast is, too. Bob Printz, romance in his fingers, runs a piano by himself from five-thirty to eight; Goldie Hawkins and Wayne Sanders appear thereafter as soloists and (following the theatre) as a real rumpus-room team. Closed Sundays. . . . **DRAKE ROOM**, 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): A suite of practically ambassadorial rank, in which Cy Walter is giving knowledgeable pianoforte recitations between cocktails and one in the morning. Forrest Perrin is the Sunday driver. . . . **MONSIGNORE**, 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): *Arrivederci, Roma*, done to the *con brio* tunes of Herman Honigsberg's covey of mobile violinists; i.e., no place to do homework. Closed Sundays. . . . **IN BOBOLI**, 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (TR 9-3777): A northern-Italian restaurant that can easily be mistaken for a northern-Italian opera house. From Thursday through Sunday, there's activity by Aldo Bruschi's piano, oboe, concertina, voice, and trio, to which (after ten) there's skirmishing on the dance floor. Tuesday through Saturday evenings, Mr. Bruschi is also impresario and basso profundo of a toy but eager opera company that believes implicitly in Puccini. Closed Mondays. . . . **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV**, 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): Not a castle in Spain, or even in France, but in never-never land. Norbert Faconi, whose faint violin can win many a fair lady, goes from table to table during his evening constitutional. No sound on Sundays. . . . **EL CHICO**, 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): A bunch of Latins whooping it up in the oldest Spanish colony of the New World. Dancing for customers, too. Closed Sundays. . . . **CAFÉ CARLYLE**, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): Status quo ante, not penny ante, is the favorite game. Piano that interferes with nothing cruises along from eight-thirty until (if necessary) two. Closed Sundays. . . . **WAVERLY LOUNGE**, 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): Laurie Brewis, whose file case bulges with musical-comedy tunes, is at the piano after nine in the bar of the Hotel Earle. No music Mondays. . . . **ROMA DI NOTTE**, 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (RE 4-3443): Home, sweet home for the night people of the Eternal City and their seven courses for dinner. Among the former are a round of dulcet strolling minstrels. Closed Sundays. . . . **BARBERRY**, 17 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-5800): Conrad Monjoy's tiptoe piano emulates the scrollwork that's the trademark of the Moorish architects who left this restaurant as their monument. His piano operates from six to midnight during the week and on Saturdays until one. Silence on Sundays. . . . **LUAU 400**, 400 E. 57th St. (EL 5-6555): A Polynesia that's not much more than forty-five minutes from Broadway but is still able to go native in its bill of fare and its music. A set of string men whang away in the main room; Jorge Rios, a singer who accompanies himself on guitar and piano, is also on hand every night but Sundays in the bar. . . . **MALMAISON**, 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 1-0845): To the manner born, and all that. In the bar next to the restaurant, Jules Kuti communes with his piano from five to eleven. Closed Sundays. . . . **LEFT BANK**, 309 W. 50th St. (CI 7-3470): The jokes are slyly concealed in the pictures on the wall; the music is Cal Bostic's overt voice and piano, whose spirit is nothing if not blithe, and the slapdash singing of Danny Apolinar, who presides over a trio and a piano. Closed Sundays. . . . **ESSEX HOUSE**, 160 Central Park S. (CI 7-0300): The serene landscape of the Casino-on-the-Park accommodates Steven Weltner's cool, clear, collected piano between cocktails and supper, except on Sunday. . . . **VIENNESE LANTERN**, 242 E. 79th St. (TR 9-7760): *Kaffeeklatsch* time on the East Side, augmented by musicians who never lay down their weapons and singers who never stop vocalizing. Closed Mondays. . . . **STANHOPE GATE**, Fifth Ave. at 81st St. (BU 8-5800): In the opulent bar of the Hotel Stanhope, a guitar broods *sotto voce* from nine-thirty until one every evening but Monday. . . . **CHARDAS**, 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): Music, music everywhere, and a lot of Mittel-europa drops to drink. Tibor Rakossy is the romantic tenor, Lili France is the fluttery heroine, and there are instruments galore. Dancing. Closed Mondays. . . . **LA ZAMBRA**, 14 E. 60th St. (EL 5-4774): The night was made for love—or that's what the resident Spanish guitar, piano, voice, and feet keep trying, with considerable success, to tell us. Closed Sundays. . . . **LIBORIO**, 150 W. 47th St. (JU 2-6188): In the plaza of this quiet Central American village, a flamenco quartet called the Alegrias de España suddenly goes up in flames a couple of times every night but Sunday. In between, piano or guitar rustles in one corner.

BIG AND BRASSY

LATIN QUARTER, Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1735): Girls who give their all, including the shirts off their backs, are the most important commodity of the giant shivaree that runs a very full course here, but there are other commodities for those who feel that an undress parade is not enough. One such is Billy Williams' turbulent little musical comedy, which includes up to fifteen noisemakers. Dancing. . . . **COPACABANA**, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-0900): The life story of Joe E. Lewis, a salty raconteur who (to hear him tell it) has loved and won, though never at the races. His principal companion is Adam Wade, a singer given to holding up the mirror to a number of other intoners of ballads, and there is also a gaggle of delightful young ladies on probation from their *école de ballet*. Dancing for the guests, too.

SUPPER CLUBS

(No dancing, unless noted.)

BLUE ANGEL, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): Phyllis Diller, who will be our next President if America becomes a dictatorial matriarchy, is issuing jolly but nonetheless scathing denunciations of just about anything. Adam Keefe, a flighty wit, contents himself with going quietly mad. The Jimmy Lyons trio (Beverly Peer and Joe Puma are part of it) comes gallantly to their aid, and so does Otis Clements's piano. . . . ¶ In the lounge, Alex Fogarty is again producing his impressionist piano from six to eight-thirty every night but Saturday. . . . **DOWNSTAIRS AT THE UPSTAIRS**, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): A perfect example of the small revue, done according to the customary wise and witty style of Julius Monk, the ringmaster of these premises. The dramatis personae are a lissome lady named Lovey Powell, a girl antelope named Freddie Weber, and two boy harum-scarums, Jim Sheridan and Bill McCutcheon. There are also Paul Trueblood and Robert Colston, a double-piano set to remember. Closed Sundays. . . . **UPSTAIRS AT THE DOWNSTAIRS**, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): Julius Monk's new winter revue, an acidulous biography of New York in its dotage, is now previewing itself, assisted by a cast of six, which includes the well-remembered Ceil Cabot and Mary Louise Wilson. Closed Sundays. . . . **SHOWPLACE**, 1 W. 4th St. (AL 4-5648): Nothing is one half so precious as a few of the bits in "The Prickly Pair," another revue, but then nothing is much funnier than the rest of it. The Prickly Pair are R. G. Brown, a bright and brittle *feuilletonist*, and a willow tree named Marian Mercer, who does justice to the handsome ballads invented by Baldwin Bergersen, the *chef d'orchestre*, which consists of his piano. Weekdays at eleven-thirty, Fridays and Saturdays at nine and eleven-thirty. Closed Mondays. . . . **CAMELOT**, 158 E. 49th St. (EL 5-

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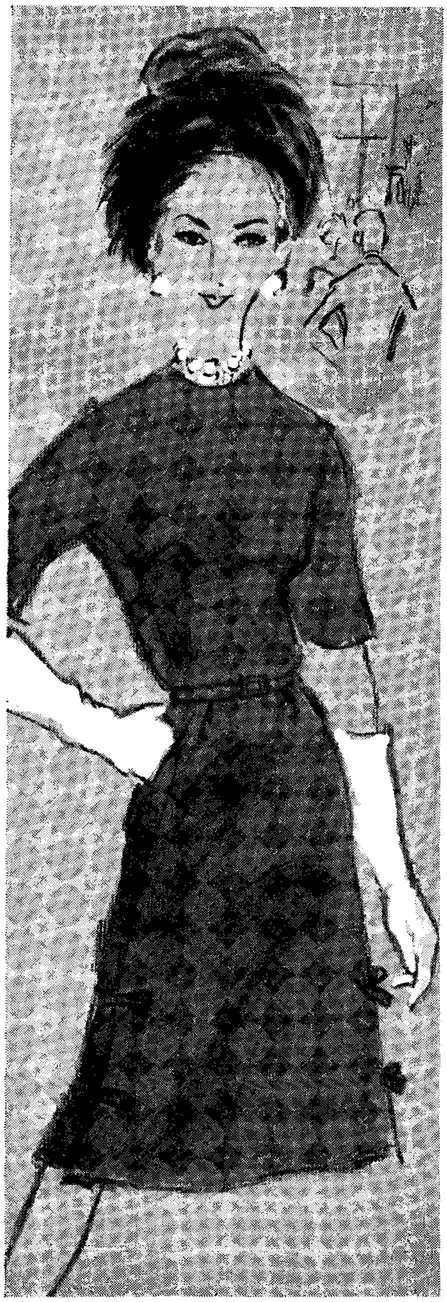

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

4135): "Too Good for the Average Man," a reverent bow to Rodgers and Hart, is all song and no dialogue. Helen Gallagher and Bobby Van are the major interpreters in a cast of five; Buster Davis and John Bunch, at their pianos, are the pit band. Twice nightly is the stint. Closed Sundays. . . . CHÂTEAU MADRID, 42 W. 58th St. (PL 3-3773): Onstage, there are Spanish ladies and Spanish gentlemen indulging in a certain amount of arrant nonsense, as well as other Spanish ladies and Spanish gentlemen indulging in their national pastime—footwork accompanied by if-looks-could-kill glances. Jonas Moura contributes a fantastic *pas seul* in the Brazilian manner, and Pupi Campo's dance band practically forces the audience into a carnival of its own. Señor Moura winds up on Wednesday, Oct. 4. And in the neighborly alcove off the bar, beginning around ten, the flamenco guitar of Juan de la Mata and the flamenco voice of Domingo Alvarado tell a thousand and one tales of the power and the glory of Spanish love life. . . . BON SOIR, 40 W. 8th St. (OR 4-0531): Mae Barnes, a shot easily heard around the world, is once again literally bringing down the house. Her chanteys are set to more or less music by Tiger Haynes and his Three Flames; other familiars are Jimmie Daniels, *padrone* and tenor, and Don Evans, pianist par excellence. There also is a miniature revue, "Greenwich Village, U.S.A.," which should have been called "Joe Miller, U.S.A." Closed Mondays.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

EDDIE CONDON'S, 330 E. 56th St. (PL 5-9550): Max Kaminsky's band is again treading noisily on very familiar ground, where Mr. Condon is making his guitar sound as healthy as ever. Closed Sundays. . . . VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Anita O'Day, a *dea ex machina* if there ever was one, is doing the lilting; Bobby Timmons' just-hatched trio is doing the music. Afternoon sessions every Sunday from four-thirty to seven. Closed Mondays. . . . JIMMY RYAN'S, 53 W. 52nd St. (JU 6-9800): One of the two plantations left on a once flourishing thoroughfare. An old Southern cottage industry, sometimes a trifle too artful-and-crafty, is still being carried on here by Wilbur de Paris, Sidney de Paris, Garvin Bushell, and Wilber Kirk, to say nothing of Don Frye, the intermission pianist. Mondays, Tony Parenti and Zutty Singleton join Mr. Frye in giving the varsity a little competition. Closed Sundays. . . . BASIN STREET EAST, 137 E. 48th St. (PL 2-4444): Stan Kenton has made his brass bed (damn near twenty horns, of one sort or another) and is lying on it, lulled into slumber by its sweet summer breezes. Chris Connor, who sings to it, is still shouting from the housetops, though. For the rest, there's Oscar Peterson's middle-of-the-road piano, graced by a tremendous supporting cast—Ray Brown and Ed Thigpen. They all depart on Wednesday, Oct. 4. Next evening's most startling arrival will be Don Rickles, whose career involves carving up ringsiders with the sort of talk you get from your friendly neighborhood bus driver; Billy Eckstine, that heart-and-soul vocalist, and Quincy Jones' big band have also been invited. Closed Sundays. . . . ROUNDTABLE, 151 E. 50th St. (PL 8-0310): Dorothy Donegan's trio, which is heavy artillery, is the principal occurrence on the podium. This group will be augmented on Monday, Oct. 2, by Matt Monro, who sings, and Jack Kelly's trio. Dancing. Closed Sundays. . . . HICKORY HOUSE, 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Inside the circular bar are Don Shirley and his threesome, who are inclined toward a rich, beautiful, and technically brilliant poesy that can even include the Gershwin Concerto in F. Between sets, there's piano by Frances Thompson, new girl in town, and one who knows what she's doing. No action Mondays. . . . NICK'S, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): Johnny Windhurst and his Sheridan Squares, in which Cutty Cutshall and Cliff Leeman are visible and audible, are the anvil chorus. Sundays, the workday starts with a session at five; Mondays are holidays. . . . METROPOLE, Seventh Ave. at 48th St. (CI 5-0088): The riot squads, which tee off at seven, are Gene Krupa's quartet (they no-show Sundays), Cozy Cole's quintet (they no-show Tuesdays), and Sol Yaged's quintet, which fills in on the nights the others stay home. . . . THE EMBERS, 161 E. 54th St. (PL 9-3228): The music is made by Joe Bushkin's trio, which appears to have no particular goal, and Red Allen's quartet, which simply wants to put rings around the rafters. Sundays are assigned to irregular troops; that is, just about anyone with a union card. . . . HALF NOTE, 289 Hudson St., near Spring St. (AL 5-9752): The missioners of on-with-the-new in their farthest-south settlement. Zoot Sims and Al Cohn are the current leads. Closed Mondays. . . . BIRDLAND, 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (JU 6-7333): The main bout is between Art Blakey's quintet (cannon on the left, cannon on the right) and Gigi Gryce's Orch-tette (cloudland). Mondays, when the regulars are sent to the showers, are guest nights. . . . VILLAGE GATE, 185 Thompson St., at Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120): The leading exhibitor in the incumbent show of folk art is Pete Seeger, stormy petrel. Thursday, Oct. 5, is his last stand; a night later, the new accessions will be Herbie Mann's sextet, which is the West Indies in glorious Technicolor and insistent rhythm, and a songbird named Aretha Franklin. Mondays are relegated to drop-in musicians. . . . FIVE SPOT, 5 Cooper Sq. (GR 7-9650): Ornette Coleman, who has seceded from every union but Local 802, is leading his quartet into pioneer country from which they may never return. Roy Haynes' trio, also given to freethinking, is on hand, too. The Haynes boys cook out Mondays, the Colemans cook out Tuesdays. . . . CENTRAL PLAZA, 111 Second Ave., at 6th St. (AL 4-9800): An ancestral hall for ancestral music. Among the exhibits on Friday and Saturday, Sept. 29-30, should be Conrad Janis and his Tailgaters, Wingy Manone, Tony Parenti, Gene Sedric, Sammy Price, Bob Hammer, Zutty Singleton, and Panama Francis.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

James Boynton—Non-figurative oils; through Saturday, Oct. 7. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

John Fenton—Semi-abstract figures in landscapes; through Saturday, Sept. 30. (Babcock, 805 Madison Ave., at 68th St.)

Sue Fuller—Compositions done in string; through Saturday, Oct. 7. (Bertha Schaefer, 32 E. 57th St.)

Isamu Noguchi—Abstract aluminum and wood sculptures; through Tuesday, Oct. 3. (Cordier & Warren, 978 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

Tetsuo Ochikubo—Color lithographs; through Saturday, Sept. 30. (Krasner, 1061 Madison Ave., at 81st St.)

William Ronald—Abstract Expressionist paintings; through Saturday, Sept. 30. (Kootz, 655 Madison Ave., at 60th St.)

Claude Venard—Recent paintings by a modern French artist; through Thursday, Oct. 5. (Niveau, 962 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

Charmion von Wiegand—Non-objective paintings and collages, in her first showing here in five years; through Oct. 21. (Wise, 50 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Sculptures—At the GREAT JONES GALLERY, 5 Great Jones St.: Heads by Peter Agostini, Reuben Kadish, and others; through Oct. 15. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 6.). . . SCULPTURE CENTER, 167 E. 69th St.: Henry DiSpirito, Cleo Hartwig, Barbara Lekberg, and others; through Oct. 12. . . . STABLE, 33 E. 74th St.: Rhys Caparn, Louise Nevelson, Richard Stankiewicz, and others; through Oct. 14.

Americans; Group Shows—At the DOWNTOWN, 32 E. 51st St.: New paintings and sculptures by such artists as Stuart Davis, Charles Sheeler, and Leonard Baskin, plus a group of nineteenth-century art and a collection of Shaker artifacts; through Saturday, Oct. 7. . . . EMMERICH, 17 E. 64th St.: Paintings by Helen Frankenthaler, Hassel Smith, and Adja Yunkers, to mention a few; through Saturday, Sept. 30. . . . GRAND CENTRAL, 40 Vanderbilt Ave., at 44th St.: Paintings and sculptures by over a hundred artists, among them Chen Chi,

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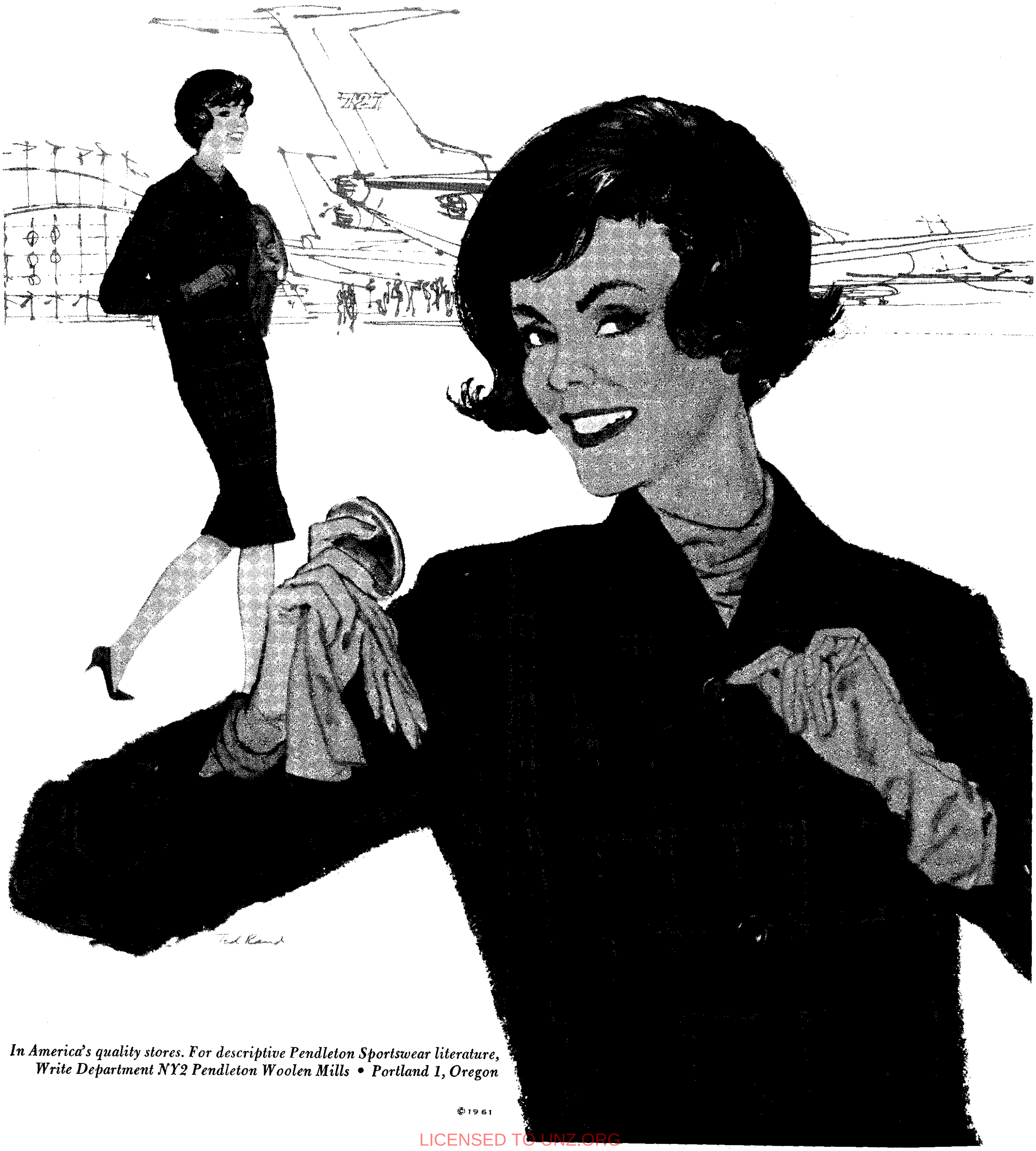

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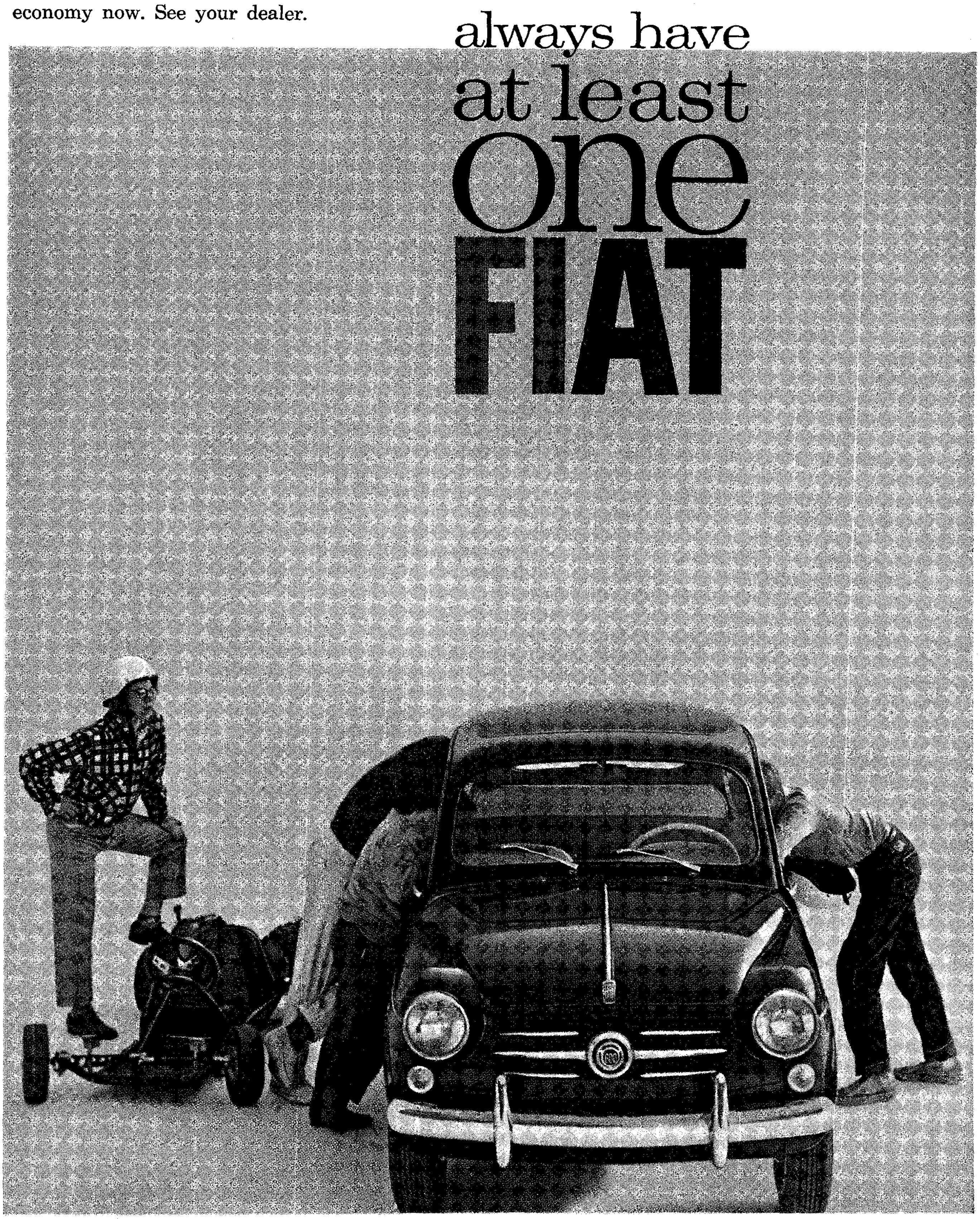

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Robert Philipp, and Priscilla Roberts; through Oct. 25. (Closed Saturdays.) . . . **NORDNESS**, 831 Madison Ave., at 69th St.: "Artist and Athlete," a showing of paintings and sculptures having to do with sports and athletes by Eugene Massin, Julian Levi, Milton Hebald, and others; through Saturday, Sept. 30. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 10; Saturdays, 10 to 6.) . . . **SMOLIN**, 230 E. 80th St.: Paintings done during the thirties under the Federal Arts Project, including works by Ben Zion, Mark Rothko, and Adolph Gottlieb; through Saturday, Oct. 7. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 8.)

AMERICANS AND EUROPEANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the **AMEL**, 63 E. 57th St.: Benjamin J. Benno, Giorgio de Chirico, and René Magritte are three of the exhibitors in a show called "The Poetic Image;" through Oct. 21. . . . **BORGENICHT**, 1018 Madison Ave., at 70th St.: Paintings and sculptures by Milton Avery, Leonard Baskin, José de Rivera, and other gallery members; through Saturday, Sept. 30. . . . **LEFEBRE**, 47 E. 77th St.: Paintings by (for instance) Martin Barré, Julius Bissier, and Kurt Sonderborg; through Saturday, Oct. 7. (Closed Mondays; open Tuesday evenings, 8 to 10.) . . . **PERLS**, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Pascin, Vlaminck, Calder, and other modern French and American painters and sculptors; through Saturday, Oct. 7. (Closed Mondays.)

EUROPEANS; GROUP SHOW—Paintings by Pascin, Chagall, Miró, and others; through Oct. 14. (Hahn, 611 Madison Ave., at 58th St.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—"Chinese Art Treasures," consisting of more than two hundred and fifty items once in the national museums of Peking and Nanking. In the show are paintings, porcelains, bronzes, silk tapestries, jades, and lacquer ware, some of them dating back to the eleventh century B.C. Through Nov. 1. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—A loan exhibition of seventy-five paintings by fifteen contemporary Polish artists, including Jan Lebenstein, Aleksander Kobzdej, and Tadeusz Kantor; through Sunday, Oct. 1. . . . ¶ Two small exhibits of works from the Museum's collection: "Modern Allegories," comprising pieces by, among others, Gauguin, Tchelitchew, and Klee; and "Recent American Paintings," a selection of canvases by Pollock, de Kooning, Rothko, and other leading Abstract Expressionists. . . . ¶ "The Art of Assemblage," a collection of collages mostly; starting Wednesday, Oct. 4. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 10; Sundays, 1 to 7.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—Drawings from three centuries (eighteenth to twentieth), from the Museum's collection, by Toulouse-Lautrec, van Gogh, Gabor Peterdi, and others; through Saturday, Sept. 30. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

ASIA HOUSE, 112 E. 64th St.—"Peasant and Nomad Rugs of Asia," an exhibit composed of thirty-five examples principally from the Near East, the Caucasus, and Central Asia; through Nov. 19. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 5.)

SOLOMON R. GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—Paintings and sculptures from the Museum's collection by such modern masters as Chagall, Feininger, and Brancusi; through Oct. 8. . . . ¶ Two small-scale one-man shows of paintings by Alfred Jensen and Raymond Parker; through Saturday, Sept. 30. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6, and Wednesday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

MORGAN LIBRARY, 33 E. 36th St.—"Medieval Masterpieces," an exhibition of thirty illuminated manuscripts, notably the Lindau Gospels and the Berthold Missal; through Saturday, Oct. 7. (Weekdays, 9:30 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF CONTEMPORARY CRAFTS, 29 W. 53rd St.—"Contemporary Craftsmen of the Far West," a display of jewelry, fabrics, wall hangings, ceramic sculptures, and other objects, from Alaska, Arizona, California,

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Hawaii, and so on; through Nov. 5. (Weekdays, noon to 6; Sundays, 2 to 6.)

Museum of Primitive Art, 15 W. 54th St.—Previously unexhibited works of art (stone sculpture, terra-cotta figurines, ritual vessels, and ornamental goldwork) from the several rich and varied civilizations of ancient Mexico; through Nov. 19. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

New School, 66 W. 12th St.—The annual Art Faculty Show of paintings, sculptures, and woodcuts by, among others, Raphael Soyer, Seymour Lipton, and Chaim Gross; through Oct. 13. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 10; Saturdays, 10 to 3.)

Whitney Museum, 22 W. 54th St.—A Bernard Reder retrospective, made up of sculptures in stone and bronze, drawings, woodcuts, and architectural models; through Nov. 14. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Carnegie Hall is CI 7-7460 and for Town Hall JU 2-4536.)

OPERA

New York City Opera Company—Opening performances of the season, which will continue through Sunday, Nov. 12—Thursday, Oct. 5, at 7:30: The company's première of Puccini's "Il Trittico" ("Il Tabarro," "Suor Angelica," and "Gianni Schicchi"). A benefit for the New York City Opera's Production Fund. . . . ¶ Friday, Oct. 6, at 8:15: "Cosi Fan Tutte" (in English). . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 7, at 8:15: "La Bohème." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989.)

ORCHESTRAS

New York Philharmonic—At Carnegie Hall, Leonard Bernstein conducting—Thursday, Sept. 28, at 8:30; Friday, Sept. 29, at 2:15; Saturday, Sept. 30, at 8:30; and Sunday, Oct. 1, at 3 (all with Jennie Tourel, mezzo-soprano, plus, on Saturday, Philippe Entremont, piano); and Thursday, Oct. 5, at 8:30; Friday, Oct. 6, at 2:15; Saturday, Oct. 7, at 8:30; and Sunday, Oct. 8, at 3 (all with Joseph Fuchs, violin).

Symphony Concert—Ferruccio Burco conducting an orchestra made up of sixty members of the Symphony of the Air. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Sept. 29, at 8:30.)

Musica Aeterna—Frederic Waldman conducting an orchestra, with Joan Sutherland, soprano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Saturday, Oct. 7, at 8:30. All seats have been sold and only standing room is left.)

RECITALS

Krainis Baroque Trio—A program of French and Italian chamber music. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Thursday, Sept. 28, at 8:30.)

Kimio Eto—Koto player, with assisting artists from the New York Philharmonic. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Oct. 1, at 8:30. . . . ¶ Same program; Town Hall. Saturday, Oct. 7, at 5:15.)

Ravi Shankar—Sitarist, with Kanai Dutta, tabla, and N. C. Mullick, tamboura. (Town Hall. Monday, Oct. 2, at 8:30.)

William Lewis—Tenor. (Town Hall. Tuesday, Oct. 3, at 8:30.)

Jacques Abram—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Oct. 4, at 8:30.)

Charles Bressler—Tenor. (Town Hall. Thursday, Oct. 5, at 8:30.)

MISCELLANY

Jazz Concerts—Thursday, Sept. 28: Buster Bailey's sextet. . . . ¶ Thursday, Oct. 5: To be announced. (Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. CI 5-8900. Evenings at 8:30.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is CO 5-6811.)

Baseball—At **YANKEE STADIUM**: Yankees vs. Boston, Friday, Sept. 29, at 8, and Saturday and Sunday, Sept. 30-Oct. 1, at 2. . . . **WORLD SERIES**: Starts either Wednesday, Oct. 4, or Thurs-

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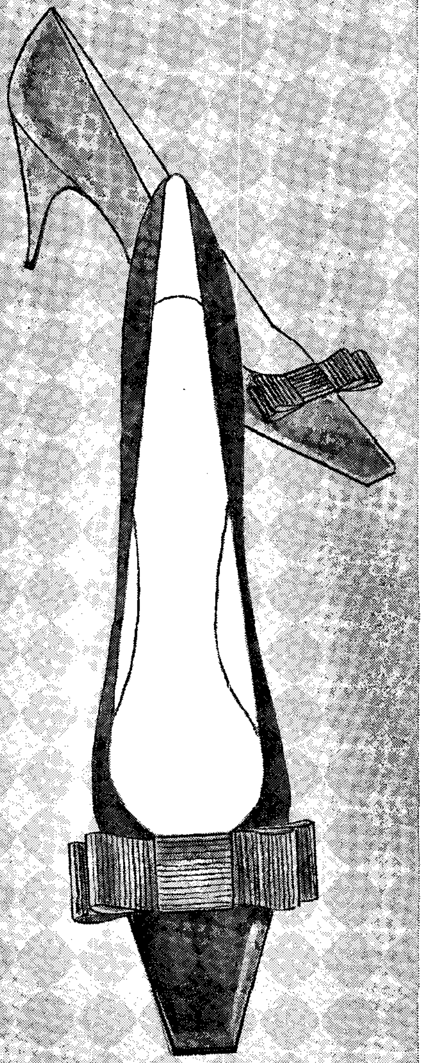

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day, Oct. 5, at Yankee Stadium. The first two games will be played there, the next three in the National League park, and the final two, if required, at Yankee Stadium. Local games will start at 1. The New York Telephone Company will furnish running scores along with its time reports; call ME 7-1212.

BOXING—Emile Griffith vs. Benny (Kid) Paret, 15 rounds, for the World Welterweight Championship. (Madison Square Garden. Saturday, Sept. 30. Preliminaries at 8:30; main bout at 10.)

COLLEGE FOOTBALL—**SATURDAY, SEPT. 30:** Army vs. Boston University, at West Point, at 2. . . . ¶ Brown vs. Columbia, at Providence, at 2. . . . ¶ Cornell vs. Colgate, at Ithaca, at 2. . . . ¶ Harvard vs. Lehigh, at Cambridge, at 2. . . . ¶ Navy vs. William and Mary, at Annapolis, at 2. . . . ¶ Pennsylvania vs. Lafayette, at Philadelphia, at 1:35. . . . ¶ Princeton vs. Rutgers, at Princeton, at 2. . . . ¶ Williams vs. Trinity, at Williamstown, at 2. . . . ¶ Yale vs. Connecticut, at New Haven, at 2. . . . **SATURDAY, OCT. 7:** Columbia vs. Princeton, at Baker Field, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Harvard vs. Cornell, at Cambridge, at 2. . . . ¶ Pennsylvania vs. Dartmouth, at Philadelphia, at 1:35. . . . ¶ Yale vs. Brown, at New Haven, at 2.

PROFESSIONAL FOOTBALL—Titans vs. Boston Patriots. (Polo Grounds. Sunday, Oct. 1, at 2.)

DOG SHOWS—Westbury Kennel Association. (Old Westbury. Sunday, Oct. 1.) . . . ¶ Devon Dog Show Association. (Devon, Pa. Saturday, Oct. 7.)

HUNT RACING—Rolling Rock Hunt Racing Association. (Ligonier, Pa. Wednesday, Oct. 4, and Saturday, Oct. 7.)

POLO—Sundays at 3:30—At **MEADOW BROOK CLUB**, Jericho. . . . **BLIND BROOK POLO CLUB**, Purchase.

RACING—**AQUEDUCT-AT-BELMONT:** Daily at 1:30; through Saturday, Sept. 30. The Woodward, Saturday, Sept. 30. (Frequent trains will leave Penn Station for the track Thursday and Friday between 11 and 1, and Saturday between 10:30 and 1:25.) . . . **BELMONT-AT-AQUEDUCT:** Weekdays at 1:30, from Monday, Oct. 2, through Saturday, Oct. 28. The Cowdin, Monday, Oct. 2, and the Frizette, Saturday, Oct. 7. . . . **ATLANTIC CITY**, Mays Landing, N.J.: Weekdays at 2; through Tuesday, Oct. 3. (A train leaves Penn Station at 9:30 and connects with a train for the track at North Philadelphia.) . . . **GARDEN STATE PARK**, Camden, N.J.: Tuesdays through Saturdays at 1:30, from Saturday, Oct. 7, through Saturday, Nov. 11. (A train will leave Penn Station at 9:30 and connect with a train for the track at North Philadelphia.)

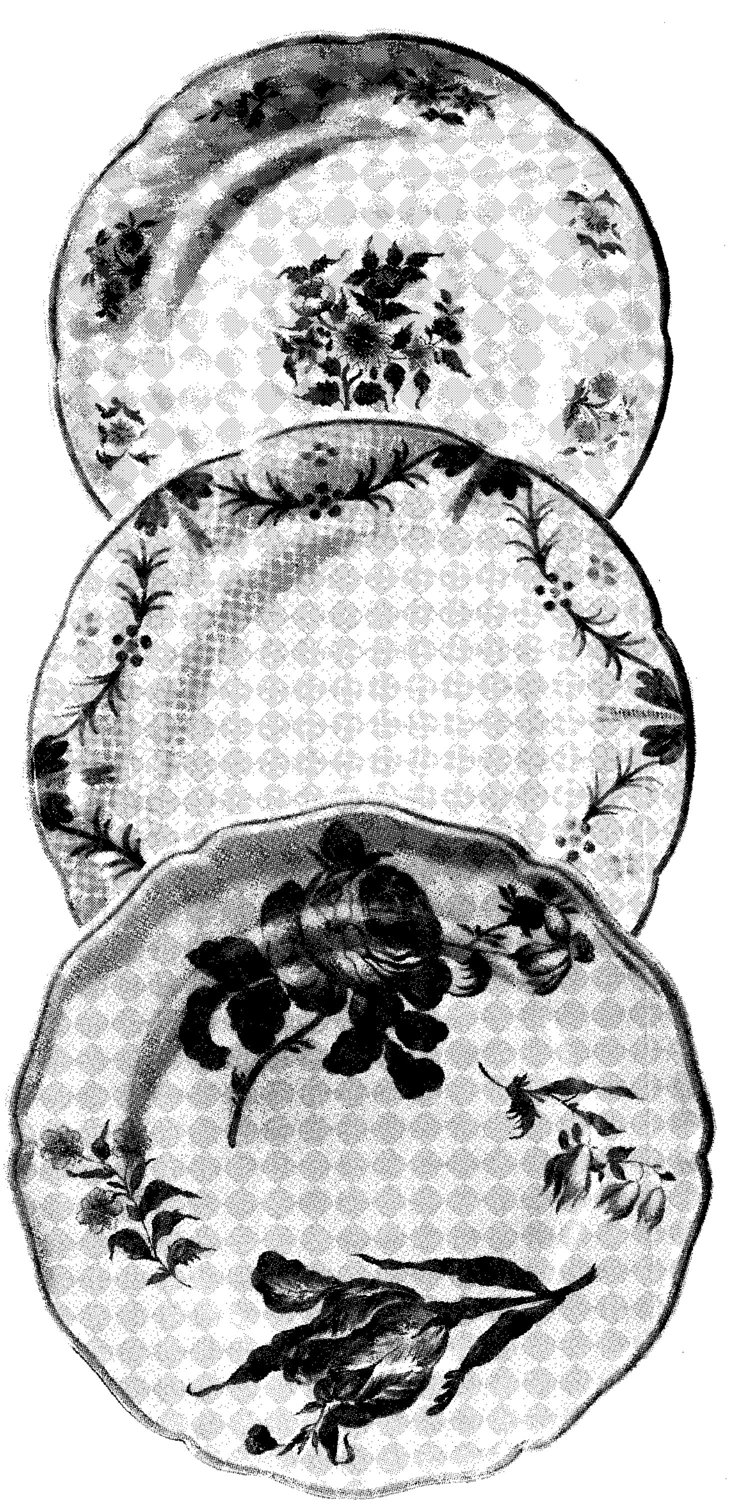
SIX-DAY BIKE RACE—At Madison Square Garden: Through Thursday, Sept. 28, at 11 P.M.

TROTTING—At **YONKERS RACEWAY:** Thursday, Sept. 28, at 8:25. . . . **ROOSEVELT RACEWAY**, Westbury: Weekdays at 8:30, from Friday, Sept. 29, through Thursday, Nov. 30. (Special trains will leave Penn Station for the track Mondays through Fridays at 6:51, and Saturdays at 6:35 and 7:10.) . . . **SARATOGA RACEWAY**, Saratoga Springs: Weekdays at 8:15; through Saturday, Oct. 14.

OTHER EVENTS

UNITED NATIONS—Visitors are admitted to the plenary and/or committee sessions of the General Assembly, as well as to periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various other commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.) . . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so from 9:15 to 4:45 daily.

AUCTIONS—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8, and Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Friday and Saturday, Sept. 29-30, at 1:45: French and other furniture and decorative objects, from the estates of Edward R. Tinker and Charles C. Auchincloss, and from other sources. . . . ¶ Tuesday and Wednesday, Oct. 3-4, at 1:45: First editions, illuminated manuscripts, miniature books, letters of Presidents, and other literary material; from several collectors, among them the late Forest H. Sweet.



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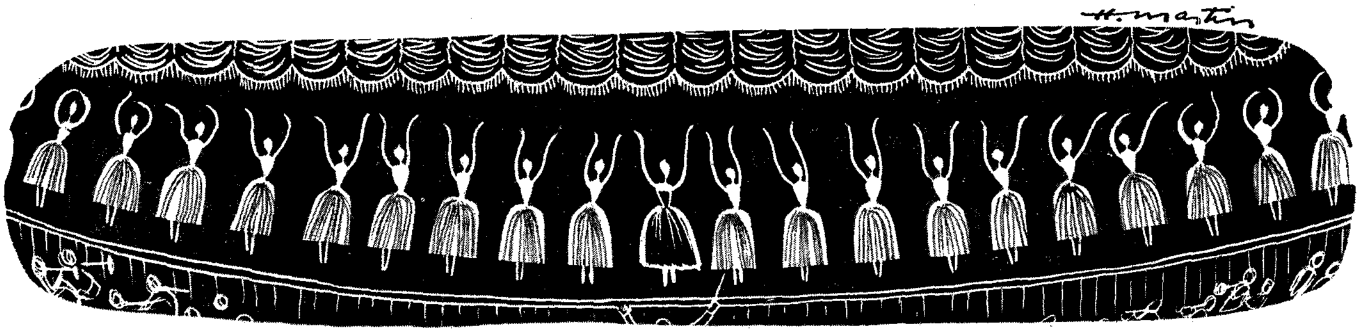
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION



A Cold Wind in August—A picture that knows where it's going and quickly gets there, made by a group of young men who might never have heard of Hollywood. The story concerns a tough stripper and a hitherto virtuous boy who fall in love, and their doomed affair is given an unusual vividness by marvellous acting and camera work. (New Embassy, B'way at 46th, PL 7-2408; through Oct. 4, tentative.)

La Dolce Vita—The pleasures and vices of Roman society, as herein revealed, haven't changed much since the days of the Twelve Caesars. The movie also reveals a number of other things, among them that Federico Fellini is a script-writer and director of dazzling imagination, and that Marcello Mastroianni, who plays the leading role, is the brightest star to appear here in quite some time. (Henry Miller, 124 W. 43rd, BR 9-3970. Weekdays at 8 and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées daily, except Wednesdays, at 2:30; Wednesdays at 2. Extra performances Saturdays at midnight. Reserved seats only.)

Exodus—Perhaps the only way to face this interminable account of the founding of modern Israel is to take along a light lunch; goodness knows there's little enough in the plot to feed on. Paul Newman, Ralph Richardson, Eva Marie Saint, and Lee J. Cobb head a large and luckless cast. (Warner, B'way at 47th, CO 5-5711. Weekdays at 8 and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées daily at 2. Reserved seats only.)

Fanny—An overblown and somewhat overripe non-musical version of the well-known musical comedy. Not the least outrageous thing about it is that it turns out to be delightful, thanks to Josh Logan's unabashedly broad direction and splendid bouts of overacting by heavyweights Maurice Chevalier and Charles Boyer and lightweights Leslie Caron and Horst Buchholz. (R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th, EL 5-3577; through Sept. 30. . . . ¶ R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th, AT 9-8900; through Oct. 3. . . . ¶ Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th, GR 3-2277; Riverside, B'way at 96th, MO 3-4530; and Nemo, B'way at 110th, MO 6-8210; through Oct. 4.)

The Great War—Seemingly thirty years too late, the Italians have sent us a long and carefully detailed study of the First World War. Thanks to the comic verve of its three stars—Vittorio Gassman, Alberto Sordi, and Silvana Mangano—the picture proves uncannily fresh and attractive. (Victoria, B'way at 46th, JU 6-0540.)

The Hustler—A movie that tries to say too much but can be forgiven most of its excesses on the strength of brilliant performances by Paul Newman, Jackie Gleason, George C. Scott, Piper Laurie, and Myron McCormick. The settings are mostly pool halls—a "hustler" is a pool shark—which Robert Rossen, the producer and director, has brought vividly and repellently to life. (Paramount, B'way at 43rd, WI 7-9400. . . . ¶ 72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; through Oct. 4, tentative.)

The Joker—Love conquers all, but only if it's deeds of love performed at no matter what risk to life, limb, and self-respect. Such is the theme of this truly hilarious farce. Jean-Pierre Cassel plays an idealistic and indefatigable philanderer, and the lady into whose arms he incessantly pops is Anouk Aimée, who has reason to look alarmed. (68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302; and 55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th, JU 6-4590.)

Purple Noon—A French thriller, which, though the plot is something of a cheat, justifies itself by admirable acting and romantic settings. The villain is played by Alain Delon, and the girl he pursues is Marie Laforet, who is very young and pretty. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th, CI 6-3454.)

Rocco and His Brothers—The Italian director Luchino Visconti here shows what happens when, in his native Milan, a numerous and impoverished peasant family seeks to rise in the world and finds it easier to sink. A long morality tale, which Mr. Visconti and a well-nigh perfect cast manage to imbue with extraordinary power. (Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622.)

Saturday Night and Sunday Morning—In his first leading role, Albert Finney is very promising as a rambunctious young Englishman who is determined not to let his job in a factory or his dreary surroundings outside of it get him down. The cast includes, among other good actors, Norman Rossington, Rachel Roberts, and Hylda Baker. Alan Sillitoe has adapted his own lively novel for the screen. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; through Oct. 4, tentative.)

The Truth—Henri-Georges Clouzot's study of life among the beatniks of Paris. A beautiful young amoralist, who was thinking of shooting herself but has shot her lover instead, is on trial for his murder, and M. Clouzot's purpose is to show what got her into that terrible fix. Despite its subject matter, a film of almost classical elegance of style, superbly acted by, of all people, Brigitte Bardot. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, MU 8-0134.)

Two Women—The happy scenes in this movie are set in a mountain village in Italy, the unhappy ones in Rome and on the road to Rome. Vittorio De Sica directed it from a script by Cesare Zavattini, which, in turn, is from a novel by Alberto Moravia. Jean-Paul Belmondo, Sophia Loren, and Eleanora Brown are the principal actors, and everyone concerned is in absolutely top form. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411; through Oct. 1.)

REVIVALS

Ballad of a Soldier (1960)—A Soviet film about the war that is less a drama than a collection of memorable photographic essays. Directed by Grigori Chukhrai, and with Vladimir Ivashov and Shanna Prokhorenko. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; and Midtown, B'way at 100th, AC 2-1200; starting Oct. 4. . . . ¶ Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; starting Oct. 4, tentative.)

Bitter Rice (1950)—Silvana Mangano as a rice harvester in the Po Valley. An Italian picture. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., OR 4-3210; Sept. 29-Oct. 2.)

Bringing Up Baby (1938)—Katharine Hepburn (a rich girl), Cary Grant (a scientist), and two leopards (leopards). (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; Oct. 2-3.)

Casablanca (1942)—Intrigue in North Africa. With Humphrey Bogart, Ingrid Bergman, and Claude Rains. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., OR 4-3210; starting Oct. 3.)

Gone with the Wind (1939)—Nearly four hours of Vivien Leigh, Clark Gable, and thousands of others. (Loew's 83rd St., B'way at 83rd, TR 7-3190; and Olympia, B'way at 107th, UN 5-8128; Sept. 28. . . . ¶ Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; through Oct. 1. . . . ¶ Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; through Oct. 3, tentative.)

It Happened in Broad Daylight (1960)—Heinz Ruhmann as a police inspector who dedicates his life to tracking down an insane murderer of little girls. A Swiss film. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Oct. 2.)

The Love Game (1960)—A pretty girl with her mind fixed on motherhood has a hard time persuading her lighthearted lover to fix his mind on fatherhood. In French, as you might have expected. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Sept. 30.)

The Maltese Falcon (1941)—Humphrey Bogart, Mary Astor, and Sydney Greenstreet in the Dashiell Hammett yarn. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., OR 4-3210; starting Oct. 3.)

Picnic on the Grass (1960)—Jean Renoir wrote, produced, and directed this pagan rite. Paul Meurisse plays a professor of science who forgets science at the sight of a good-looking girl in her skin. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Sept. 29.)

Rhapsody in Blue (1945)—Joan Leslie, Robert Alda, and Alexis Smith in a musical biography of George Gershwin. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; Oct. 2-3.)

Rosemary (1960)—A sardonic view of some get-rich-quick operators in post-Nazi Frankfurt. A German film, based on a true story and starring Nadja Tiller. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Sept. 30.)

Sapphire (1959)—A British mystery film in which a pair of detectives solves the murder of a girl half white and half Negro. Nigel Patrick, Yvonne Mitchell, and Michael Craig. (Palace, B'way at 47th, PL 7-2626; starting Sept. 29.)

The Thin Man (1934)—William Powell and Myrna Loy in the Dashiell Hammett mystery. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; through Oct. 4.)

Umberto D. (1955)—Vittorio De Sica's sad account of the twilight of an aged government pensioner. In Italian. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., OR 4-3210; Sept. 29-Oct. 2.)

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—Through Sept. 30: "The Witch and the Bicyclist" (1909), a Danish film; and "Reaching for the Moon" (1917), with Douglas Fairbanks. . . . ¶ Starting Oct. 1: "Male and Female" (1919), with Gloria Swanson. (Showings at 3 and 5:30, and Thursday evenings at 8. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after 1.)

THE MOVIE HOUSES

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FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

THE BROADWAY AREA

Astor, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
"The Young Doctors," Fredric March, Ben Gazzara.

Capitol, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
"A Thunder of Drums," Richard Boone, George Hamilton.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
"The Guns of Navarone," Gregory Peck, David Niven.

DeMille, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CO 5-8431)
"Spartacus," Kirk Douglas, Laurence Olivier.

Forum, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-8320)
"Picnic," revival. William Holden. Rosalind Russell; and "Twinkle and Shine" (formerly called "It Happened to Jane"), revival, Doris Day, Jack Lemmon.

Henry Miller, 124 W. 43rd. (BR 9-3970)
LA DOLCE VITA (in Italian).

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
"Come September," Rock Hudson, Gina Lollobrigida.

New Embassy, B'way at 46th. (PL 7-2408)
Through Oct. 4 (tentative): **A COLD WIND IN AUGUST.**

Palace, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-2626)
Sept. 28: "The Mighty Crusaders," Francisco Rabal.
From Sept. 29: **SAPPHIRE**, revival; and "This Earth Is Mine," revival, Rock Hudson, Jean Simmons.

Paramount, B'way at 43rd. (WI 7-9400)
THE HUSTLER.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
"Francis of Assisi," Bradford Dillman, Dolores Hart.

State, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
"The Honeymoon Machine," Steve McQueen.

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
THE GREAT WAR.

Warner, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
EXODUS.

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through Oct. 4 (tentative): **SATURDAY NIGHT AND SUNDAY MORNING.**

Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th. (GR 3-2277)
Through Oct. 4: **FANNY**; and "The Hypnotic Eye," Jacques Bergerac.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Oct. 3 (tentative): **GONE WITH THE WIND**, revival.
From Oct. 4 (tentative): **BALLAD OF A SOLDIER** (in Russian), revival; and "The Cow and I" (in French), Fernandel.

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (MU 5-7652)
"The Guns of Navarone," Gregory Peck, David Niven.

Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd. (PL 3-2434)
"The Risk," Tony Britton, Virginia Maskell.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
Through Oct. 1: **TWO WOMEN** (in Italian).
From Oct. 2: "The Mark," Maria Schell, Stuart Whitman.

R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th. (EL 5-3577)
Through Sept. 30: **FANNY.**
Oct. 1-3: "The Naked Edge," Gary Cooper, Deborah Kerr; and "The Flight That Disappeared," Craig Hill.
From Oct. 4: "King of the Roaring 20s," David Janssen, Dianne Foster; and "Angel Baby," George Hamilton, Mercedes McCambridge.

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
"The Man Who Wagged His Tail" (in Spanish), Peter Ustinov, Pablito Calvo.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"Never on Sunday" (in Greek and English), Melina Mercouri, Jules Dassin.

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
"The Pure Hell of St. Trinian's," Cecil Parker, George Cole.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
ROCCO AND HIS BROTHERS (in Italian).

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
THE JOKER (in French).

72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through Oct. 4 (tentative): **THE HUSTLER.**

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
"The Young Doctors," Fredric March, Ben Gazzara.

R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
Through Oct. 3: **FANNY.**
From Oct. 4: "King of the Roaring 20s," David Janssen, Dianne Foster; and "Angel Baby," George Hamilton, Mercedes McCambridge.

Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
Sept. 28: "Goodbye Again," Ingrid Bergman, Yves Montand; and "You Have to Run Fast," Craig Hill.
From Sept. 29: "The Naked Edge," Gary Cooper, Deborah Kerr; and "The Flight That Disappeared," Craig Hill.

WEST SIDE

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (OR 4-3210)
Sept. 28: "One Summer of Happiness" (in Swedish), revival, Ulla Jacobsson, Folke Sundquist; and "The Eternal Return" (in French), revival, a Jean Cocteau film, with Jean Marais.
Sept. 29-Oct. 2: **BITTER RICE** and **UMBERTO D.** (both in Italian and both revivals).
From Oct. 3: **CASABLANCA**, revival; and **THE MALTESE FALCON**, revival.

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8038)
Through Oct. 1: **GONE WITH THE WIND**, revival.
Oct. 2-3: **BRINGING UP BABY**, revival; and **RHAPSODY IN BLUE**, revival.
From Oct. 4: "Goodbye Again," Ingrid Bergman, Yves Montand.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through Oct. 4 (tentative): "Please Turn Over," Ted Ray, Jean Kent.

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
"Macario" (in Spanish), Ignacio López Tarso, Pina Pellicer.

Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
Sept. 28: "Goodbye Again," Ingrid Bergman, Yves Montand; and "You Have to Run Fast," Craig Hill.
From Sept. 29: "The Naked Edge," Gary Cooper, Deborah Kerr; and "The Flight That Disappeared," Craig Hill.

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
Through Oct. 3: "The Cheaters" (in French), Jacques Charrier, Pascale Petit; and "Left, Right and Centre," Ian Carmichael, Alastair Sim.
From Oct. 4: **BALLAD OF A SOLDIER** (in Russian), revival; and "Crazy for Love," Brigitte Bardot.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"Question 7," Michael Gwynn, Christian de Bresson.

55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th. (JU 6-4590)
THE JOKER (in French).

Trans-Lux Normandie, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
"Girl with a Suitcase" (in Italian), Claudia Cardinale.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-3454)
PURPLE NOON (in French).

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
"The Ninth Circle" (in Yugoslav).

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-0134)
THE TRUTH (in French).

Loew's 83rd St., B'way at 83rd. (TR 7-3190)
Sept. 28: **GONE WITH THE WIND**, revival.
From Sept. 29: "The Naked Edge," Gary Cooper, Deborah Kerr; and "The Flight That Disappeared," Craig Hill.

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Through Oct. 4: **THE THIN MAN**, revival; and "Singin' in the Rain," revival, Gene Kelly, Debbie Reynolds.

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through Oct. 3: "The World of Suzie Wong," revival, William Holden, Nancy Kwan; and "Midnight Lace," revival, Doris Day, Rex Harrison.
From Oct. 4: "King of the Roaring 20s," David Janssen, Dianne Foster; and "Angel Baby," George Hamilton, Mercedes McCambridge.

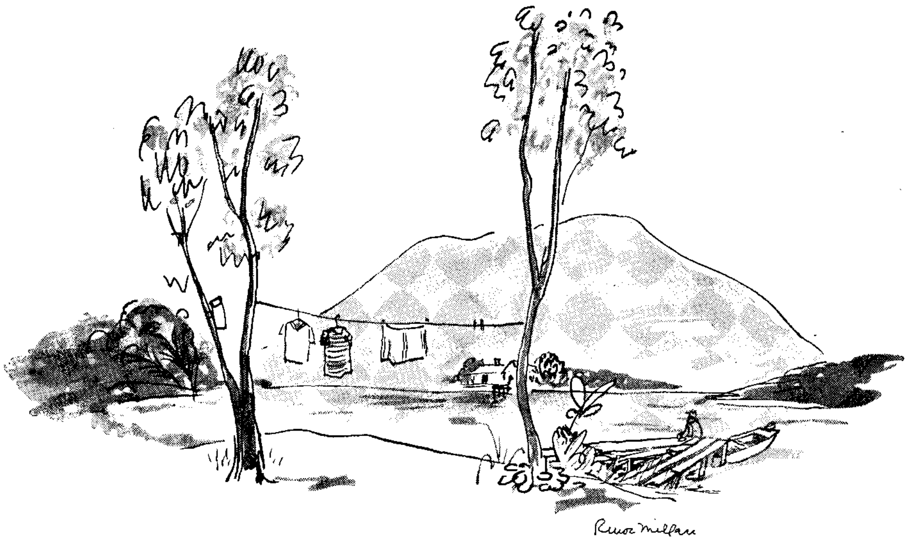
Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Sept. 28: Sergei Eisenstein's "Ivan the Terrible," Parts I and II (in Russian); and "Stone Flower" (in Russian), revival.
Sept. 29: **PICNIC ON THE GRASS** (in French), revival; and "Manon" (in French), revival, Cecile Aubry.
Sept. 30: **ROSEMARY** (in German), revival; and **THE LOVE GAME** (in French), revival.
Oct. 1: "Il Trovatore" (in Italian), revival, Enzo Mascherini; and "Rigoletto" (in Italian), revival, Tito Gobbi.
Oct. 2: **IT HAPPENED IN BROAD DAYLIGHT**, revival; and "Rififi" (in French), revival, Jean Servais.
Oct. 3: "To Paris with Love," revival, Alec Guinness, Odile Versois; and "Forbidden Fruit" (in French), revival, Fernandel, Françoise Arnoul.
Oct. 4: "Nana" (in French), revival; and "The Sins of Rose Bernd" (in German), Maria Schell, Raf Vallone.

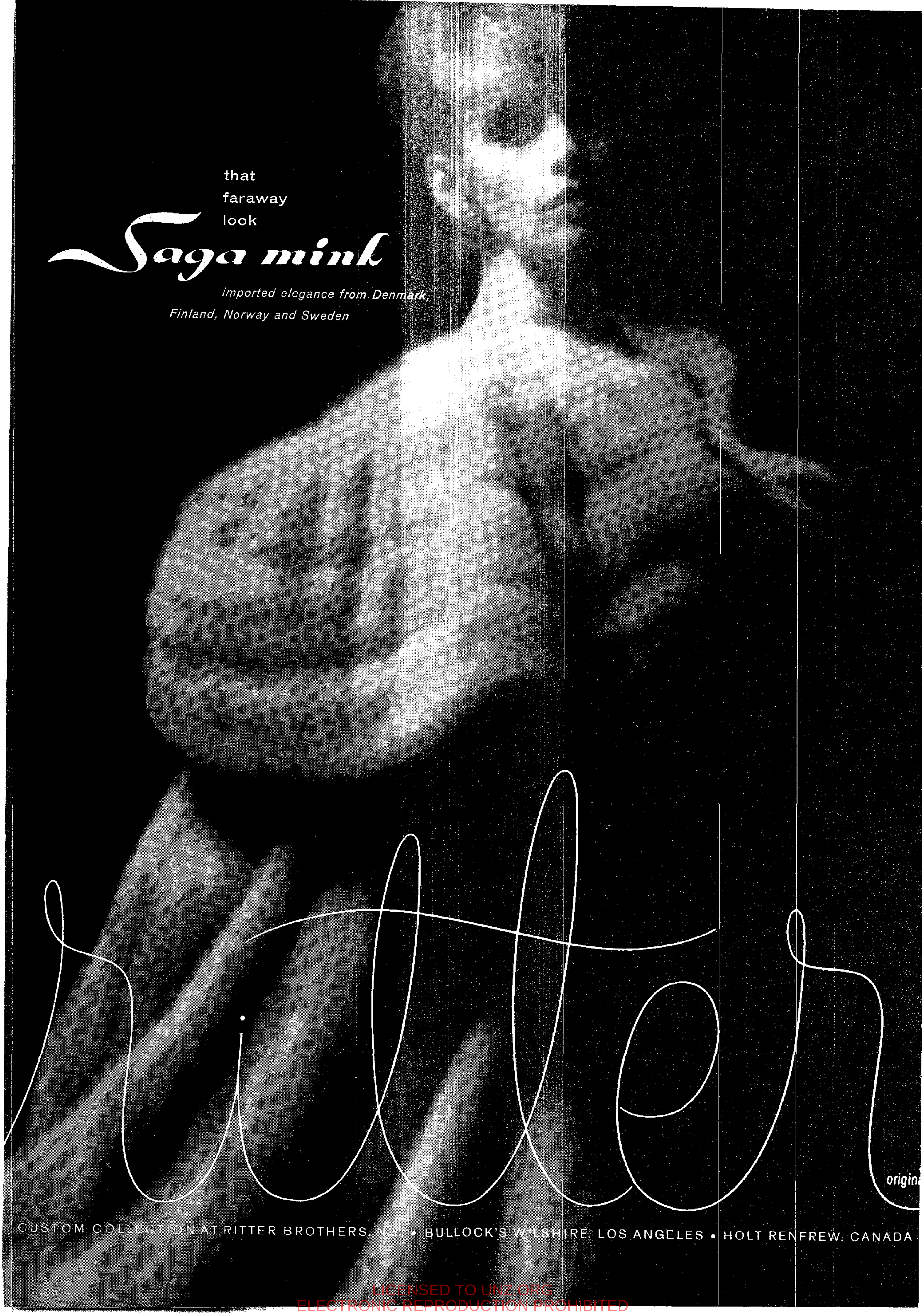
Riverside, B'way at 96th. (MO 3-4530)
Through Oct. 4: **FANNY**; and "The Hypnotic Eye," Jacques Bergerac.

Midtown, B'way at 100th. (AC 2-1200)
Through Oct. 3: "The Cheaters" (in French), Jacques Charrier, Pascale Petit; and "Left, Right and Centre," Ian Carmichael, Alastair Sim.
From Oct. 4: **BALLAD OF A SOLDIER** (in Russian), revival; and "The Cow and I" (in French), Fernandel.

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (UN 5-8128)
Sept. 28: **GONE WITH THE WIND**, revival.
From Sept. 29: "The Naked Edge," Gary Cooper, Deborah Kerr; and "The Flight That Disappeared," Craig Hill.

Nemo, B'way at 110th. (MO 6-8210)
Through Oct. 4: **FANNY.**

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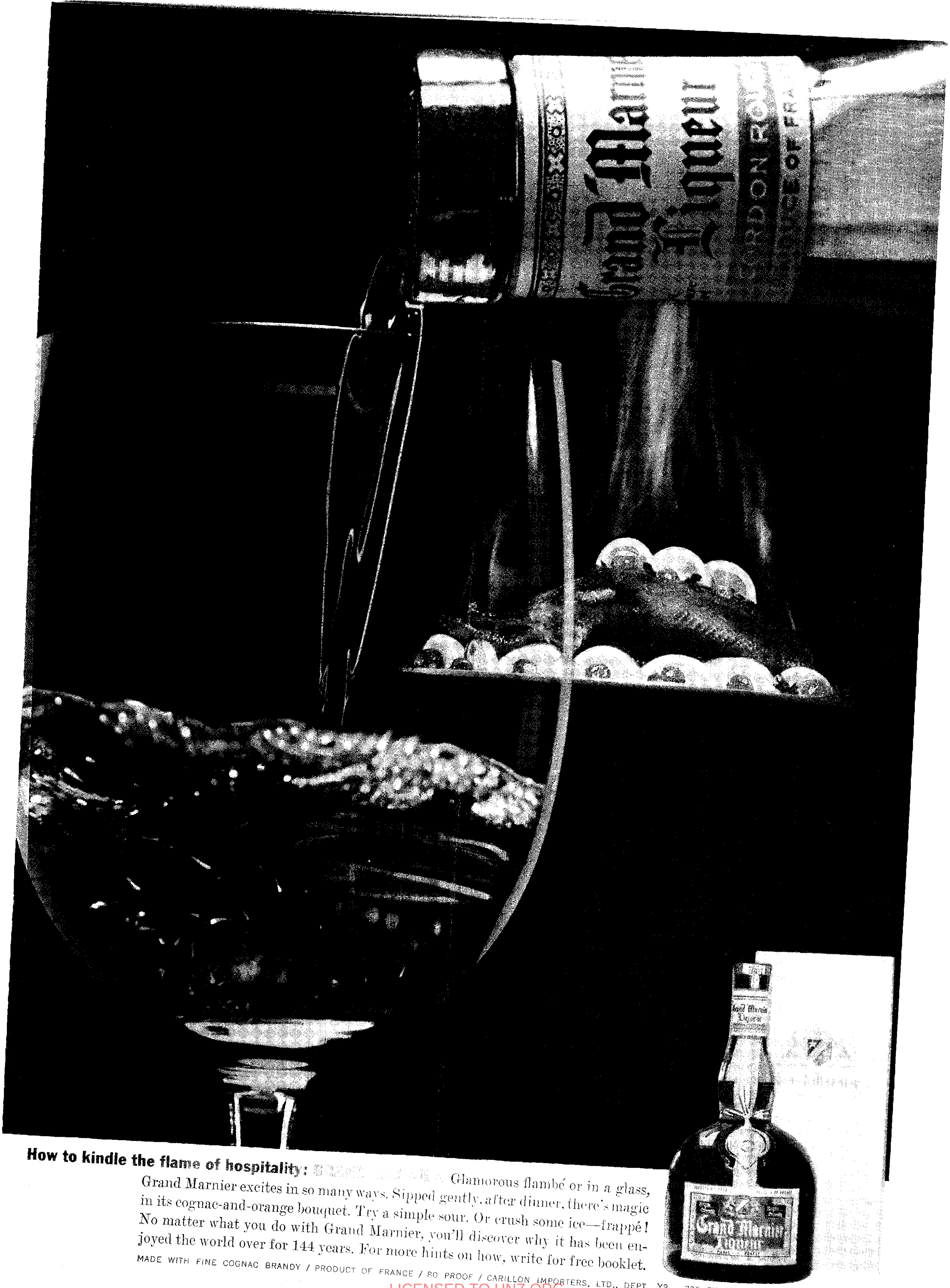

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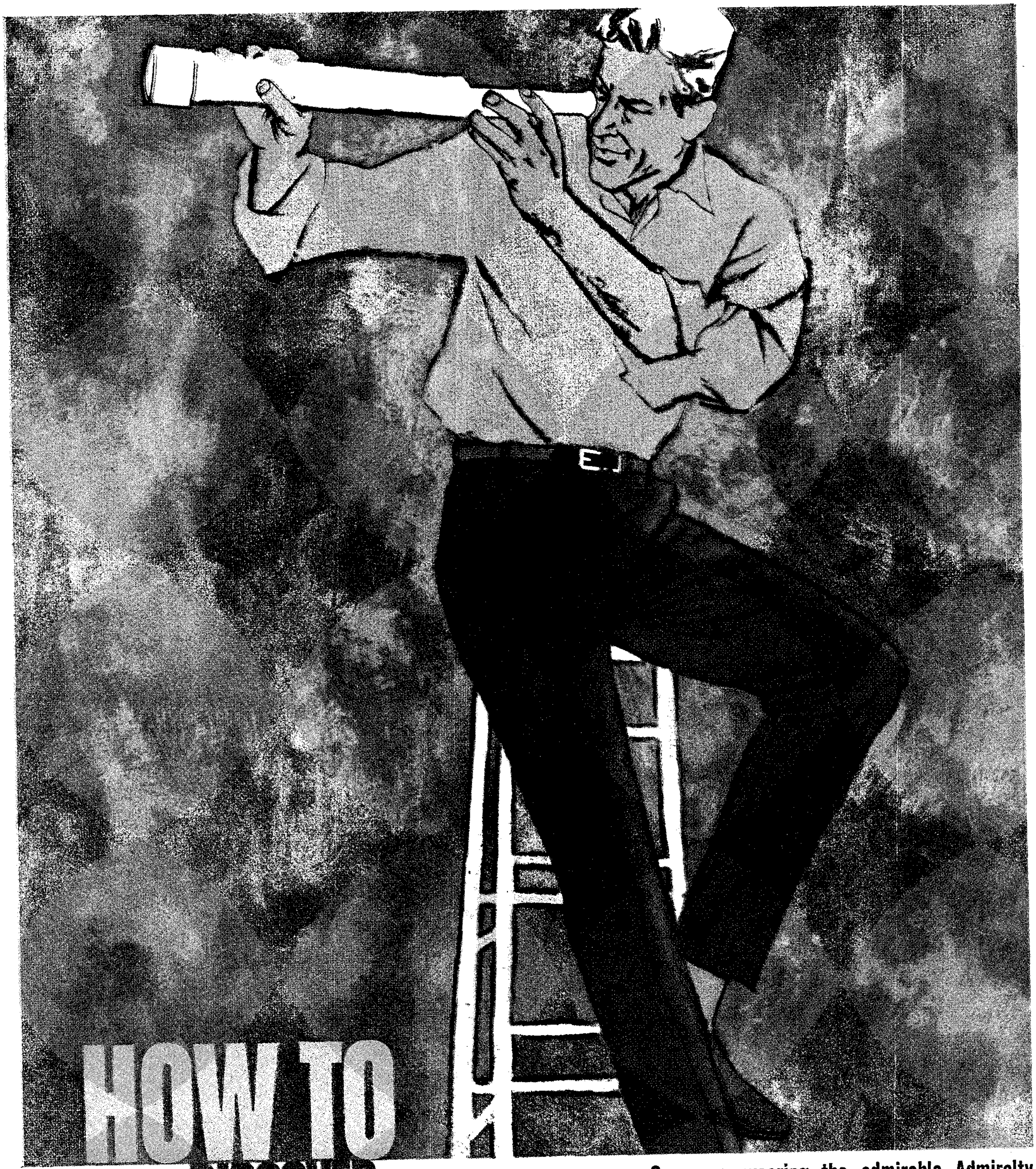

HOW TO DISCOVER TRUE LUXURY... LOOK FOR SEVEN SEAS

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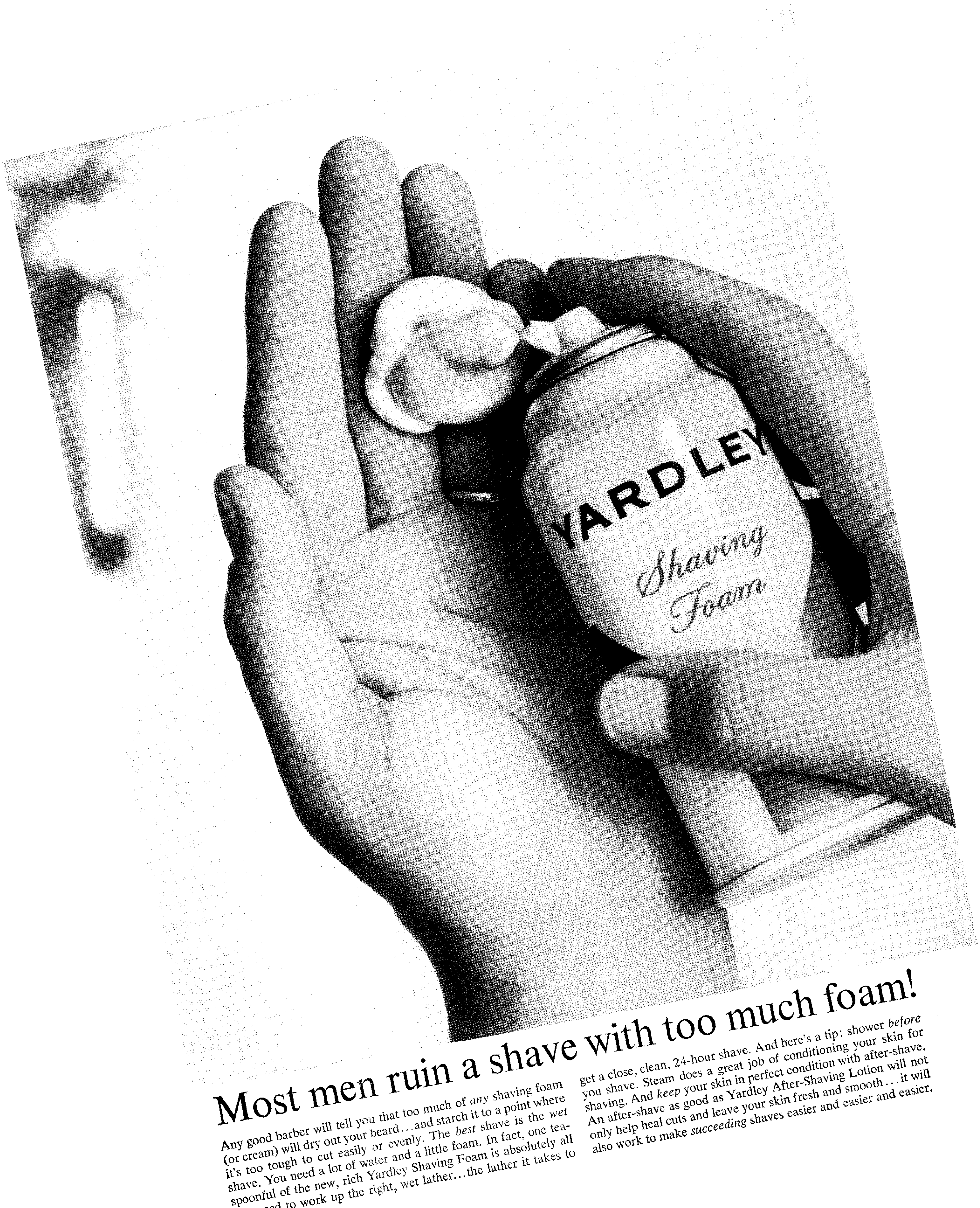
Our man, wearing the admirable Admiralty slacks above, can tell you about luxury. He's researched the issue and knows just what Creslan does for slacks. He knows, for instance, how Creslan keeps this Stevens blend of 55% Creslan acrylic fiber and 45% wool conspicuously meticulous, impeccably neat. But don't take our word for it. Look into the situation yourself. From $20. Available at fine stores everywhere. Cyanamid makes the Creslan acrylic fiber; Moyer makes the slacks. American Cyanamid Company, New York.



Most men ruin a shave with too much foam!

Any good barber will tell you that too much of *any* shaving foam (or cream) will dry out your beard…and starch it to a point where it's too tough to cut easily or evenly. The *best* shave is the *wet* shave. You need a lot of water and a little foam. In fact, one teaspoonful of the new, rich Yardley Shaving Foam is absolutely all you need to work up the right, wet lather…the lather it takes to get a close, clean, 24-hour shave. And here's a tip: shower *before* you shave. Steam does a great job of conditioning your skin for shaving. And *keep* your skin in perfect condition with after-shave. An after-shave as good as Yardley After-Shaving Lotion will not only help heal cuts and leave your skin fresh and smooth…it will also work to make *succeeding* shaves easier and easier and easier.

Arkay Jrs., designed by Anthony L. Muto, pours the liquid loveliness of crepe into a new mold. Celanese acetate, the beauty fiber, gives the crepe its lovely, smooth-flowing ease. Brown or black; 3-15. About $35 at Bonwit Teller, N. Y.; L. S. Ayres & Co. of Indiana; Frost Bros., San Antonio; Hutzler's, Baltimore; Strawbridge & Clothier, Phil. See last page for more stores. Crepe by Hargro.

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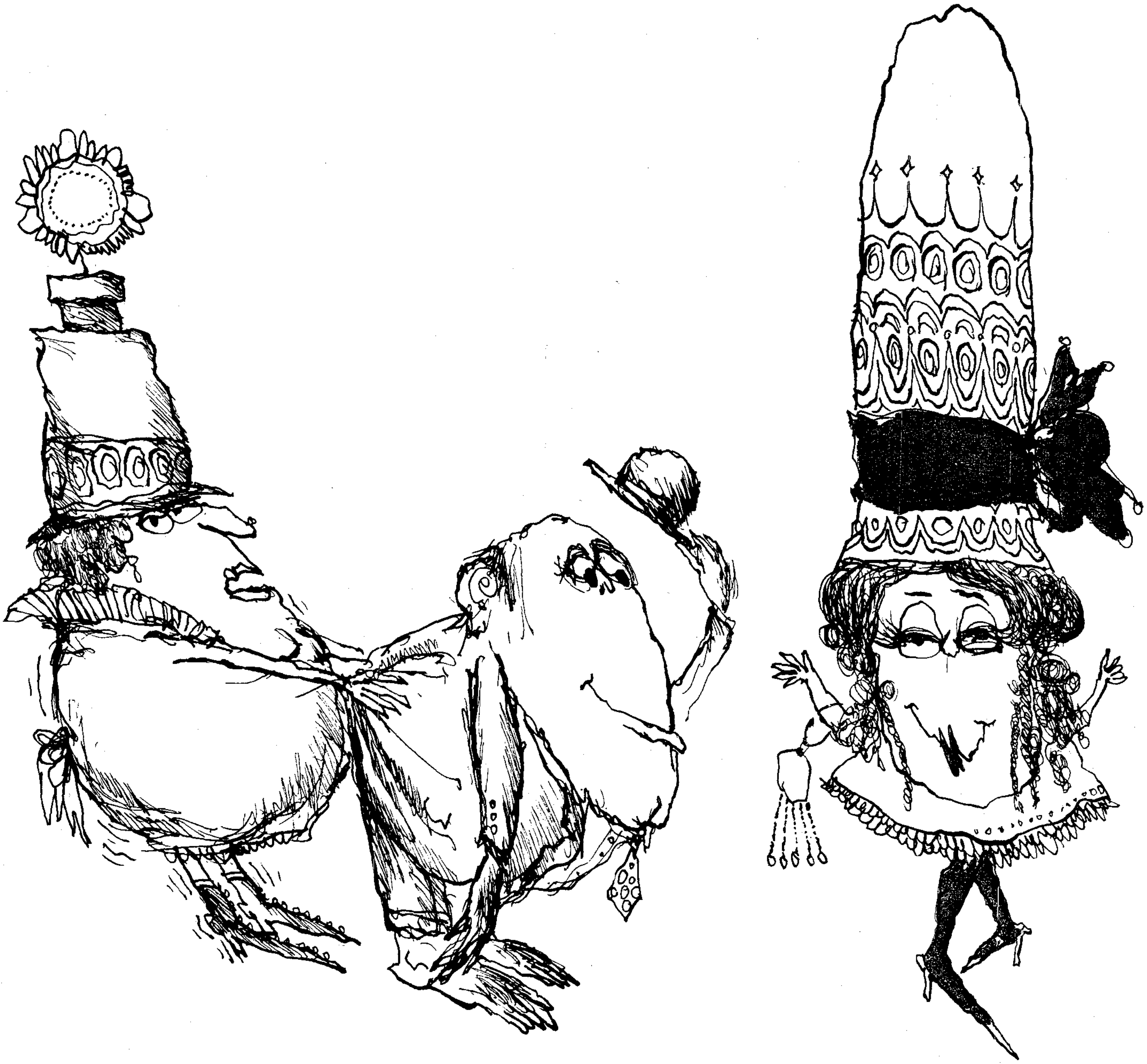

"Stop making a baboon of yourself, Claude.
All the girls are wearing tinted stockings this Fall!"

Would you be kind enough, dearest, to direct your eyeballs back to their sockets? What, I ask you, is so special about that hussy? Her tinted stockings? Balderdash! Surely you've observed that I, too, own a different pair for every occasion. And all Du Pont Nylon, at that! Don't forsake me, Claude, for this one hideous transgression. Never, never again shall I forget—**every fashion needs a stocking all its own!**

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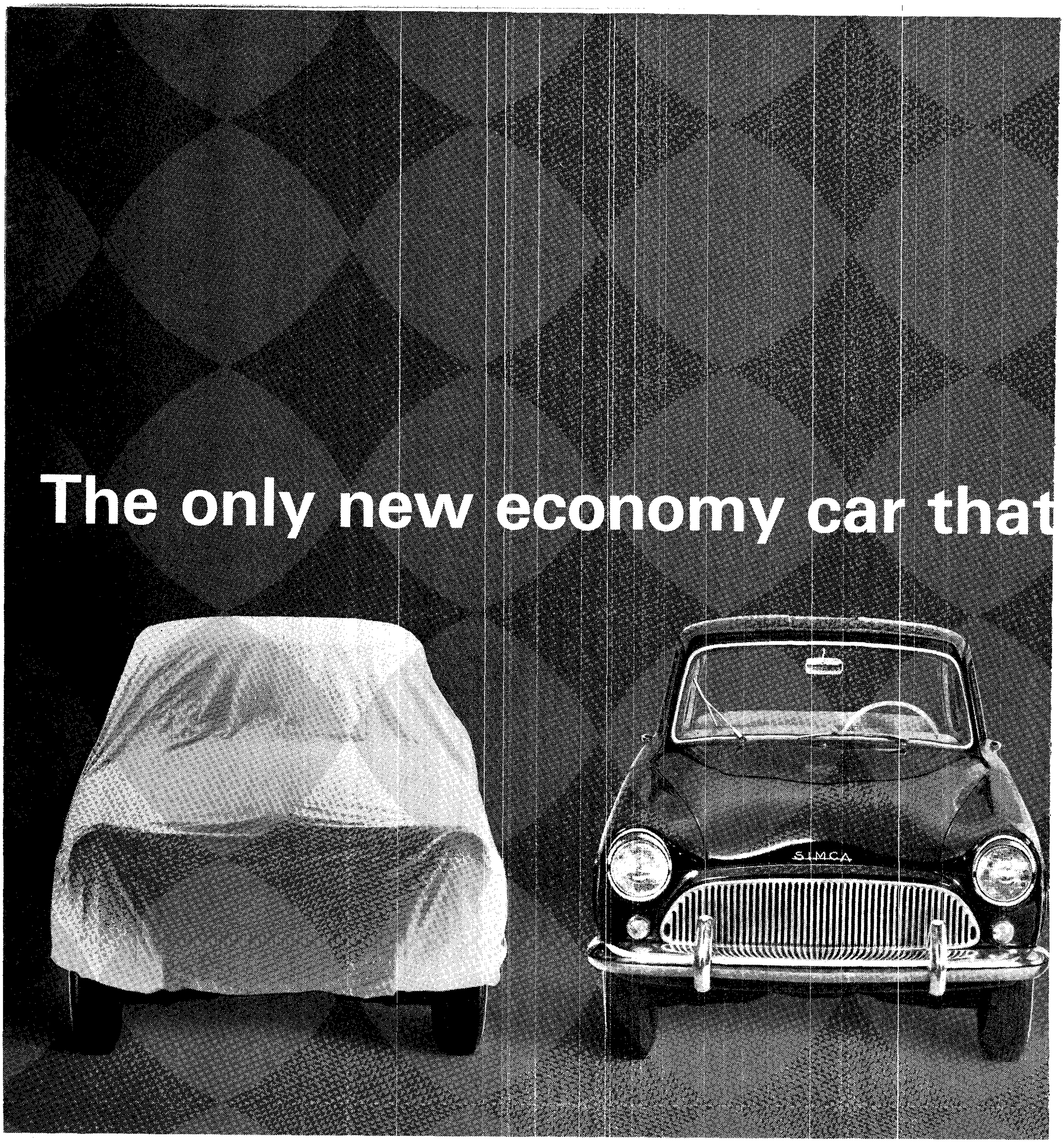

Introducing the new Simca '5'—30% more

The wraps are off the new Simca '5'—revealing just one change in styling: instead of curved, the trim line is now straight.

But underneath, where they count the most, there are changes aplenty. Take that strange thing way over on the right. That (in case you don't know) is a crankshaft. It's no ordinary one, though. It's a *five-bearing* crankshaft, the kind used in sports and racing cars from Indianapolis to the Grand Prix. But never in *any* low-priced car. Until Simca.

So what? Just ask a mechanic. Or take a driv
in the new Simca '5'. You'll notice the difference a
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equipment on other economy cars.

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now 30% higher.** Those five bearings tam
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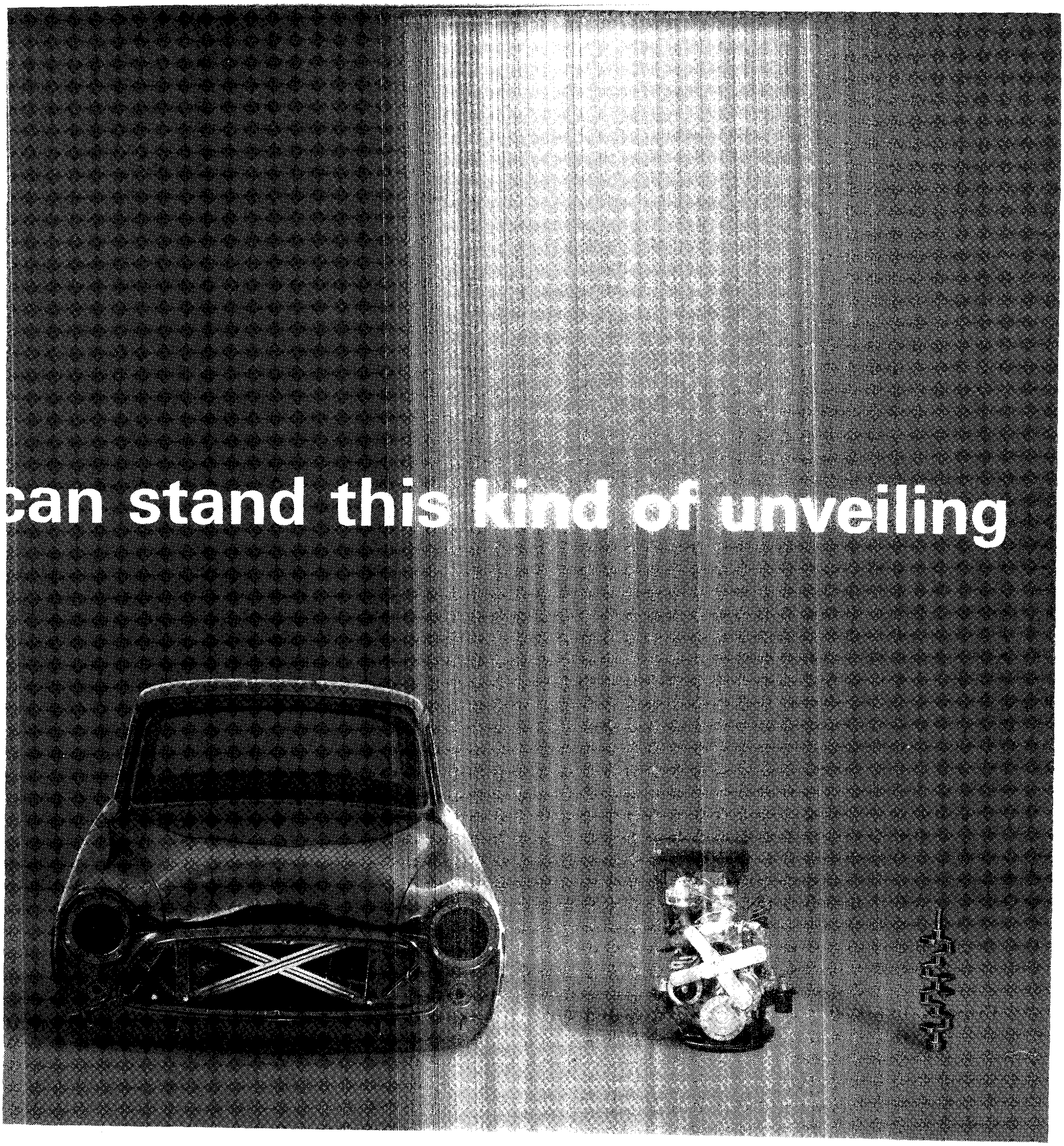
And it's the biggest in the price class, to give yo



owerful, with exclusive 5-bearing crankshaft

nty of passing power, when you really need it.

Want to take the wraps off still further? You'll
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filter to let you forget about engine wear. Com-
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SIMCA '5'

Brought to you by Chrysler • Parts and Service coast to coast

**Authorized Simca dealer's warranty to repair or replace parts defective in material or workmanship is for 12 months or 12,000 miles, whichever occurs first. Only tires and normal maintenance services such as replacement of spark plugs, condensers, ignition points, filters, etc., are excluded.*

How to be comfortable in spite of success

Today's bright young men work at a fearsome pace—and welcome it. The tougher the competition, the more they respond. And the more attention they pay to every last detail. Including the not inconsequential detail of appearance. They know that doors have a way of opening for the man who looks his best. And Hart Schaffner & Marx has a way of tailoring for the man who wants to look his best. Quiet good taste is what we offer (as we have for seventy-five years). But, above all, comfort—the physical comfort of superb fit, and the peace of mind that comes with knowing you are correctly dressed for any occasion.

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NOTE the black rooster on the Brolio seal—the mark of a 'Chianti Classico', a true Chianti from the de-limited district of that name. Note, too, this seal's golden border—inscribed 'Chianti Superiore'. Of all imported Chiantis, only Brolio bears this gilt-edged assurance of the highest quality grading. BROWNE-VINTNERS CO., INC., N.Y. Sole Distrib. for U.S.A.

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WITH TOASTED HAZELNUT ICING

You've never tasted a cake like this before, select apples and choice, imported spices skillfully blended with grade AA butter and farm-fresh eggs. Moist, tender, *unbelievably* delicious!

COMPLETELY BAKED AND ICED, READY TO SERVE.

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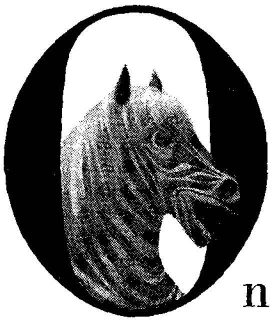

Once upon a time there was an **ARKIN** with a girl in it. At a glittering Beekman Pl. penthouse party, she tip-toed onto the terrace for a breather. There she met a Zebra (!!) “May I have the pleasure of the next peabody?” said the Zebra, executing a smart step to show he could do it. “Oh, Dear,” replied the petite Arkin girl. “I can't do the peabody with you. Those loud stripes would clash with my Arkin!” “Arkin!?” cried the Zebra. “Say that word again!” She did, and in a twinkling he turned into Cyrus J. Vault, handsome bachelor and the youngest bank president she'd ever met. “Any woman who puts her legal tender in Arkin, earns avid interest from me.” They peabodied till midnight, then he whisked her off to El Morocco for a toast to their very happy future.

ANDREW ARKIN PETITE $60.

***MORAL:* AN ARKIN BRINGS OUT THE BEST IN A WOMAN AND THE GENTLEMAN IN A BEAST**

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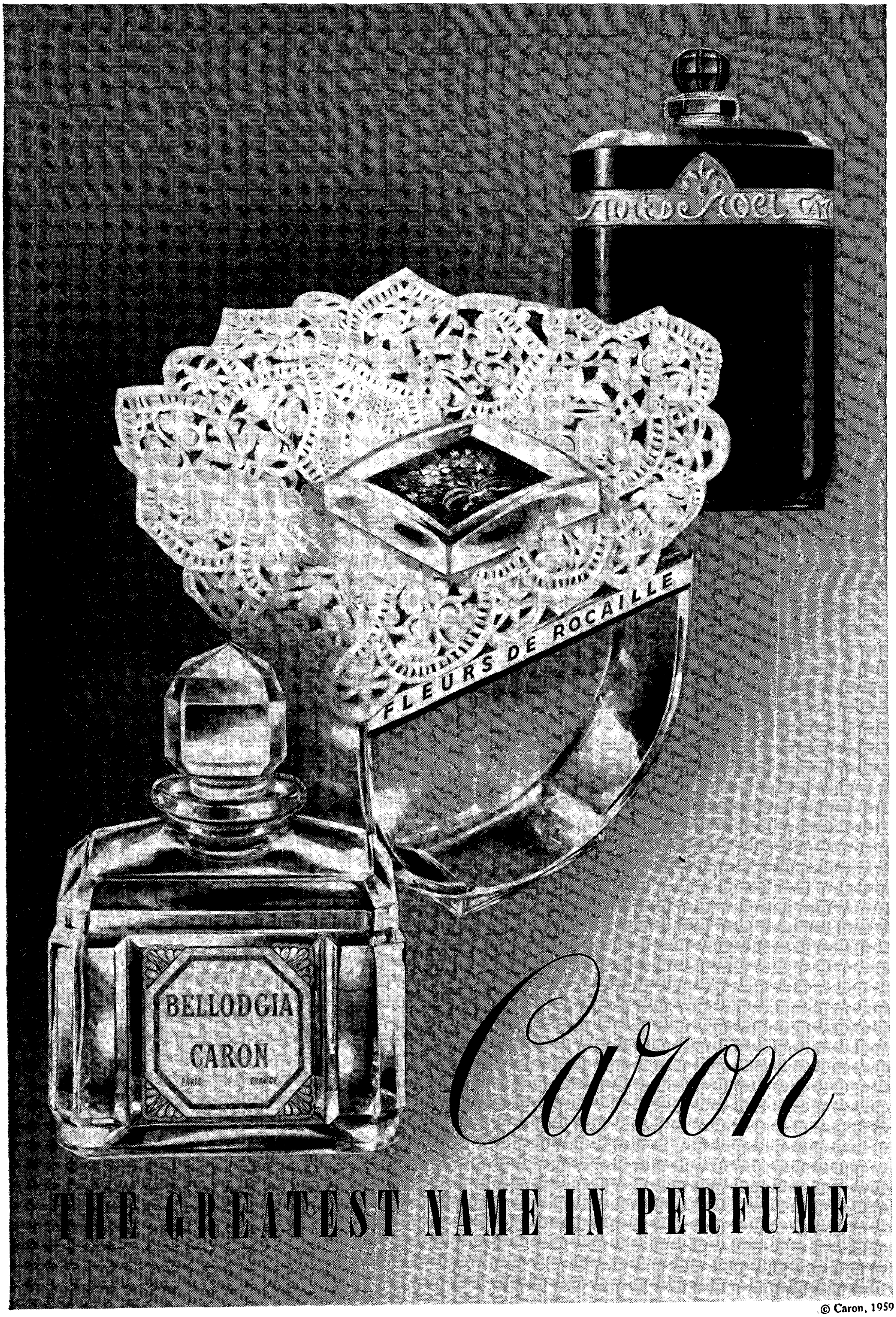
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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

FOR some years, with mounting bewilderment, we've been following the pros and cons, and the side effects, of automation—whether it's resulting in more or fewer jobs, the way it's reflected in the stock market—and now, we're happy to state, the end is in sight. Mr. Peter Blake, the distinguished architect and architectural writer, who is a veteran of the Second World War, has let us look at a communication he recently received from the Veterans Administration District Office in Philadelphia. This is a printed form, or partly printed form, that says, in print, "Thank you for your inquiry," and, after a *written* message (in this case, "When all of your dividends plus your remittance of 7-7-61 are applied, your next premium will be due 4-1-63"), winds up with a printed "We have replied in longhand to give you faster service."

"The end was bound to come, of course," Mr. Blake said to us, "but this seems surprisingly early."

As a dabbler in automation stock, we are reaching for our quill pen to instruct our broker.

Prospects

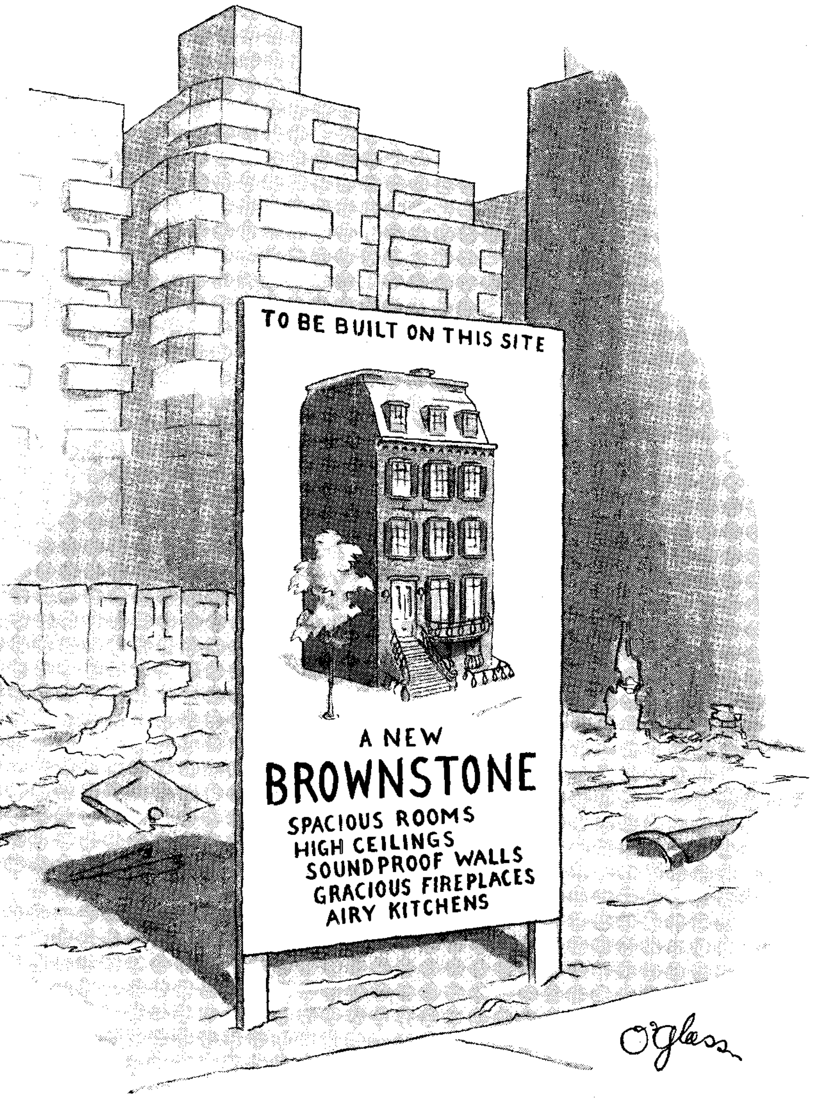
INNOCENT bystanders listening to the chorus of dark utterances on the condition of the Broadway theatre after the 1960-61 season ("Sadly ailing"—Louis Kronenberger. "More disastrous"—Robert Whitehead) might well have concluded that its demise, so often prophesied, was near at last. Quite a few experienced Broadway soothsayers still think it is, we learned the other day in the course of taking a turn around the theatrical district, but, however dismal the long-term outlook, there is general agreement (as always at this time of the year) that the immediate prospect is not without promise. If nothing else, the season now getting under way will be distinguished by what a *Variety* headline calls "Lotsa Projects." Altogether, about sixty new stage projects are scheduled to open on Broadway during the current season (compared to forty-seven during the last), about twenty-five of them before Christmas. This fall, thirty-three Broadway playhouses are available for theatrical productions, but at least six, and perhaps eight, are occupied by hits of yesteryear that will continue into or through the present season. So the chronic shortage is actually somewhat more acute this year, but it will diminish within a couple of months, when, inevitably, many more flops than hits will have been recorded. Meanwhile, producers are busier than ever playing their version of Musical Chairs. Among the most determined participants in the game are David Merrick, who plans to open at least seven productions on Broadway, ranging from the musical "Subways Are for Sleeping" to the John Osborne drama "Luther," and Roger L. Stevens, who is trying to find space for twelve, including the William Inge offering "Natural Affection" and the Arthur Kopit farce "Oh Dad, Poor Dad, Mamma's Hung You in the Closet and I'm Feelin' So Sad."

"This season is better than usual, or at least heavier than usual," Dick Moore, who is in charge of public relations for Actors' Equity, told us when we dropped in at his office. "So far, contracts have been signed for thirty-three shows. When you consider that we have thirty-three theatres, and count in the holdovers, things don't look too bad. Or, as Bob Carver, of our contract department, says, 'The situation is not anemic.' The number of musicals is much higher than usual. Of the thirty-three shows that have signed contracts, thirteen are musicals. Eight of them auditioned choruses before the Fourth of July. That's unprecedented. Usually, only one or two have done it by then. And an average of about fifty performers have been signed for each musical." Twelve of the musicals, we learned, are now trying out on the road or casting and rehearsing in town, and will open before the year is out. Their average budget is around three hundred and fifty thousand dollars, and they will vie with one another in lavishness: "The Gay Life" has twelve sets, "Sail Away" has sixteen, and "Kean" has ten. Three of the musicals—"No Strings," "Kwamina," and "Kicks & Co."—will share the theme of racial good will. Two shows—"The Caretaker" and "Kean"—will experiment with second-balcony tickets at a dollar each. "Last season, our peak employment on Broadway was approximately fifteen hundred performers," Mr. Moore said. "We should do a little better this year, but that will still leave a lot of talent out of work. Even so, matters could be a lot worse."

The quality of optimism was more unrestrained in the office of the Lenore Tobin Theatre Party Bureau, one of the largest of the twelve local organizations that arrange theatre benefits. "I do over a million dollars' gross a year, and this year looks like one of the best," we were informed by Miss Tobin, a handsome, gray-haired woman. "I have far more contracts signed, sealed, and delivered, with checks, than I had last year at this time. In terms of money, I did all right last season, but in terms of unhappy customers it was the worst year in my experience. I started out as Milton Shubert's secretary, in 1936, and I've been in this business ever since—twenty-five years. This year, in my judgment, I have read more good plays and heard more good music for the stage than I have in many years. I, for one, say we can count on a strong season."

For another view, we called on Robert Whitehead, who is not only a

Broadway producer but president of the League of New York Theatres—all the active producers and legitimate-theatre owners—and who has also been chosen to serve as producing director of the Repertory Theatre of Lincoln Center. We found that his outlook tends of necessity to be, so to speak, bifocal. "It is difficult to separate my personal feelings as a producer from my feelings about the theatre as a whole," he explained. "I'm planning three productions myself this season. It is impossible to plan a season without aggressive optimism. That's the lifeblood of the theatre. So it's essential that I have high hopes. The problem is how to hold on to these high hopes when you look at the picture over-all. This season will probably be better than last, but the situation, basically, remains unchanged. We're caught in the old, familiar cost-price squeeze. We can't raise ticket prices. The overhead continues to increase. What looks like the answer is to put more seats in the theatres and then put more musicals in the theatres. The reason is obvious enough: a musical turns in a more exciting statement, financially." In the last ten years, he went on, the cost of producing both plays and musicals has just about doubled, and the chances of bringing in a production that will make money now stand at about one in five. The odds on musicals are better. "We can see the situation moving toward the logical conclusion, a theatrical season with nothing but musical comedies, by noting that the number of productions coming in between now and Christmas is split almost evenly between plays and musicals," he continued. "That is certainly not in keeping with the history of vitality in the theatre. Musicals used to be rare. Now they are about to take over. If they do, the quality of drama and comedy will be diminished. We need a healthy balance of plays and musicals; then one kind of production enriches the other." After touching on measures that he feels would restore vitality to the theatre (an obvious beginning being a reduction in real-estate taxes and the repeal of both the city and the federal tax on theatre tickets), Mr. Whitehead concluded that the only real cure lies in increasing the volume of non-musical productions. "There is little question," he said, "that in the twenties, when we had two hundred and fifty shows coming in each season, this environment was responsible for producing the playwrights—O'Neill, Rice, Howard, Sherwood, and the others—who changed the face of our theatre and gave it a character of its own. That is what we must have again."



Statement

ONE of the finer analytical tracts we've come across in recent days is the following punitive composition by a twelve-year-old schoolboy we know:

RUNNING IN THE HALLS

Discipline is my problem. Through the years I've run through the halls and have never been disciplined enough. All this developed into my bad habit of running in the halls. My teachers never said enough to me about running in the halls. It has just developed over the years and I'll have to break the habit somehow. This is how over the years my running in the halls habit started.

Zoo Party

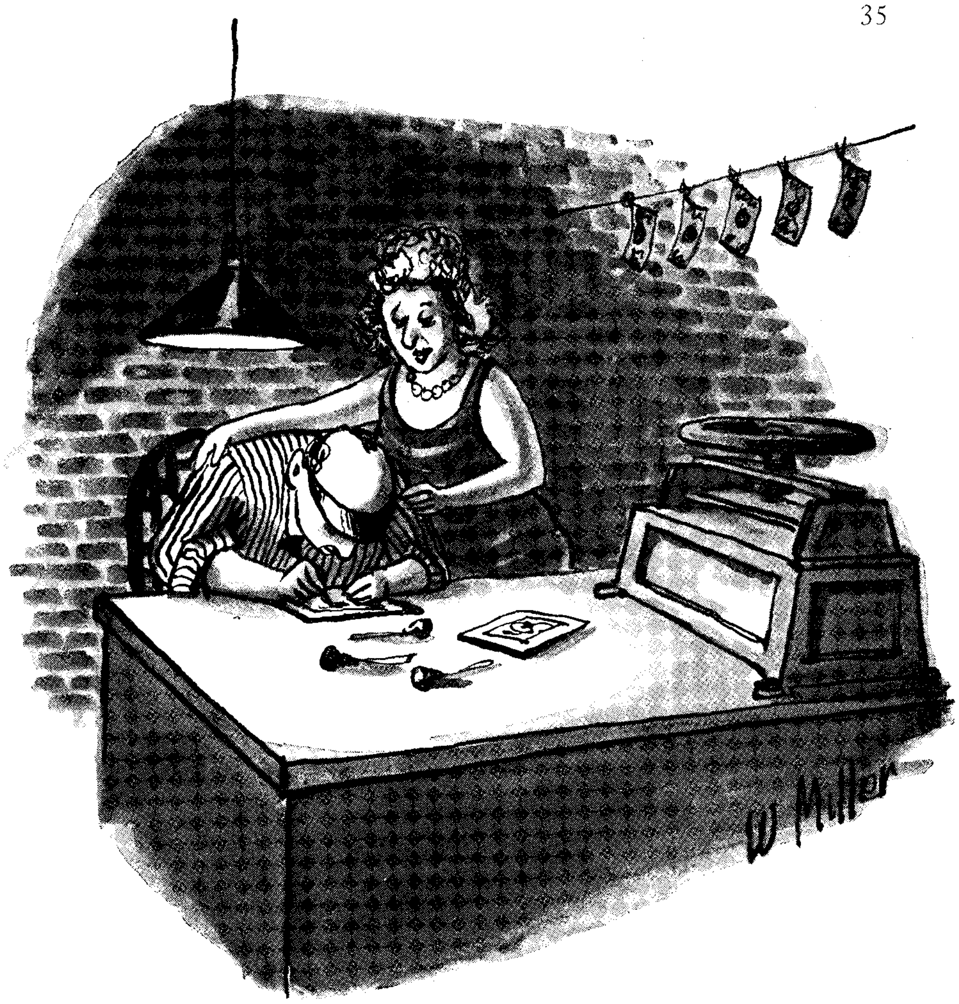
A FIXTURE is a fixture. We felt that something was missing last spring, but we couldn't, or didn't, put our finger on it until a couple of weeks ago, when the New York Zoological Society invited us to its annual garden party at the Bronx Zoo. Surely this was a spring event, we thought. Indeed, it generally was, Dr. Fairfield Osborn, the Society's president, agreed when we found him, surrounded by a cloud of arriving guests, in front of the Zoo's Administration Building, but the strike intervened last May and then animal lovers scattered for the summer, so the great day was postponed until the fall.

Dr. Osborn was paternally watching Teddy, a large South American tortoise presented to the Zoo by Theodore Roosevelt in 1914, stroll across the lawn; small children, uttering endearments, were patting its shell as their mothers snapped photographs.

"How's your lizard?" Dr. Osborn asked a tall young man at his right, and we turned from the affecting scene to Dr. Herndon G. Dowling, the Zoo's curator of reptiles.

"I'm warming him up," Dr. Dowling replied noncommittally, and went on to tell us that his charge, an earless monitor recently arrived from Borneo, and one of the rarest lizards in the world, was distinctly lethargic. "He's the first to be exhibited alive outside of Borneo, and the tenth ever captured," he said. "We bought him from the Sarawak Museum. I don't think he's *warm* enough."

"We're going on an informal walk



"Poor baby, you should have north light."

• •

this afternoon," Mr. William G. Conway, who is both the Zoo's director and its curator of birds, told the assembled multitude as the party officially got under way, at three o'clock. "We'll see some of our oldest denizens and some of our newest. Here's our youngest denizen." He fished in his pocket and held up an egg.

Dr. Dowling fished in *his* pocket and held up a small box turtle. "Forty minutes old," he said.

It looked older than that to us, but we kept our own counsel and accompanied the two magicians on a ramble that took us to various animal houses.

"It's *real!*" a little girl said as we passed a gorilla sitting outside the Great Apes House, and presently we gained the Small Mammal House, the scene of an interesting experiment. Many of its exhibits, including such nocturnal animals as spotted cavies, night monkeys, binturongs, Eastern flying squirrels, galagos, pottos, kinkajous, and African palm civets, had been lit with red fluorescent tubes; these, Mr. Conway said, made the occupants feel that it was night, and thus livened them up. Sure enough, they were all moving around to beat the band.

"The public has never seen them awake before," Mr. Conway said. "Most mammals are more or less colorblind, and see only shades of gray. Ordinary electric light looks light to them; blue, with which the Chester Zoo, in England, has been experimenting, looks darker but produces human traffic problems; red looks *very* dark to them and is more visible to people. Joe Davis, our associate curator of mammals, started some experimental cages with red lighting in the basement of the Lion House two or three years ago, and this is the first time we've shown the results. I think they're successful. I'd never seen a potto in motion before, and I'd never seen a hedgehog's face unless he was dead. Of course, these animals have never seen the public before, but they don't seem to mind."

We watched a potto climbing a bough, and gazed at the tiny, intelligent countenance of a strolling Palestine long-eared hedgehog; they and their nocturnal fellows either ignored us or gave us indulgent looks.

We asked when the Zoo's red-light contingent now slept.

"Why, at night," Mr. Conway said. "We keep white electric light on all night, and they think it's day. It generally takes a week or so to switch them over to the new schedule. We hope eventually to have a major exhibition house—'The World of Darkness'—lit in red, with red glass windows and doors, and containing nocturnal birds and reptiles as well as mammals. It will offer the first opportunity to see what flying foxes, cave-dwelling birds from Trinidad, and so on are really up to."

We rubbed our eyes and trudged on to the Reptile House. "The best thing is not to grump about it," a father was saying to a small boy as we passed them. "Then, when it's all over, you can decide whether you liked it or not."

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GASTRO-INTESTINAL INTELLIGENCE: The Gay Nineties Restaurant in Seattle, Washington, features a Boneless T-Bone.

Dag Hammarskjöld

LATE last Friday night, we made our way to the United Nations Secretariat's thirty-eighth floor, where Dag Hammarskjöld had his office, and where he worked at all hours of the day and night. The floor looked as busy as ever, with Hammarskjöld's immediate staff much in evidence—under-secretaries, special assistants and advisers, stenographers and typists, and a security guard who had been given the extra duty of watching over a set of memorial books in which U.N. staff members had been writing tributes to the sixteen people killed five days earlier in the African plane crash that took the life of Hammarskjöld. The staff were at work, as vigorously as though it were the first, rather than the tenth, or eleventh, or fifteenth, hour of their day. One assistant who worked closely with Hammarskjöld for the eight and a half years the late Secretary-General occupied his post invited us to take a chair in his own office. There, he lit a cigarette, and, without letting go of a sheaf of papers he held in one hand, he half sat on the edge of his window sill, his back to a picture window showing the city's buildings alive with light, and talked to us for a while about Dag Hammarskjöld.

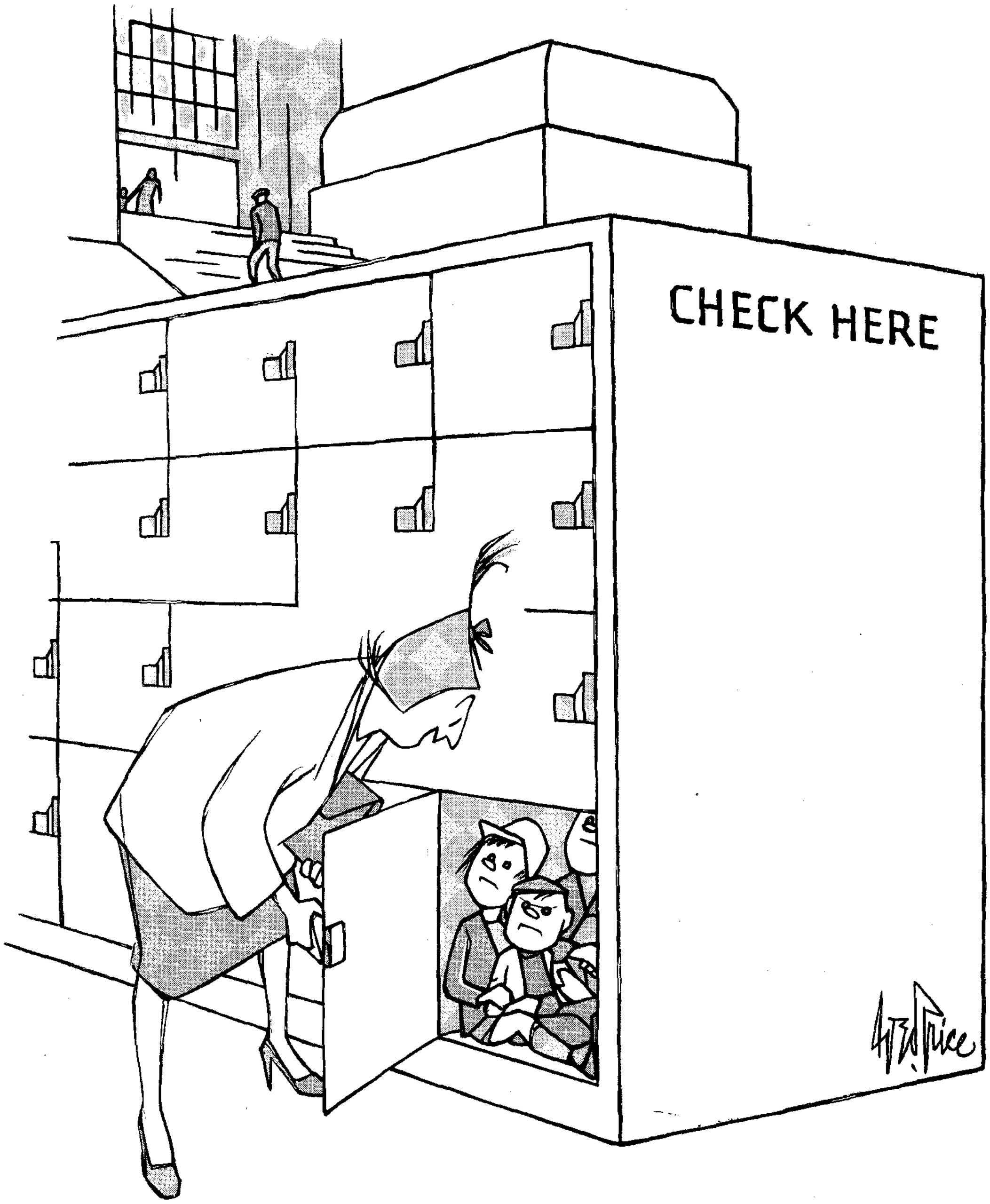
"It's very hard to realize he isn't here, particularly when you know you'll never see anyone like that again," he said. "He was the most extraordinary man any of us here has ever seen. He had fantastic spirit, discipline, energy, and intellect, and you very rarely find all these qualities in one person. He was a diffident, unpretentious, slim figure, but you always felt his grandeur. You couldn't touch it. He couldn't be made to look cheap. However, he had no false humility. He was the epitome of common sense and decency and calm, and I'm sure he wouldn't like it if he knew he was being subjected to superlatives after his death. He was dedicated to the common-sense notion that it was possible to do something about the ridiculous way in which civilized man was stuck in his predicaments, and he had the strength of mind and body and spirit to do it. He was often criticized for possessing the very characteristics that so superbly qualified him for his job. But he was never put off by criticism. He knew that there were only a certain number of hours in the day and that there was not much time to do what he had to do, so there was no point in descending to the common level.

"There's been considerable serious misunderstanding about him, and some people have tried to judge him by public-success standards, which he disliked. It's been said so often that he was a cold man. He wasn't like that at all. He was a very unsentimental man, because he thought that sentimentality got in the way of truth. He felt that to be liked was beside the point. He had no need to set up a popular image of himself. He knew that the idea of a popular image was absolutely irrelevant and a thundering waste of time. He wouldn't do personal publicity things. Dag was extremely shy. He had strong ideas about propriety, about how people should behave, and about the value of restraint and dignity. Many people said that his job was impossible, but in eight years he proved that the job could be done, and he built the U.N. into a working instrument for peace. It's depressing to realize you've seen the last of someone absolutely splendid. There's quite a bit of dismay around here, of course. But there's a lot of work to do, and everyone wants to go ahead with it for Dag's sake, quite apart from other considerations. He was dedicated to the notion that it was possible to avoid disaster and that you just had to make every conceivable effort to do something about it, and that you *could* always do something about it without being tied to a political ideology. It was true, and he proved it was true. Now the only thing to do is to go on. He's made the U.N. an indispensable machine, and here it is.

"One finds oneself discussing Dag in superlatives, and yet it's difficult not to; one can't tone them down. Anything less doesn't meet the case. There are some terribly important things to remember about the uniqueness of the man. It starts with what he tried to do—to establish machinery for peace and common sense. Secondly, he had very high standards of objectivity. His basic notion was that a man could be objective and act for the common good. The Soviet Union maintains that no one man in that office can be objective, and that's why they think there should be a three-man staff for the office. Dag demonstrated, in action, that a man in the job *can* be objective. The Congo operation is a good example. He was attacked by every side and every faction, according to whom he wasn't pleasing at the moment. It was the same in every crisis. It was utterly clear to him exactly what the United Nations was trying to do in the Congo, and he went ahead with his basic idea of what was for the ultimate good—that the Congo was going to decide for itself the form of its state, with all its political parties reconciled in a democratic government that would not be disturbed by civil wars or tribal wars. If you set yourself a task as difficult and complex as that, you need the combination of qualities he had in order to go at it. He would think of all the history, all the problems, all the long-term probabilities, all the practical possibilities for action by the U.N., and then of how to get the support to do something about it. He would turn this large mass of data over in his mind and decide what we *could* do, what we *should* do, what the objective *was*, what the operating principle *would be*, and then he would devote himself to getting it done. It was a solitary effort. In solitude, he would bring all his intellectual and moral faculties to bear on the problem, until he had worked out a complete, constructive view, and then he would decide what to do about it. He had enormous powers of concentration. He had this vision of things, and the driving urge—and the ability—to turn a vision into a reality.

"I never heard him say he was tired. His powers of work were beyond what one thinks of as human. He'd go for months and months with a very few hours of sleep a night, and look as fresh as a daisy. I always wondered how he did it. I think he husbanded his energies. He would never fidget or be doing two things at once. At the General Assembly, he'd sit completely still. He ruled out social time-wasting. Instead, he did things that refreshed him. Like walking in the woods at his country place, near Brewster, New York, or along Jones Beach in the winter. He loved walking about by himself. He had great gusto and a sense of the life going on about him. He was always interested in everything. He wasn't a social man at all, but he had true *joie de vivre*. He adored good food and company and seeing new things. He was a complete man—a universal man, really. He lived in a coördinated way. He was not at all ascetic or puritanical. He knew an incredible amount, had an incredible memory. He had a strong aesthetic sense, and was always walking through the building here thinking about where a new piece of sculpture should go or whether a painting was in the best possible place. He loved sightseeing and taking photographs. It absorbed him and refreshed him.

"Dag used great intellectual powers in tackling problems, and great strength of will. He would select a target and go at it, developing principles from which all his actions would proceed. But to be effective, to maintain the course of reason and justice, on this rarefied level requires powers seldom found together in one man. High-minded declarations of principle are one thing, but political reality is something else. Dag was disciplined and inspired at the same time, he had a sense of purpose, and all his intellectual faculties were brought into the service of his convictions in the most precise, orderly way. I've never seen anyone who had such effortless mastery of a fluid situation. But he would always think out the principle first. Once the principle was fixed, he could act with speed and confidence. One became used to the idea that he was ahead of the game, that he was ready and waiting for it. He had this feeling of wanting to make it easy for people to accept his suggestions. With him, there was never any question of personal triumph. He



"Was Mommy gone long?"

• •

was the servant of an idea—an idea passionately and ingeniously executed. He was enormously clever in appreciating the interaction of forces in any situation, in understanding the preoccupations, the fears, the emotions of people, and he had a remarkable knowledge of history, economics, and law. And all this was harnessed to his common sense. He was a *force*, a force of a very unusual kind. It was a force for justice, common sense, and decency. It was an influence outside the sphere of normal influences. He sailed right into the middle of crises and got everything on the rails again. There was never any nonsense about doing something tomorrow. As soon as he made a decision, he'd send out the cables to governments, the instructions to people in the field, and all the rest of it.

"On top of all that, he was an extremely interesting and complex person. He was a deliberately impersonal man. He had a contempt for smallness, pettiness, double-dealing. He'd really boil over about injustice or crookery. He very much disliked the notion of special privilege. He disliked pompous ceremonies and display. At the same time, he had an impeccable sense of form that was ingrained, even to such matters as seating arrangements at a dinner table. It was important, he felt, to avoid hurting people's feelings. Although he detested sentimentality, in cases of real disaster his immense compassion would appear, and he'd do something about it. He was supposed to be distant with his staff, which was true, but the moment anyone on duty was placed in an exposed position, he would lend his personal support to him. If he thought someone was saddled with too much of a load in some distant place, he'd take over the responsibility himself. Dag had an astonishing sense of duty, a feeling of ultimate responsibility. If hell broke loose somewhere, he'd always go there. He did it in such an unpretentious way that people didn't know the kind of personal courage it took. At the same time, he despised bravado, or unnecessary risk. He thought it was vulgar.

"We were all here till midnight the day of the crash. There'd been a lot of anxiety about Katanga for two weeks. Dag had been planning to go to the Congo to meet with the new Congolese government. When he heard that people were being killed in Katanga, he felt he had to go there. Whenever he heard of unnecessary death or destruction, he was always revolted and always felt he must try to stop it. And there it was. A lot of people felt uneasy about his going. He had absolute physical courage, and he went. The morning his plane was reported missing, we all got back here in the small hours. The news got worse and worse—what there was of it—and that was that."

It was past 1 A.M. As we stood up to leave, our U.N. friend said, "I've spoken emotionally, but I'm afraid it's like that." He paused, and then added, "One mustn't mourn too long. On your way out, you might want to look in on the U.N. Meditation Room, which Dag designed. You'll see an inscription on black marble at the entrance. Dag wrote it himself." We went downstairs and over to the ground floor of the General Assembly Building. On the black marble plaque at the entrance to the U.N. Meditation Room we read:

THIS IS A ROOM DEVOTED
TO PEACE
AND THOSE WHO ARE
GIVING THEIR LIVES
FOR PEACE

IT IS A ROOM OF
QUIET WHERE ONLY
THOUGHTS SHOULD SPEAK

FISHERMAN'S TERRACE

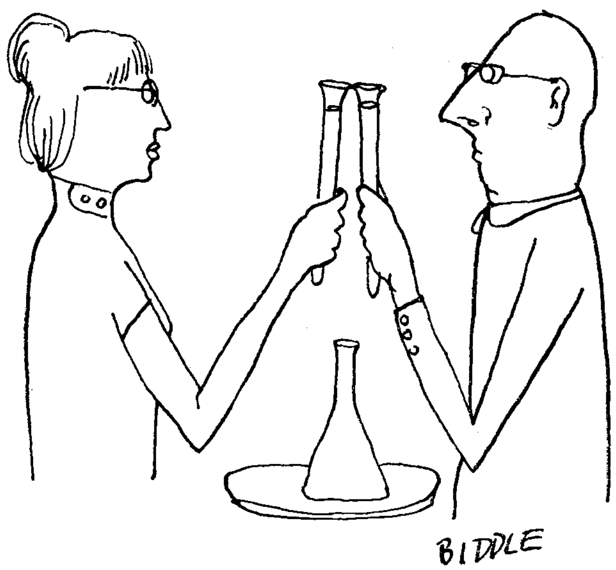
SOMETIMES I try and retrace the miles that I have covered in my life to see if I can find one, or a fraction of one, that I belong to, of which I am part, as, say, the fruit sellers at the market are part of the city where I live. But to my dismay I find I cannot stop long anywhere—not in Italy, where I was born and reared, or in England and Canada, where I went to school and college, or here in the United States, where I have chosen to live, or in any other country I have been to. Swiftly, I go over the miles looking for one that will hold me. Surely there must be one—not one I own but one that owns me—a field, a plot of ground, some tiny spot. I don't find any. Still, I can't quite believe it. I ascribe it to my present mood. I must go at the matter more slowly, think of all the places I've been to, one by one, carefully. Now, let's see, isn't there somewhere? Methodical, mile-by-mile retracing is a tedious process, and I can't carry it far. At first I start from where I was born, then I start from now, and in either direction I find myself skipping. Whether I am looking for a mile or a pin, that's what happens when I try to be systematic. I do find some stepping stones, to be sure—a tiny island on a Canadian lake, places in almost each city I've been to, hideouts, secret corners I knew as a child—but they are only good for a momentary and unstable pause. I want a place where I can stop and stay, and not skip off from.

Suddenly, unexpectedly, I find one. It is a terrace on a steep and rocky slope overlooking the sea. I came to it by chance one day early in October two years ago, after I had driven with my wife from Rome to Porto Santo Stefano, a small seaport on the north side of the Monte Argentario, the promontory on the coast of Tuscany, between Leghorn and Rome. The road that connects the mainland to this little town continues beyond it for a few miles, climbing steeply up the mountain but keeping always in sight of the sea. It is a new road, and they call it "*strada panoramica*," or scenic route. Someday it will follow the sea along to Porto Ercole, a small harbor on the south side of the mountain, and so complete the ring around the promontory, but for now, owing to lack of funds, it ends abruptly high above the shore, several miles short of its goal. I drove to the end of it the morning after we arrived in Porto Santo Stefano. My wife, who was convalescing from a hard September, had stayed behind in the hotel.

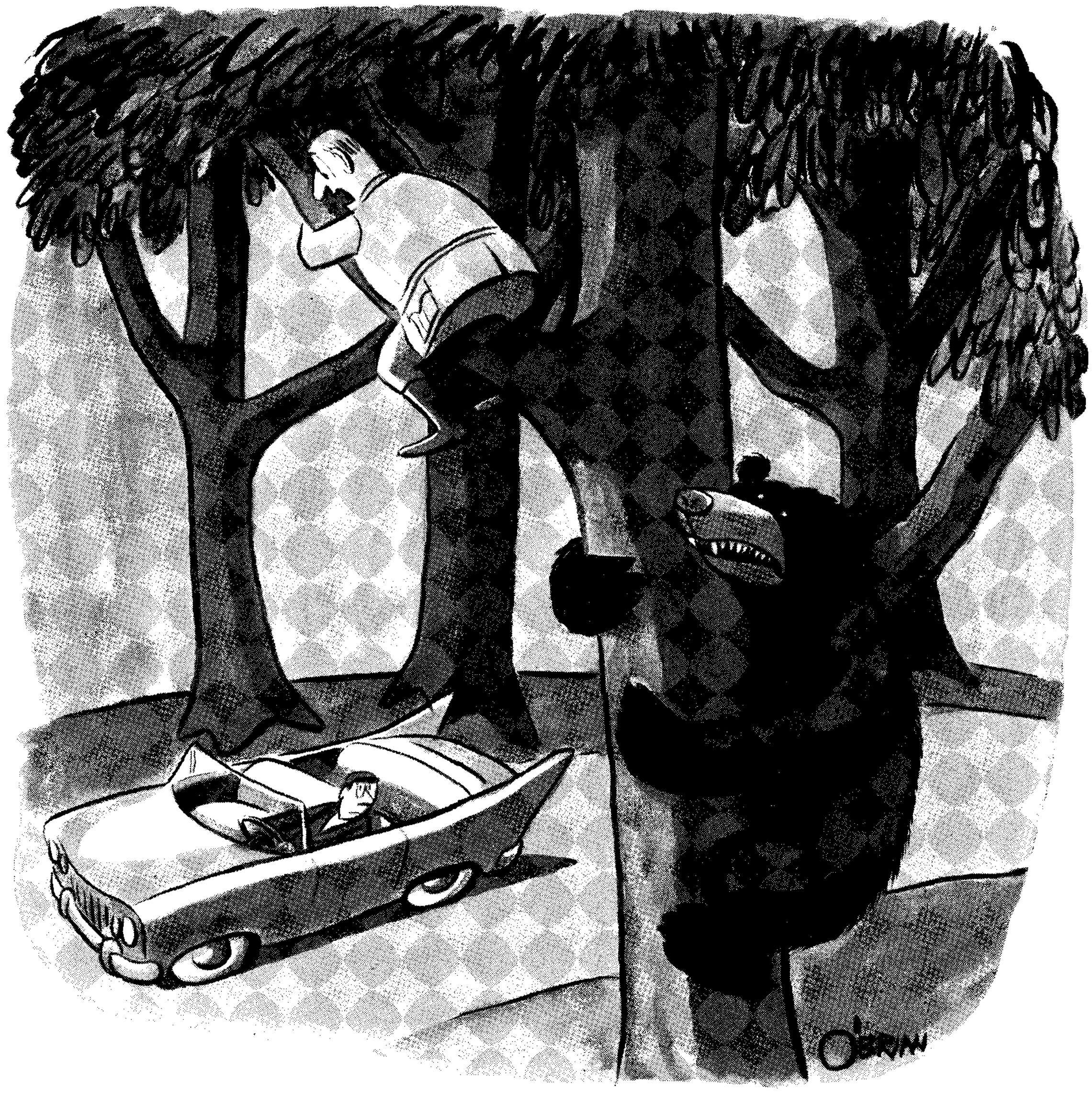
There were no houses in sight, and, except for a field just below the road, the slope of the mountain all the way down to the sea, about a mile away, looked wild and untouched. I started to walk down. It was one of those clear October days on which one can't feel sad that the summer has ended—the mountain shone above me, and the sea below me; the grass I brushed through also shone, being light and dry, having lost all of its greenness, and being smooth and moved by the wind. On the field, ripe little tomatoes, too small for the farmer to bother with, shone here and there. I picked one and sucked its juice, and it was so tasty I picked another two. Farther down were some rows of vines. Their leaves were turning crimson. Some were crisp and brittle round the edges, others were still soft and green. The grapes had all been gathered, except at one corner of the vineyard, where I was surprised to find a vine from which several large, conspicuous bunches still hung. Though of a white variety, the grapes were so ripe that they looked almost red, and matched some of the colors of the leaves about them. I thought that perhaps they had been left on the plant to make some special wine, and I refrained from picking a whole bunch.

The slope got steep and wild. I had to open a way with my arms through thick bushes of mountain laurel, or hunch up and walk backward through the brambles. Soon the bushes were so tall and thick I was quite hidden, and couldn't see the sun or the mountain or the sea. The ground was carpeted by moss, and I sat down. Sitting under that roof of foliage, in the silence of that wide green chamber, I felt as though I had disappeared, or sunk into oblivion, and that to come to myself again I had to rise and go on. Almost regretfully, I did so. Suddenly a thin blacksnake glistened like a streak of oil on the ground in front of me and slid up the incline, a wonder of locomotion. Instantly, I became more alert; I picked up a stick and, slashing it about in front of me to scare away any more snakes that might lie on my path, I went on through the bushes, impatient to come to the end of them. Finding that the slope tended to be clearer on my left, I went that way along a horizontal shelf until I reached a creek. The water trickled down, almost hidden in the furrow it had created. It made a straight and smooth, if steep, path to the sea. I followed this, jumping down small, muddy waterfalls until I came to one that was too high to jump, and here, as I made a little detour to the right around the creek, I found myself among orange trees upon a terrace. It was a narrow shelf of level ground cleared of all bushes and carved into the slope. A stone wall supported it from below. Between the trees, some rocks too large to be removed rose from the ground like keels and prows. Besides the oranges, there were lemons, pomegranates set against the slope, a palm, a few olive trees, prickly pears, and, scattered here and there among the weeds, some hardy garden flowers—chrysanthemums in bloom, and amaranths. The oranges were still green, but the lemons were ripe, and the pomegranates were so ripe that some had fallen on the ground, and those that were still on their branches showed deep cracks. One was split open and had shed some of its seeds; a few of these lay—brown instead of crimson—straight below it. I picked a pomegranate, broke it, and bit into a cell of succulent and pulpy seeds. I wondered whose this terrace could be. And why the unpicked fruit? Was it forsaken? Were pomegranates worthless on the market? But what about the lemons? They were ripe. And those flowers—did they grow from seed, year after year?

With these questions in my mind, I followed a barely traceable zigzag path to the sea, which was only about a



hundred feet down from the terrace. The creek formed a sandy inlet in the rocky shore. Its trickle of water was enough to keep the terrace fresh, its sand enough for a rowboat to land on safely, and I thought that a fisherman or a sailor with an inward longing for land had eyed the creek and the narrow shelf beside it, and built the terrace and planted fruit trees there. Certainly it was much more accessible from the sea than overland. Soon, I thought, perhaps in a few days, he will row over from Porto Santo Stefano in a little boat, land at the inlet, and climb up to his terrace with a basket. I could almost see him—an old man wearing a beret and blue jeans, tired of being tossed around by waves and stormy weather.



"I'm Lewis J. Hart, president and chairman of the board of the Hart Construction Company, of Akron, Ohio. Help!"

• •

I returned to the terrace, picked another pomegranate, put it in my pocket, and then began to climb back up the slope along the creek. During rainstorms, it must become a wild and roaring torrent, but now it came down drop by drop and I found no pool deep enough to drink clear water from. The water became muddy at the slightest touch. When I saw the vineyard—way to my left—I was too thirsty to consider the special wine the farmer might have had in mind for the grapes left on the single vine, and I went over to it. I picked the rosiest-looking bunch that I could see, and ate it not with my fingers but thirstily, by holding the bunch against my mouth and biting into it as though it were an apple. It was sweet almost to excess, having had more than the usual time in which to ripen, and having drawn from sun and earth and air all the flavor they could give. I threw the bare bunch of stems into the air and picked another cluster. Not being as thirsty, I walked up the incline holding it in my hand and plucking the grapes slowly, one by one. I hadn't gone far when I saw an old man with a hoe coming toward me. He wore a shirt whose color, bleached by the sun, had faded to a light and rosy hue—similar to that of the grapes that I was eating. His trousers were the color of dry earth. He certainly looked as if he belonged, and I felt timid with my stolen grapes.

He walked slowly, looking at the ground, and I thought I had better say something before he did. "I picked this bunch of grapes down there," I said, pointing at the corner of the vineyard. "There's a vine that still has all its grapes."

He nodded. "That's all right," he said, and from the way he spoke—with a kind smile—I knew that he wouldn't have said anything about the bunch of grapes.

"Why wasn't that vine picked?" I asked him.

He brought the hoe down from his shoulder to the ground and rested on it. "We always leave one vine unpicked," he said. "For the stranger. It is an ancient custom."

"Oh," I said.

"Yes, it's supposed to bring us luck for the next season."

"Well, I hope this brings you luck—here I am, a stranger," I said, raising the grapes as though they were already wine and I were toasting.

"Yes," he said, and he repeated, almost apologetically, "It is an ancient custom."

"I went all the way down to the sea," I said. "Whose is that terrace near the mouth of the creek with oranges, lemons, and pomegranates—all unpicked?"

"Oh, you've been down there," he said. "A fisherman from Porto Santo Stefano planted those trees when there was no road up here and all this slope was wild. He didn't buy the land, though. Until this road was built, no-

A LESSON IN HANDWRITING

Try first this figure 2,
how, from the point of the pen,
clockwise it unwinds itself
downward to the line,
making itself a pedestal to stand on.
Watch now. Before your eyes it becomes a swan
drifting across the page, its neck so carefully
poised, its inky eye
lowered in modesty.
As you continue, soon,
between the thin blue lines,
swan after swan sails beautifully past you,
margin to margin, 2 by 2 by 2—
a handwritten swirl of swans.
Under them now unroll
the soft, curled pillows of the 6's,
the acrobatic 3's, the angular 7's,
the hourglass 8's, and the neat tadpole 9's,
each passing in review
on stilts or wheels or platforms
in copybook order.

Turn the page, for now
comes the alphabet, an eccentric
parade of odd characters. If at first you tangle,
now and again, in a loop or a twirl,
no matter. Each in time will dawn
as faces and animals do, familiar,
laughable, crooked, quirky.
Begin with the letter S. Already
it twists away from the pen like a snake or a watch spring,
coiled up and back to strike. SSSS, it says,
hissing and slithering off into the ferns of the F's.
Follows a line of stately Q's floating
just off the ground, tethered by their tails,
over the folded arms of the W's
and the akimbo M's. Open-eyed, the O's
roll after them like bubbles blown away.
Feel how the point curls round them lovingly
after the serious three-tongued E's.
See now how the page fills up
with all the furniture of writing—the armchair H's,
the ladders and trestles of A's and Y's and X's,
the T-shaped tables and the upholstered B's.
The pen abandons a whole scaffolding
of struts and braces, springs and balances,
on which will rest eventually
the weight of a written world, storey on storey
of words and vows, all the long-drawn-out telling
that pens become repositories of.
These are now your care, and you may give them
whatever slant or human twist you wish
if it should please you. But you will not alter
their scrawled authority, durable
as stone, silent, grave, oblivious
of all you make them tell.

Tomorrow, words begin.

—ALASTAIR REID

• •

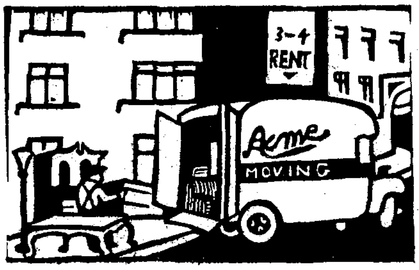
body cared. But the value of land now has risen, and the owner here told him that it wasn't his."

"Not his?" I said. "And no one picks the fruit?"

"No," he replied. "It's too far down the slope for a few trees. *He* used to go there by boat, of course. It was all right for him."

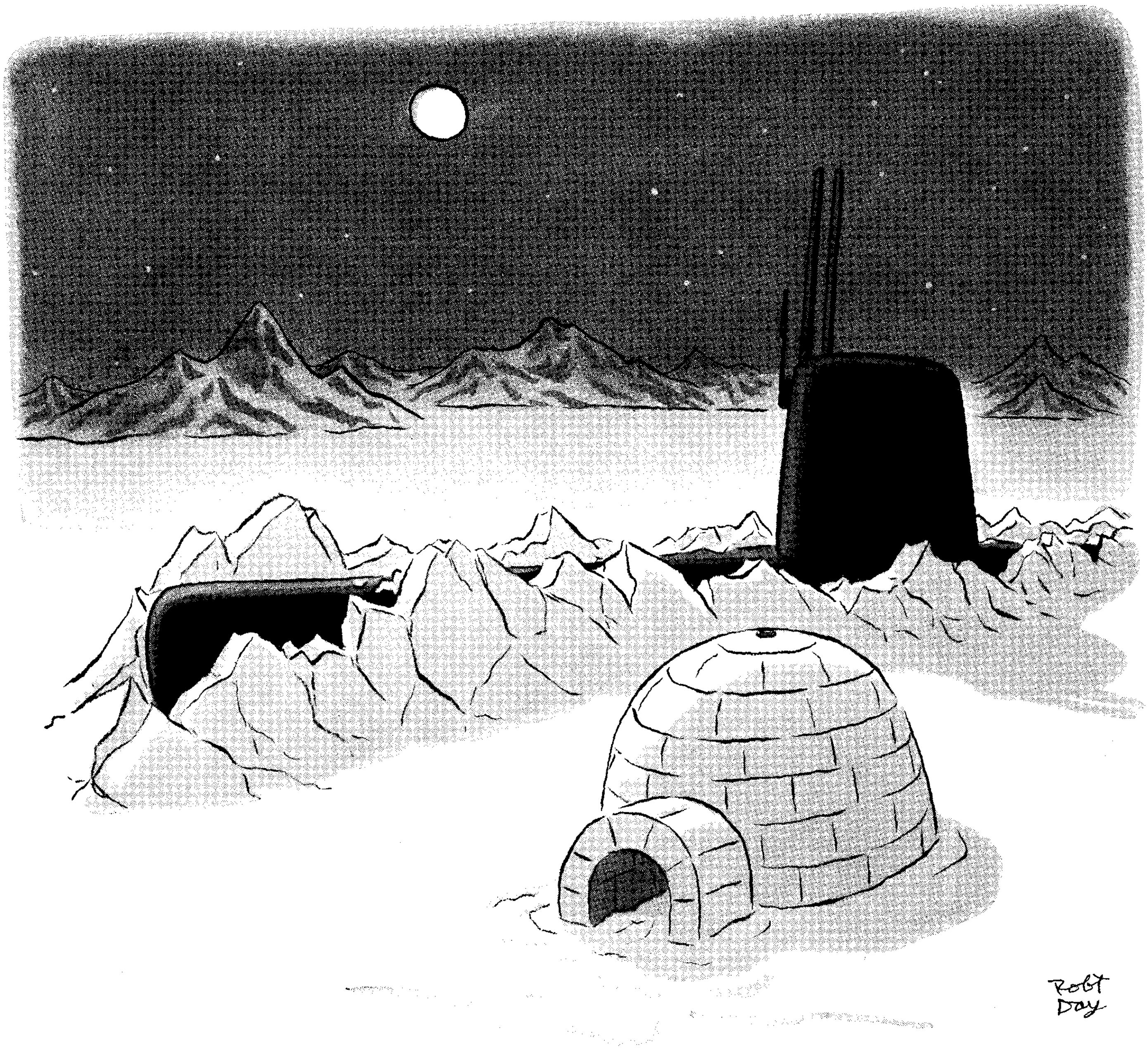
I left the farmer and went up the slope, wishing I could buy the terrace and give it to the fisherman. I thought of him, of his carefully choosing the land near the mouth of the creek, of his clearing the bushes away and digging up all the rocks that weren't too deep-set and massive to be removed, of his building the supporting wall and planting the trees and the flowers, and then, when the trees had begun bearing fruit, being told to go. I pictured the man who had bought the land—probably some big-paunched contractor from Rome or Grosseto, who had got it from the government for very little. I had an idea it would be sold in lots as Porto Santo Stefano expanded and that coast became more and more fashionable. Already there were new little villas a mile or two from the town, and others were rising just around the corner from here. One could be sure that in a few years this uninhabited slope would have its own gleaming white little houses, and a serpentine road running all the way down to the sea. The fisherman, I was thinking, should have gone farther, around the next point, where perhaps he could have come to the end of his years undisturbed. Or had all this coast become so valuable that there was no ledge left from which he wouldn't be ousted? Perhaps it was so, and he should have stuck to fishing and the sea, which belonged to no man and every man, and off which only stormy weather could sweep him.

With these thoughts in mind, I drove back to Porto Santo Stefano. Once or twice, as I thought of the terrace, I wished I could buy it for myself, for it corresponded in every detail with what I desired—oranges were my favorite trees; it was on the sea and was backed by a high mountain whose name (Argentario) suggested to me rocks streaked with silver; since it looked west, there would be a view of the sun setting over the Island of Giglio or the sea, depending on the time of the year; it was on a promontory (an island with an avenue of escape, my favorite land formation), and it was in Tuscany, almost equidistant from Siena and Rome; it had a creek, a stone wall, an inlet; there were olive trees. . . .



"Even if I could buy it, though," I said to myself, "I would feel like a trespasser, like a usurper—I would never be able to keep it."

THAT evening, strolling with my wife along the waterfront of one of the two crescent-shaped harbors of the little town, I saw many fishermen, some sitting on benches, others talking to one another and standing in little circles opposite a fleet of moored fishing boats and in between mounds of brown nets. I approached one who was alone, a dark and sinewy middle-aged man wearing a blue sweater and a beret tilted to cover most of his forehead. "Excuse me," I said to him. "A few miles around the coast, in the direction of Porto Ercole, I came to a little terrace on the sea with fruit trees on it. I wonder if you know who built it. I hear it was a fisherman from here."



"Didn't you hear it? A sort of crunch."

• •

"That one," he said, pointing to a man who was sitting alone two benches over—a big, brawny man with hoary hair, wide lips, and a sullen look.

We went over to him. "That fisherman over there," I said, "told me that you built the terrace on the sea I saw this morning down from where the new road ends."

His face, which at first had seemed opaque to me, lightened in all its features. "Have you been up there?" he asked, speaking as one would who was used to approaching it from below.

"Yes," I said. "It's a fine terrace, and those are beautiful trees that you planted. But is it true that they won't let you pick them?"

"That land doesn't belong to me," he said.

"So I've heard," I said. "I think it's an injustice."

"Why?" he said. "It isn't my property. I went there thinking no one would ever care. I recognize I made a mistake."

"They should let you pick the fruit you planted."

He shrugged his shoulders.

"That terrace belongs to you more than to anybody else."

He shook his head and looked out toward the sea, his face impassive. Then he turned to me. "When you work land that isn't yours," he said, "that's what you have to expect." He continued looking at me, as though to see if I could reply.

I couldn't. I could only nod. In my pocket I still had the pomegranate I had picked. "This is from your terrace," I said, offering it to him.

"Give it to the signora," he said, looking at my wife.

We thanked him and left.

"Surely," I said to my wife, "that land is his."

"He doesn't think so."

"But it's his, nonetheless—in a way altogether irrelevant to whoever has bought it."

"Irrelevant to him, too, I'm afraid."

"Oh, I don't know. I am sure he returns to it again and again in his thoughts—lands there, goes up and sits under a tree, gathers the fruit in his basket."

"I can see that *you* do," she said. "You are co-owners."

—ARTURO VIVANTE

EARLY TEA AT THE CASTLE

FOR dessert at luncheon that day there were curly twists of fried pastry, called by the cook God's Mercies, which were eaten with raspberry syrup. But for me the cook had sent up a little man made of the same dough, with buttons of currants running down the length of his coat. I did not care for God's Mercies, plain or fanciful, but I felt I owed it to the cook to show pleasure for the attention bestowed on me, and so I raised the manikin onto his feet and made him bow to the company. First, of course, he bowed to my grandmother, at the head of the table, then to Uncle Frederick, and only then to my mother. My mother immediately showed signs of vexation. This was partly a normal vexation with my imperfect, eleven-year-old manners, but there was also the fact that she and I were summer guests at my grandmother's castle in Bohemia, where my mother was always on the lookout for an imagined slight. She was just helping herself from the sauceboat, which Emma, the maid, was offering, and in her annoyance she stopped and placed the ladle on her own plate. "Edith," she said to me, "there is no need to carry on in this perfectly ridiculous manner. Perhaps you will be good enough to remember that this is a lunch and not a circus."

"I did not mean it to be ridiculous, Mama," I said. "I only meant to show respect."

"Oh, my God, respect to whom?" said my mother. "Perhaps to the cook? It's bad enough she has nothing else in her head but to make idiotic sweets for your amusement."

Emma, paralyzed in her performance by the unreturned ladle, remained to the left behind my mother's chair, with one arm lowered and holding the sauceboat and the other arm raised to shoulder level, bearing the dish with the God's Mercies—an attitude that was a sobered-down rendering of the bronze goddess in the hall at the foot of the stairs, whose arms, reaching with hysterical eagerness out of the folds of a Roman tunic, held two round lamps of milky glass, one in front of her and one above her head.

My grandmother pretended to be unaware of the interruption and started to eat. Uncle Frederick was tapping on his empty plate. And I thought that if Emma had not been so set on displaying her mastery of two-handed serving and had allowed one of the other maids to carry the sauceboat, the round would have been finished by now. But Emma was special. She was my mother's own parlormaid, who came with us every year from London on our visits to the castle, and it was important for her to demonstrate her superiority over my grandmother's servants, with their bare feet and their blue printed-cotton frocks and their sloppy ways; none of them would have assumed the immobility of a lampstand for the sake of an unreturned ladle.

"Besides," said my mother, "all this fussing and admiring is bad for the cook's character. Besides, there were lumps in the spinach. Besides, it's bad for Edith's character, too."

"Besides," said Uncle Frederick, "I'll soon develop lumps in my own character if you keep on holding up the traffic. The spinach has come and gone; it is a thing of the past; it has ceased to exercise my interest, you understand, you goose? Let's get on now with the pastry."

"There is no need to lecture me," said my mother, and she returned the ladle with a deliberate slowness that was meant to prolong Uncle Frederick's irritation.

After I had helped myself to syrup, I stuck my fork into the manikin's neck, and the head flew off, accompanied by a shower of vermilion drops, which splashed onto the cloth. I rubbed them with my thumb as a gesture of remorse, and they receded into a group of surprisingly tame pink stains.

"I can't say I am amazed," said my mother. "Edith never has to leave calling cards or put her name down in the visitors' book, the way other people do. It is enough if she is eating at a place. A charming habit."

"I am sorry, Mama," I said, "but it isn't so bad, really. It's only pale pink."

Emma stepped up from the sideboard with a clean folded napkin, flicked it through the air with an unpleasant sound like the crack of a whip, furled it like a parchment scroll, and proceeded to cover up the stained patch by unrolling the napkin.

"And what about that mess of spinach at the other side of your plate?" asked my mother. "Don't flatter yourself I didn't see it, even if you did put the saltcellar over it straightaway after it happened."

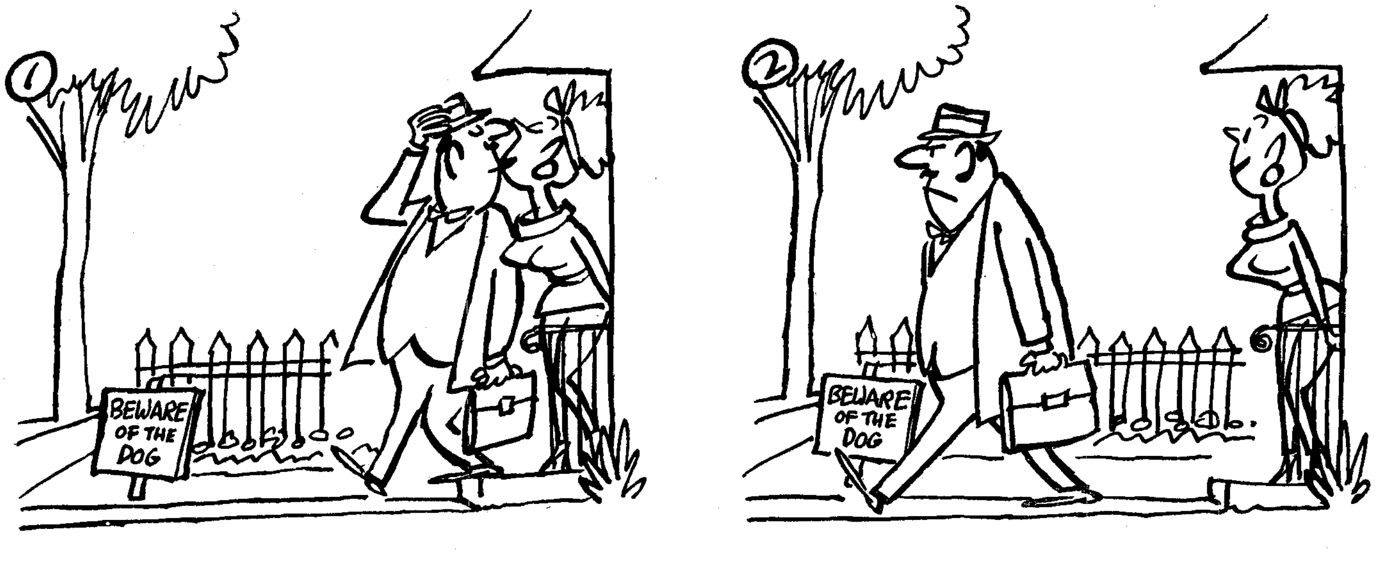
"I am sorry, Mama," I said.

"Of course she is sorry," said Uncle Frederick. "The whole effort was a mistake on Edith's part. One should never put pink against green, because then pink tries to look red and can't."

"That is not at all what I meant," said my mother.

"Do you have to tell us, you goose?" said Uncle Frederick. "You would not know a complementary color if you saw one." Uncle Frederick was an art dealer, and always spoke with immense authority.

"There is no need to air your precious theories on art," said my mother. "Besides, nothing that you say



will convince me that you have the slightest sense of beauty. Not after this year in Chamonix." And, turning eagerly to my grandmother, she said, "Mama, did I ever tell you how Frederick disgraced me this year in Chamonix?"

"I don't think you did," said my grandmother, speaking without raising her eyes and in a flat tone of voice that showed her lordly indifference toward all that went on around her.

"I would not have minded so much if we had been in different company," said my mother with great animation. "But we were with the Bannisters, and that Swiss woman doctor who said 'on the contrary, we Swiss women' every time I opened my mouth, and Mr. Naegeli, the art dealer from Lucerne, who is so particular he always carries a silver strainer about with him in a leather case so that he doesn't get the skin of the milk in his coffee no matter where he happens to be, and, Edith, there is nothing to laugh about, because he does have marvellous connections and some people are very sensitive."

"I am glad you had interesting company," said my grandmother, and she laid down her napkin. "And while I am having my rest, will you please remind the cook that Max and the boys will be coming over from Semtin this afternoon?"

Uncle Max was my grandmother's eldest brother, who lived in his manor house near the village of Semtin, a few miles away from the castle. Though his visits were rare, my grandmother was always kept informed about the goings on in Semtin by Dr. Bloch, who treated her for her gout.

"I had no idea about the Maxes," said my mother. "Why wasn't I told before? Nobody ever tells me anything."

"You will excuse me now," said my grandmother, rising, and we all got up. My mother looked disappointed, but even she did not dare to halt my grandmother, who now moved slowly and inexorably out of the dining room, like a majestic wave rolling toward a distant shore, while two maids, carrying her shawl and her ribbed silk pompadour, followed behind like fish swept up in her wake.

"There you are, you long-winded goose," said Uncle Frederick when she had gone. "I knew as soon as you started you would work up too long over your cackle, whatever it was about."

"If Madam pleases," said Emma, "coffee will be served in the Austrian Room."

"I call that good news," said Uncle Frederick.

"To my dying day," said my mother, "I shan't be able to look Mont Blanc in the face again, not to mention the Bannisters."

"I suppose you will find it easier to avoid Mont Blanc than the Bannisters," said Uncle Frederick.

"Mama," I asked, "what did Uncle Frederick do?"

"Begging Madam's pardon," said Emma, who stood holding the door open for us, "if I may mention that the Austrian Room doesn't look quite itself today, seeing that they started on the parquet floor this morning and that they haven't quite done with it yet. But considering that the Garden Room is too hot at this time of the day and that the Saints' Room is dark, and even if it weren't, it is not pleasant drinking coffee with the Saints looking into the cups, in a manner of speaking, and the smoking room is closed, and the library is moldy and hasn't been aired for the last two years that I know of, I'm sure I don't know which is for the best."

"Ha, ha," said my mother, "and then if I tell people that Mama's castle has fifty rooms and is the most uncomfortable place on God's green earth and as cramped as a tin of sardines, they don't believe me; they think I'm just being ridiculous because I don't want to ask them over."

"You break my heart," said Uncle Frederick. "I had hoped that one of these days we might have had the pleasure of entertaining dear friends. The Bannisters, first and foremost."

My mother left the room.

"Mama," I asked, running behind her, "what did Uncle Frederick do?"

"You can't deceive me," said my mother, without looking back at Uncle Frederick, who was following. "You think that if you are being funny it won't show that you are ashamed of yourself deep down in your own heart. Besides, the Bannisters are remarkable. Colonel Bannister is just plain Mister, of course, but she is a lady in her own right."

"What's so remarkable about that?" asked Uncle Frederick. "Edith's father was a clever man, too, and you have remained a goose in your own right."

WHEN we entered the Austrian Room, it became clear that Emma had been soothing to the utmost when she described it as looking not quite itself. About half of the vast floor had been scraped to a dull-cinnamon hue, revealing the pattern of the parquet work, which was octagonal, to accord with the eight-sided shape of the room. The rest of the floor was the usual impenetrable mud color, with the exception of one odd corner, where apparently one of the maids, scorning all team spirit, had started to clean a patch of her own. The charming rococo frescoes of the Austrian Alps were hidden behind barricades of bamboo marquetry and wickerwork formed by the chairs and tables, which had been

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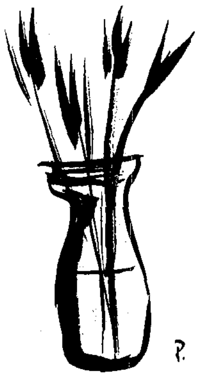
stacked up against the walls. The grand piano was degraded by a pile of rolled-up tattered Persian carpets thrown across its noble ebony top, and the gilded dolphin supporting the console table stood aslant and was fenced in by stacks of bound timetables and seed catalogues, which formed the contents of the library.

"Perfectly ghastly," said my mother, with an air of satisfaction. "Really—Mama's servants." Still looking very pleased, she crossed to the corner by the third window, where several cane chairs were grouped around two occasional tables. "Now I know," she continued, "what it feels like to picnic in the jungle. How long is this going to last, Emma?"

"They think they will be through by dinnertime, Madam," said Emma, passing the coffee on a tray.

"Oh, God," said my mother, "once they start to think, it means they haven't got the least idea. They will never be finished by tonight."

"As Madam says," said Emma, "they are ignorant creatures, which is hardly surprising, seeing that they have graduated from the stables and can't tell a cow from a console. And what is worse, they have got no one permanent to show them the way."



She returned the tray with the sugar bowl to a table and left the room with that small, quick, affected step of hers, which looked like a demonstration of how to be graceful *in a hurry.*

"Mama," I said, "what did Uncle Frederick do?"

"Keep your shoulders back," said my mother. "And as you are the cook's darling, perhaps you will be good enough to run down and remind her of the Maxes."

"Yes, Mama," I said without moving. I did not want to leave as long as Uncle Frederick was present, because I did not want to miss any of those quarrels that usually broke out between them as soon as they were alone together. Since Uncle Frederick lived in Vienna and Paris, and only came to stay in the castle for a short time in the summer, such occasions were regrettably few.

"Which makes me wonder," said my mother as she stirred the sugar in her coffee with an air of discontent, "why wasn't I told about the Maxes? The cook knew, of course, because Mama said I should remind her. Why should the cook know something which I never knew, I ask you?"

"If you'll take my advice," said Uncle Frederick, "the cook is an abyss which is better left unexplored, you understand?"

"This is just like you," said my mother. "You come out with an idiotic joke and you think that's the end of it. Edith, go and fetch Emma."

I had hardly got up from the beaded footstool, from which I had been plucking glass pearls, when Emma came in. Like all perfect servants, she always appeared when she was wanted—an accomplishment achieved by listening behind doors.

"May I clear away, Madam?" she asked.

"Emma," said my mother, "why does the cook have to make a cake behind my back, in utterly beastly secrecy, for the Maxes, and I never hear a thing about it? Why can't there ever be any truthfulness coming out of the kitchen?"

"What's the difference, you goose," said Uncle Frederick, "if it's a secret cake or a truthful cake, as long as she sends up the blasted cake in time for tea?"

"Emma," said my mother, "why have the Maxes been invited? And don't tell me it's because they are relations and it's for the joy of family life, or I am going to scream."

"If I may make so bold, Madam," said Emma, "it's on account of that Syrian person who has been staying in Semtin for a week, and the old lady has asked he should be brought over here to see what he can do." She stepped up to the table and dabbed a trickle of coffee off the spout of the pot with the napkin she always carried under her arm, in order to make it clear that she despised the information she was imparting and that the neatness of the coffee set was the sole interest in her life.

"Carry on, Emma. You fascinate me, as always," said Uncle Frederick. "Is he going to larn the cook some Syrian cakes, or what?"

"At your service, sir," said Emma, "but it's nothing to do with the cook, seeing that he mends Persian carpets beautifully, so they say, and I suppose it's true, because he charges two hundred crowns for the hour, sitting on the floor all the time and knotting and matching the colors so that one wouldn't know the difference."

"I wonder," said my mother. "Now, let me see. The Maxes should be here after four, and when they arrive, Emma, you pounce on him and put him somewhere on the second floor, well out of the way, and watch the silver. You do understand me, Emma, do you?"

"Indeed I do, Madam," murmured Emma, and she gathered the cups on the tray.

"And now I simply understand everything!" cried my mother triumphantly. "I thought straightaway this was an odd time of the year for doing the parquet, but I suppose Mama got intoxicated with the Syrian and she got a brainstorm about cleanliness good and proper."

"At Madam's service," said Emma, and she raised the tray and gave a last departing sweep with her napkin over the tabletop, which had an inlay of mother-of-pearl that I had found hard to pick off, even with a penknife. Like all virtuosos, she had a gift for such farewell gestures.

"Oh, God, this is the limit," said my mother, in that low but distinct voice she used only when a sudden unpleasantness seemed to threaten. She was looking at the door. "Here he is, as large as life, if you please. Did they have to show the creature up here? Really—Mama's servants."

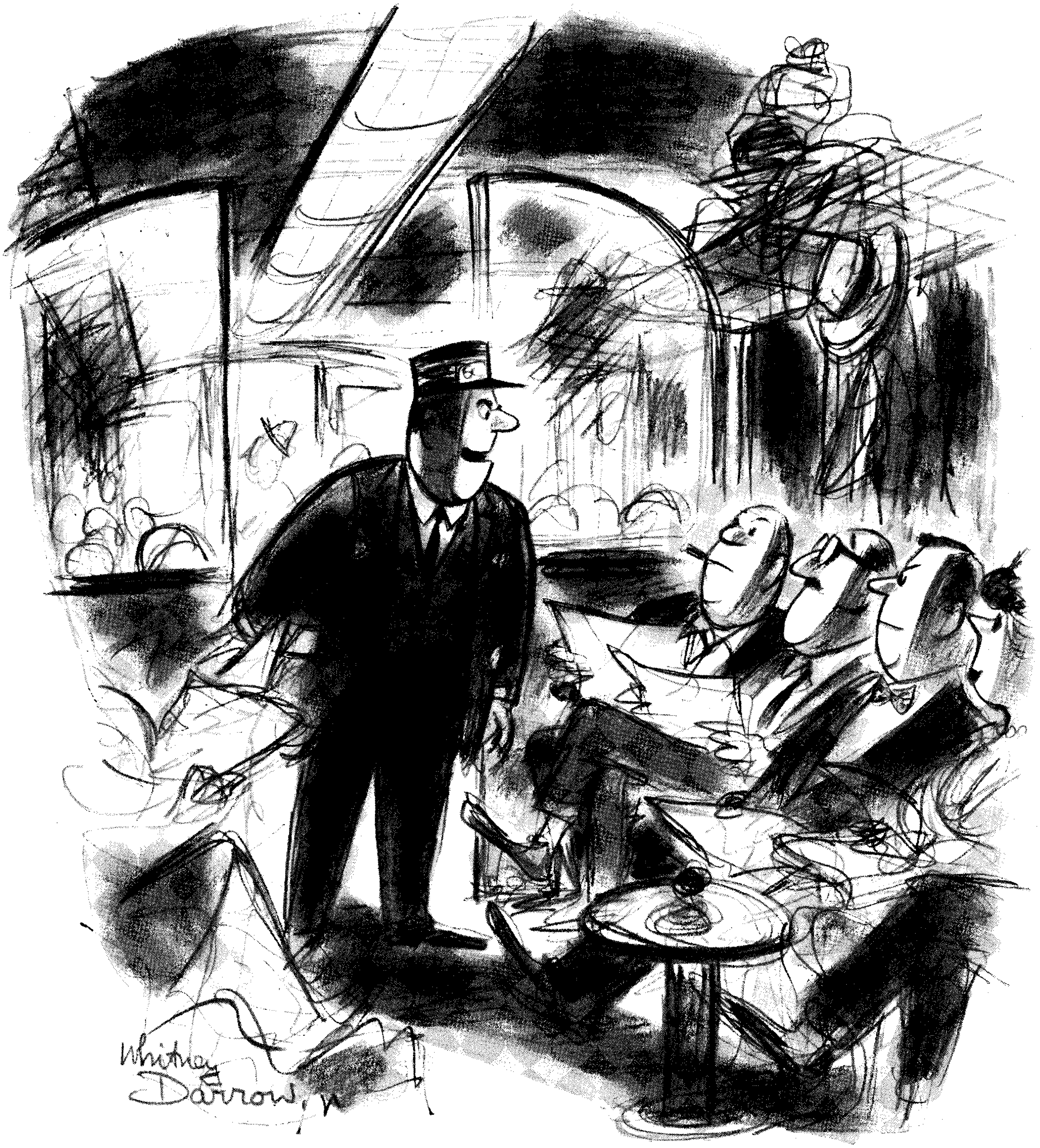
I looked up from my footstool, where I had been engaged in a struggle with a glass bead. An exotic gentleman was standing in the doorway. He was a short, slight, elderly man with an ugly grayish-yellow pallor. The outrageous formal elegance of his dress was accented by a monocle and a cane.

"Besides, I don't understand," said my mother, tilting her chair and leaning well back in it, as though to gain a greater distance from the astonishing sight. "It's barely two o'clock now. The Maxes must have sent him on ahead of them. I suppose they couldn't wait to get rid of him, ha, ha."

Uncle Frederick, who had just lit a cigarette and was sitting facing the window and with his back to the room, now turned around, and after one glance he laid down the cigarette and walked briskly toward the stranger, who thereupon crossed both hands over the gilt top of his cane and seemed satisfied.

"Your Highness," said Uncle Frederick, "do come in. If you please." He made an inviting gesture and led him toward the third window, where my mother sat glaring and frowning in her tilted chair.

"Frederick, I don't think you are being funny," said my mother. "Only because I said that Lady Bannister was a lady in her own right, there is no need to play the fool now."



"There'll be a delay of about an hour. The engineer just reached mandatory-retirement age."

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"Be quiet, you goose," said Uncle Frederick. "Highness, may I present my sister? This is the Maharajah of Uttapara."

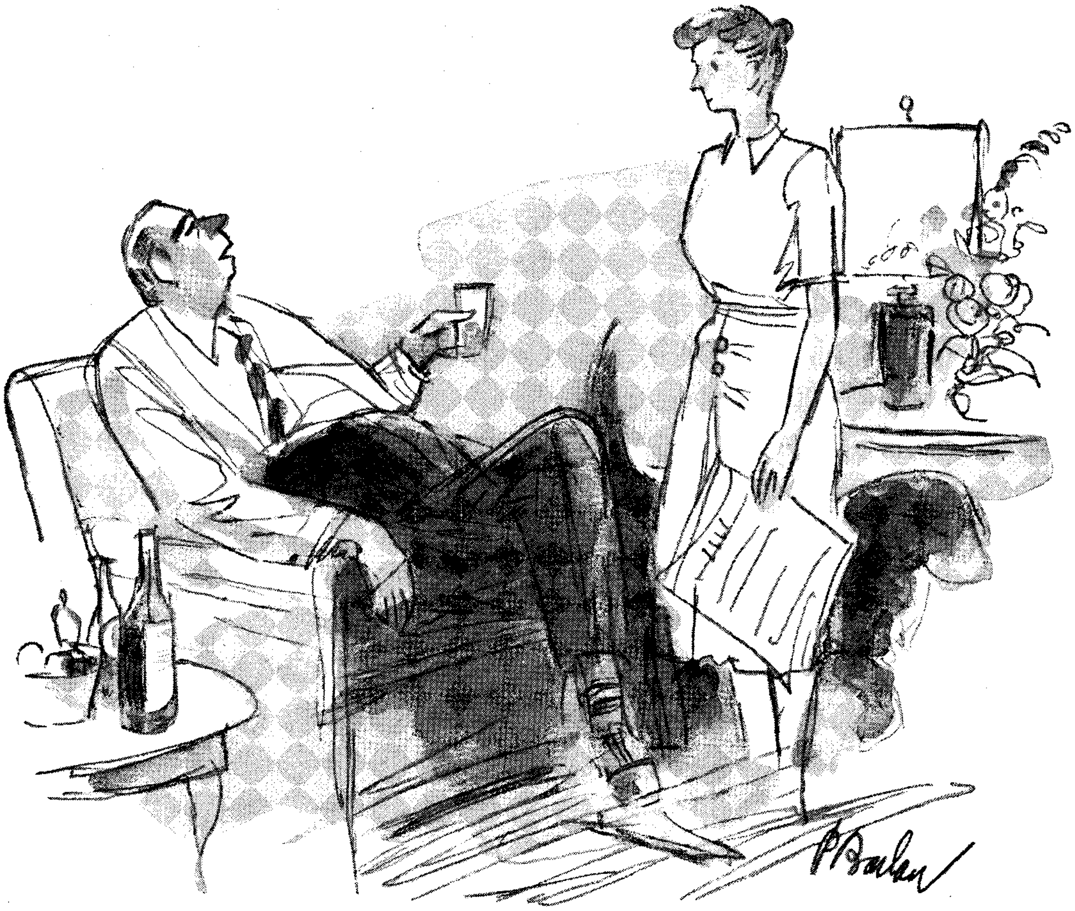
"I once had a manicure woman, too," said my mother, "who was Russian and said she was a grand duchess. The only thing to do in such cases is simply to ignore it. As long as he is good at his job."

Emma, who had been on her way out with the coffee tray and had had to wait because of the strange gentleman blocking the door, now sidled to one side of the room and stepped close to the wall. At this moment, another exotic stranger came in, and then another and another, until there were eight altogether. None of them were as elegant as the first one, and a few looked decidedly shabby. At last, as though to counterbalance Emma's presence, there entered two servants in white tunics and white trousers; they were sashed with strips of green and gold cloth and with bands of green and gold running slantwise across their turbans.

My mother rose and bowed her head, at the same time frantically sweeping up a strand of hair that had strayed untidily on the nape of her neck.

"And this is my little niece," said Uncle Frederick.

I came forward and dropped a curtsy, and when I straightened up I saw that the two turbaned servants now



"Instead of being so concerned about my drinking, Mildred, why don't you try to think of me as just an old bourbon buff?"

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stood flanking the door and that one of them was girt on top of the sash with a cartridge case, a holster, and a sheathed dagger.

"Do sit down, Your Highness, if you please," said my mother. "Though perhaps you might prefer the Garden Room, which is painted with cockatoos in the rococo manner, or the Saints' Room, which is hideous, though genuine baroque, of course. But anything would be better than this place, which is in a ghastly mess."

"Very good," said the Maharajah. "It is a very nice room." And he sat down and placed his cane at his feet, which were shod in reddish suède the color of rusty iron, to match his suit and his socks. The shoes, surprisingly, were laced down the sides instead of down the middle.

We resumed our seats, and Emma came and planted herself behind my mother's chair like a starched and frilled goddess of hospitality. Uncle Frederick, catching sight of her, said, "And what can we offer the Maharajah Sahib?"

"Tea is very good," said the Maharajah.

"I am so glad," said my mother.

"India or China, sir?" asked Emma, and my mother caught her breath and began to finger her pearl necklace, which she often did when she was embarrassed. It was, of course, a shockingly daring question for Emma to ask, because we all knew perfectly well that there was no China tea in the castle. Emma was obviously so set on showing off that she had become reckless.

"Very good," said the Maharajah, and my mother said, "I'm so glad," and released her pearls with a trembling smile.

"At your service, sir," murmured Emma. She hurried gracefully to the back of the room, where several of my grandmother's maids were dismantling the barricades and setting up chairs and tables. I saw how she reproved a maid who, lacking all social tact, had put a seat in front of each of the white-coated servants.

"Did you come through Prague, Your Highness?" asked Uncle Frederick.

"I stayed for two days in Prague," said the Maharajah, and, turning to his retinue, he made a gesture as though patting an invisible dog and said, "You can sit down." Three men sat down, but the others remained on their feet.

"Did you go to the opera?" asked my mother triumphantly, clearly pleased at having found a suitable topic for conversation. "It can be very good. Not always, of course—that would be asking too much—but sometimes."

"You mixed-up goose," said Uncle Frederick, "the opera is closed in summer."

"But Prague can be lovely in the summer, nevertheless," said my mother, with a defiant glance at Uncle Frederick. "I hope, Highness, that you managed to see something of the beautiful old town. It is always compared to Mozart in stone. Not to himself, of course. To his music."

"I have seen everything," said the Maharajah. "I have been to the Blue Angel and to the Tabarin. Very nice hostesses."

"Hostesses?" asked my mother. "Oh, yes. Of course. Hostesses. But, on the other hand, the way the baroque palaces lie gathered under the hill, crowned by the Hradschin and the cathedral, with the lilac blossom drooping over the old walls, that surely is a sight you would not find anywhere else in the whole world."

"Are you out of your mind?" said Uncle Frederick. "The lilac is the same as the opera. It is out of business for the time being, do you understand?"

"I suppose so," said my mother, "but there is no need to be offensive about it. It is because we all think of the places we love at a certain time of the year and of the day. I, for instance, would choose to look at the glorious historic Charles Bridge, with its wonderful statues, in the rays of the setting sun. Wouldn't you agree, Highness?"

"I would. And the shops are very good," said the Maharajah. "But there were no races. I was disappointed."

"I'm so sorry," said my mother, with a crestfallen air.

The Maharajah produced a case and offered cigarettes all around, even to me, and I got up and curtsied and said, "No, thank you, Your Highness," and tried to look matter-of-fact, as though I were used to being offered cigarettes every day.

"Are these Indian, Highness?" asked my mother.

"They are Egyptian," said the Maharajah. "I have them made in Paris.

I have also my scent made in Paris." And he took a gold flask from his waistcoat pocket and, bending toward my mother, dabbed the stopper on her wrist. "You, too," he said to Uncle Frederick, and did the same, and, "You, too," and I stretched out my hand and received a dabbing.

"Simply heaven," said my mother, making a display of her pretty arm while raising it to her face and using the occasion for another furtive tidying of her hair. Uncle Frederick took out his handkerchief and rubbed the perfumed spot on his hand with a disgruntled look.

"And talking about Paris, Your Highness," said my mother, "what a marvellous place! Though different from Prague, of course. Did you stay there long? I suppose that's where you met my brother."

"We met there," said the Maharajah. "It was very nice. I was very pleased."

"And how did you meet?" asked my mother. "Because Frederick is very reserved and never tells me anything, and so naturally I had no idea."

"If you must know," said Uncle Frederick, "we became acquainted under the drooping lilac in the Ritz bar while the rays of the setting sun cast a glow on George's historic figure."

"I have never been able to understand this fuss about George of the Ritz," said my mother. "I am sure it is very bad for his character. And where will you be going now, Your Highness?"

"I am on my way to Carlsbad," said the Maharajah.

"Carlsbad is charming," said my mother. "It is surrounded by exquisite dense woods, and the paths are beautifully kept up, and there is a wealth of places to walk to, with lovely views over the mountains."

"I have a bad liver," said the Maharajah.

"I am so sorry," said my mother. "But I am sure they will take good care of you there. Where will you stay?"

"Where will I stay?" called the Maharajah over his shoulder.

One of the men stood up, folded his hands as if in prayer, and said, "Grand Hotel Pupp."

"Grand Hotel Pupp," said the Maharajah.

"That's splendid," said my mother. "You will find it most comfortable, I can assure you. And it will do you no end of good, you will see. My mother also goes to Carlsbad every year to take the waters. She is resting at the moment, so you must excuse her absence, but she will come down presently. She's got the gout in her big toe, of all places, which seems a ridiculous place to have it in, but Dr. Bloch says it's classical, although I suppose he only says it to flatter her."

"Very good. She must be careful," said the Maharajah. "I, too, had bad pains in my knee twelve years ago, and when I was now in Paris I bought a ruby." Turning in his chair, he called, "Where did I buy the ruby?"

Another man stood up and prayed. "Van Cleef & Arpels."

"I bought a ruby at Van Cleef & Arpels," continued the Maharajah. "I put it on my finger, and the same night I had pains in my knee again. I had to give it away the next day."

"I am so sorry," said my mother, with a bewildered air.

"It was very good," said the Maharajah. "The pain did not come back."

"How utterly amazing!" cried my mother. "I must tell Dr. Bloch when he calls next time. He is frightfully backward, what with being stuck here in the country all the year round. But Mama won't hear a word said against him. And here comes the tea. God knows why it had to take so long. Mama's servants are hopeless. They simply have no sense of time."

"I will tell you the time," said the Maharajah, and he looked at his wristwatch. Then he gave his attention to his other wrist, where he wore a lady's gold bracelet watch. Then, from his waistcoat, he took a hunter made of platinum, with diamond baguettes in place of the numerals, and consulted it. Then he pulled out his lighter and glanced at a watch built into the side. Then he picked up his cane, pressed a knob, and contemplated a watch concealed beneath a lid in the top of the cane. "The time is very good," he said, replacing the cane on the floor. "It is twenty-seven minutes past two."

"That's good news, Highness," said Uncle Frederick.

"Highness," said my mother, "do you take milk and sugar in your tea?"

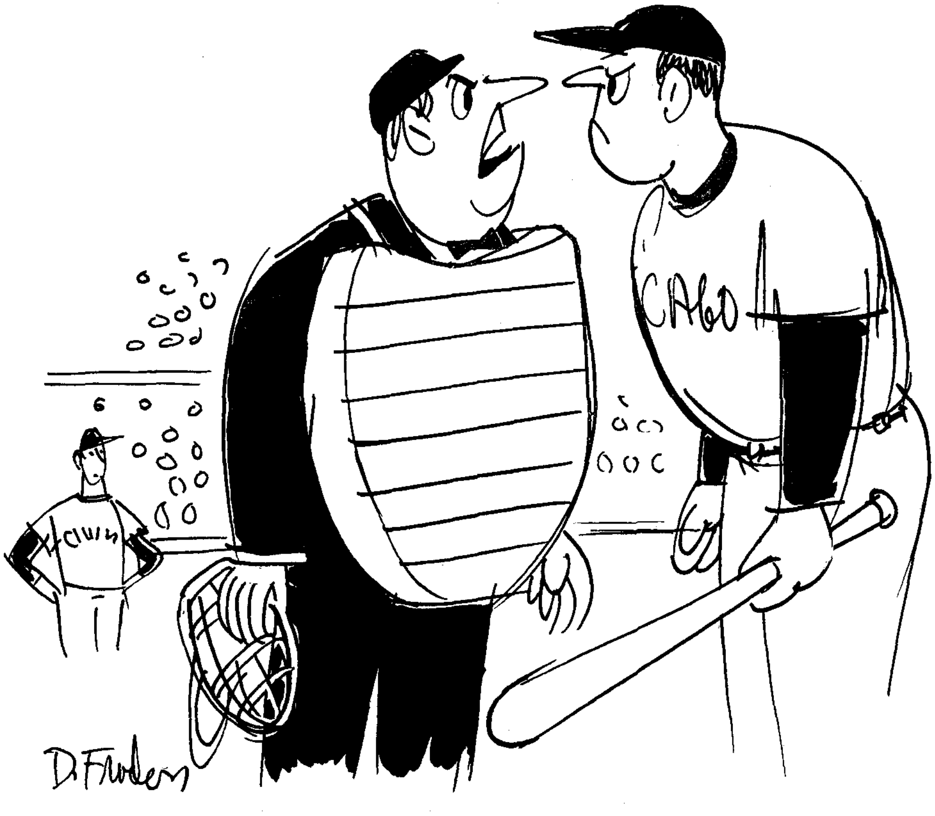
"Yes, thank you," said the Maharajah.

"How many lumps, sir?" said Emma, in her most devoted voice.

"Three lumps is very good," said the Maharajah. And, turning to the back of the room, he again patted an invisible dog and said, "You may have tea."

"I suppose, Highness," said my mother, "your watches are Swiss. I have been in Switzerland just now, before I came down here—in Lausanne and Geneva. Frederick joined me there. That must have been just after he had met you. We had a glorious time and made some wonderful excursions."

"I like excursions," said the Maharajah, and he stirred his tea. "What



"It's too bad for you the Hall of Fame doesn't have a category for squawking!"

are the best things to see? Tell me about everything." He held up his hand, refusing the platter of sandwiches that Emma presented.

"To my mind," said my mother, anxiously watching him, "by far the best in that neighborhood is Chamonix, of course." She, too, declined to help herself, and so did Uncle Frederick. "The majesty of Mont Blanc is really and truly a revelation," she continued. "There is no other word for it." She cast a despairing glance at Emma, who was just offering, in vain, a greengage tart and a dish with hazelnut baisers. "A breathtaking revelation, as I was saying," added my mother while she observed Emma, who was continuing with her demonstration of two-handed serving, this time with vanilla crescents and spice cards.

Emma had obviously forbidden the castle servants to come near our table, and after she had fulfilled her task she retired to the back of the room and directed some of the other maids to hand round cups filled from a separate tea equipage. The three seated members of the retinue accepted and the five who had remained standing refused. Then Emma returned and took up a position behind my mother's chair.

"A breathtaking experience," said my mother in the middle of an unhappy silence. I could see that she was racking her brain, wondering what delicacies might prove acceptable to the guest. And yet the choice was surprisingly great at such short notice, since the tart and the hazelnut baisers had been got ready for the Maxes. The vanilla crescents and the spice cards, on the other hand, were ageless; they were kept in tins for the most elevated kinds of emergency, and the cook would never have parted with them for the sake of the visitors from Semtin. "The everlasting snow standing out against the blue sky," said my mother. "Like a mantle of ermine round its shoulders."

"Do you have to tell us, you goose?" said Uncle Frederick. "His Highness has got it everlasting, too, in the Himalayas, only much more everlasting, do you understand?"

"I get a view of the mountains from my château in Mussoorie," said the Maharajah. "I have the château engraved on my letter paper, and it looks better than my letter paper with the palace of Uttapara. I must get the palace engraved differently. It worries me. I must go now. You will all come to my state, in India." He picked up his cane before Emma could get near it, rose, and waited until my mother and Uncle Frederick joined him on either side. Then he went out the door. I lingered behind and watched the retinue filing out, with the two white-coated servants at the rear. The man who had prayed "Van Cleef & Arpels" delayed his exit, pulled out a linen bag, and handed a gold coin to Emma and to all the other maids, shamefacedly and with cast-down eyes.

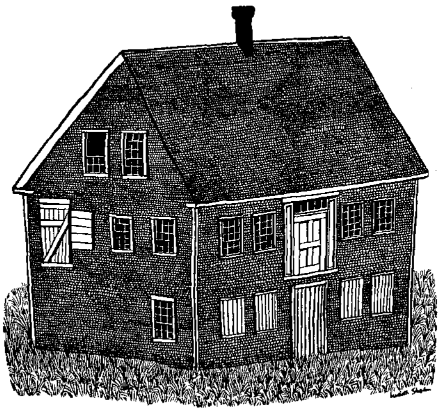
I RAN down the stairs to the landing, where my mother had halted in front of the bronze goddess with the lamps. I dropped a curtsy, and was furious when my mother told me to remain by her side while Uncle Frederick went out with the Maharajah.

"The maids all got sovereigns, Mama," I said.

"I suppose so," said my mother. "I am not surprised."

"But it isn't fair," I said. "He should have left something for the cook, too."

I had expected my mother to come out with a cutting remark about the cook, but she leaned her forehead against the breast of the statue and said wearily, "Ah, that is nice and cool. There is no fairness in life, ever. Let it be a lesson to you, Edith."



"How do you mean, Mama?" I asked.

"Well, look at Frederick, for instance." She straightened up and continued with renewed animation. "There he goes through life, shocking people right and left and always saying the wrong things, and yet he— I don't know. Anyhow, a Highness goes out of his way to look him up. You saw for yourself. It's perfectly maddening."

"Why didn't the Maharajah wear a turban?" I asked.

"God knows," said my mother. "You'd better ask Frederick. Here he comes. Well, how did they get off?"

"In nine cars," said Uncle Frederick.

"And he left just like that?" asked my mother. "Most unfortunate."

"I don't know about unfortunate," said Uncle Frederick, "but jolly cramped, I should say. Because there were about twenty more flunkies waiting outside in the yard, you understand? And they all had to get squeezed in. But then, I suppose they are used to sorrow."

"That's not what I meant," said my mother. "It's unfortunate because he left just like that, all of a sudden. I keep asking myself what we did to upset him. And first he asked for tea and then he didn't even touch it, you noticed."

"But he stirred it, Mama," I said. "And he looked pleased while stirring it."

"If only I knew!" cried my mother, and to underscore her distress she beat

AN OLD FIELD MOWED

My loud machine for making hay
Mutters about our work today;
Through bushes and small trees it flails—
Blueberry, sumac, cherry, bay.

I lay the little woods in swales
And burn them as the daylight fails,
For no surviving horse or cow
Is fed such crazy salad bales.

They fall like jackstraws, anyhow,
Or like the forest, trunk and bough,
That harder hands and will than these
Burned once, where it is meadow now.

I side with meadow against trees
Because this woodsmoke freights the breeze
With ghosts and ghostly woods—though both
Would find us puny enemies,
Second growth and second growth.

—William Meredith

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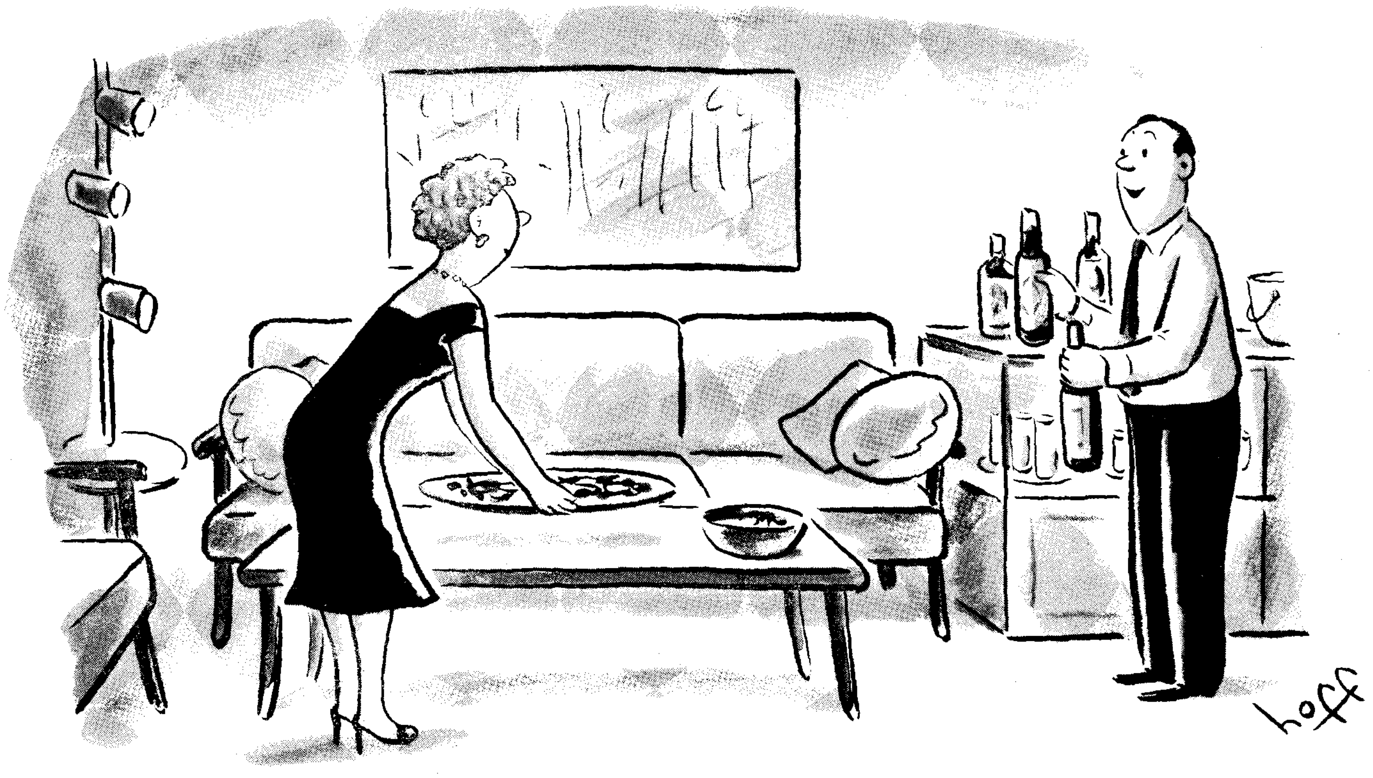

"You tell them about France, I'll tell them about Italy. O.K.?"

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with her flat hand against the bronze drapery of the goddess. "One minute he unbends so delightfully about his bad liver and the next minute he is gone."

"You reckless goose," said Uncle Frederick, "did you want him to run through the lot of his princely innards, or what?"

"If only I knew," said my mother.

"You just don't know Indians," said Uncle Frederick. "They up and go abruptly because it is the way they behave. And he can afford to behave like this, more than the others, because he is more than the others. He is a ruling prince, don't forget."

"All the more reason for him to be offended," said my mother, "what with the carpets on top of the grand piano and the rest of the Austrian pigsty. But then it's idiotic, of course, arriving like that and with all his retinue and never a word to let us know."

"You were lucky he came when he did," said Uncle Frederick. "Once, in Paris, he called on me at two in the morning. A maharajah never comes at the wrong time, you understand? One is always glad to see him."

"I never said I wasn't glad to see him," said my mother. "Though 'glad' is the wrong word. I was honored. But I would have been heaps and heaps more honored if he had let us know in advance. It's entirely your own fault, really. Because even if His Highness scatters invitations to come to his state like a dandelion when the wind blows, there is no excuse for you to be so casual. You should have nailed him down to a date. But you had to hug it all to yourself, Ritz bar and all, and were as secretive as the cook and worse. And it isn't merely the matter of the Austrian mess that is so maddening. If I had known, I would have put on something different, too. An all-white ensemble, perhaps. Elegant but countrified."

"You fascinate me," said Uncle Frederick. "And what color stockings?"

"Still," said my mother, "it's a useful lesson to Edith. It will teach her that one should simply always have a clean neck and decent fingernails. Because one never knows who might be turning up."

"Too true," said Uncle Frederick. "A clean neck looks elegant and countrified. And that reminds me." And he gave me the smallest size of Velim bar, a chocolate of the commonest Bohemian make, which none of us ate and even the cook would have refused to use for puddings. "A present for Edith from the fabulous East. Truly regal, if you ask me."

"It would be silly to look upon it as a disgrace," said my mother. "I find it most exotic. That's the word for it." She put her hand on the railing and started slowly up the stairs.

Even though Uncle Frederick was following us, I decided that this was my chance to clear up the Mont Blanc mystery. "Mama," I asked, "what was the disgrace to do with Uncle Frederick? What did he do?"

"When?" asked my mother. "I don't know what you are talking about."

"When you were in Chamonix, Mama. You said he disgraced himself. You wanted to tell Grandmama about it. At lunch."

"Oh, that," said my mother. "It was not a disgrace, of course. You must have misunderstood me. I never mentioned the word 'disgrace.'"

"Of course you did, you forgetful goose," said Uncle Frederick.

"But what did Uncle Frederick do?" I repeated.

"Well," said my mother, stopping at the top of the stairs, "it was just so odd. There we were, with the Bannisters and with those other people who are Swiss and frightfully keen on mountains and things, and when we got to Chamonix they took us to a point from where you get a sudden view of Mont Blanc, you know. And we all stood there, and Lady Bannister started to shoot her mouth about the breathtaking majesty of the view, and we all said something or other, the way one does, but Frederick never said a word. So in the end Lady Bannister asked him—she is so *exaltée*, you know, I am sorry to say, though she's got some excellent qualities, of course—she said she could see he was overawed by the King of the Alps. And Frederick, ha, ha—you know the way he is—replied, 'I suppose it's quite nice, and now I want a beer.' You should have seen their faces. I assure you, stuffy and stony wasn't the word for it, ha, ha."

"And did he get his beer?" I asked.

"Not straightaway," said my mother. "Because Lady Bannister has great strength of character and is used to having her own way at all times. So she wasn't going to let him get away with it, and she started nagging Frederick about his being an art dealer and how his visual feeling should be—well, frightfully visual, anyway. And she dragged in the breathtaking view all over again. So Frederick said to Lady Bannister, 'Do you have to tell us? The blasted view's got nothing to do with it. I would be breathless, too, anywhere, with or without Mont Blanc, if I were as tight-laced as you are and so whaleboned you can't even wriggle your eyebrows.' It was a ghastly thing to say to Lady Bannister, of all people, because she is a marquis's daughter, and if there had been a mousehole I would gladly have crept inside it. But now, when I come to think of it, Lady Bannister really did ask for it, and Frederick is so priceless and so original, and, after all, one's got to keep one's sense of proportion. A marquis is all well and good, but it's not as if he were a ruling prince, ha, ha. And Lady Bannister doesn't even travel with her own maid."

"You're a bit premature, stranger."

"And then he got his beer, Mama?" I asked. I was disappointed in the disgrace, and I was waiting for Uncle Frederick to interrupt her and start another argument.

"He got it," said my mother, "but Lady Bannister looked more frozen than Mont Blanc ever was or will be, and she did not speak to him, and he—"

Emma was walking down the hall toward us, and my mother broke off and looked at her with a mixture of inquiry and disapproval.

"Will it be all right, Madam, if I have the tea laid in the Garden Room?" asked Emma.

"Where else on God's green earth?" said my mother. "And I hope the sandwiches won't get dry. You will cover them up with a damp cloth or something, won't you?"

"I have had them seen to, Madam. At Madam's service," said Emma, with a face of bored virtue, and she left, prinking the frilled bow on the top of her head.

"The treasure," said my mother. "One more visit like this and there will be no putting up with her at all. 'India or China?' I could have sunk into the floor."

"Do you have to go on about the blasted tea?" asked Uncle Frederick. "It would have been better if she had asked 'Monet or Manet?' He might have bought something that way. And now I want a brandy. These Highnesses are heavy going. Edith, run and tell Emma I said so. But not about His Highness—about the brandy, you understand? And there is one more thing, strictly *entre nous*, and I'd hate to have it made public. It was twenty-five minutes and thirty seconds past two on my own Patek Philippe, with all due respect, and the time was very good."

—EDITH TEMPLETON

•

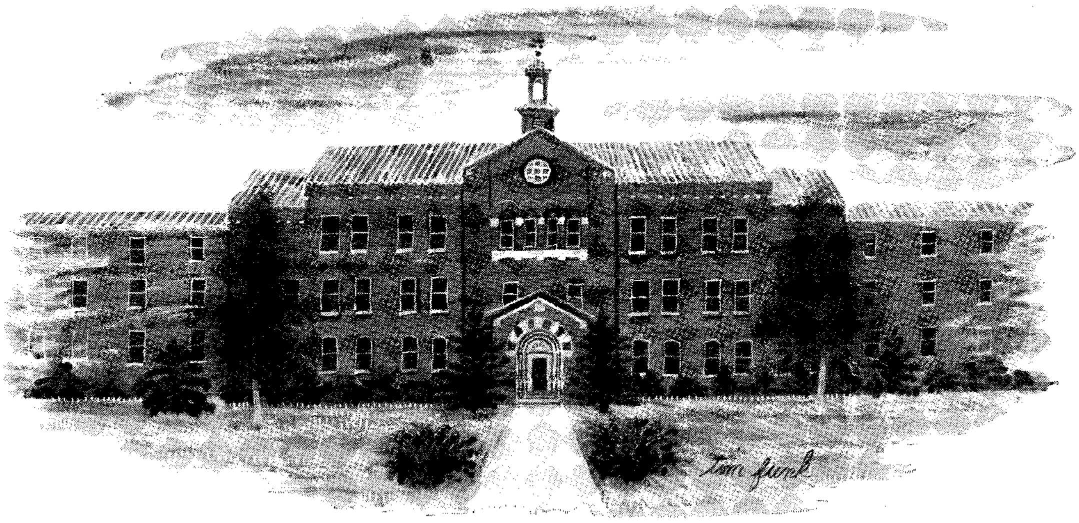
BIXBY, OKLA.—Highway trooper Bob Harshaw stopped a woman motorist who was driving over a closed road. He gave her a ticket for that violation and another for having an expired drivers license.

The impatient lady raced the car's motor while he wrote. Harshaw stopped, listened, then wrote out a third ticket. There was no fummler on the car.—*The World-Telegram & Sun.*

Throw her in jail, where she belongs!

PROFILES

PILGRIM'S PROGRESS—I



A FEW months ago, I learned that among the state hospitals caring for the mentally ill of New York City and its environs is the world's largest mental institution—Pilgrim State Hospital, a community with a population of close to fourteen thousand patients, situated fifty-one miles from Times Square, near the Long Island town of Brentwood. Over the last few years, I had read and heard a great deal about the drastic changes in mental hospitals that had been brought about by the new drugs known as tranquillizers, and Pilgrim State seemed to me to be an ideal place to observe such changes, for everything there obviously happens on a larger scale than in any other mental institution, anywhere. So I arranged, through the State Department of Mental Hygiene, in Albany, to pay a series of visits to the hospital and to have some talks with its director, Dr. Henry Brill. As I drove out to Pilgrim State for the first time, on a sticky, overcast summer morning, I found myself almost as deeply interested in the director as in the institution. What sort of man, I wondered, would be in charge of so many tormented or damaged souls—a saint, perhaps, or a martinet? All I knew so far was that Dr. Brill was the epitome of the Civil Service hospital psychiatrist—a very different breed from the highly paid New York practitioner, concentrating on his handful of neurotics. Dr. Brill was born in 1906 in Bridgeport, Connecticut, where his father was a small-time realtor, and worked his way through Yale College and Yale Medical School. In the summer of 1932, he came straight to Pilgrim State with his brand-new M.D.; he stayed there, in various jobs, for eighteen years; in 1950, he left to head a state mental hospital in Sonyea, in upstate New York; in 1952, without relinquishing that post, he became assistant commissioner of the Department of Mental Hygiene; in 1958, he returned to Pilgrim State as its director; and, finally, in 1959, he was promoted to the office of deputy commissioner of the Department of Mental Hygiene, without giving up his post at Pilgrim. In spite of all his administrative duties, I gathered, he had acquired a considerable reputation as a practicing hospital psychiatrist, accustomed to handling patients by the thousands.

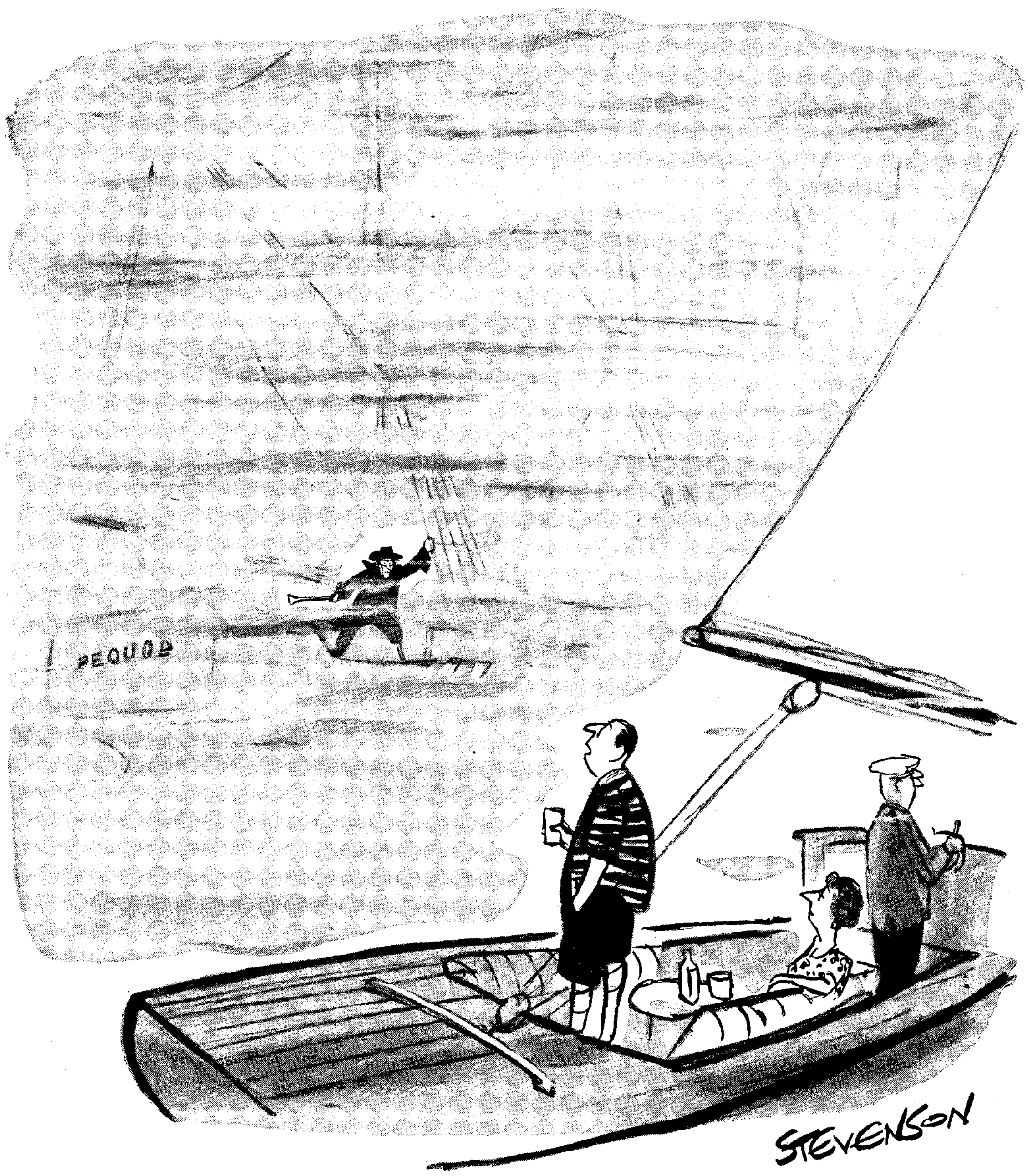
Toward the end of my drive—along the Northern State Parkway and then the Sagtikos State Parkway—I began to look out for the stout and sinister walls of a sprawling compound. I saw none. Eventually, I came to a side road that led to the hospital, and, swinging off the highway, I caught sight of a great expanse of red brick buildings, laid out on a vast grassy plain, which was crisscrossed by perfectly straight streets. This city had a building that looked like a church, a power plant belching smoke, and one or two modest skyscrapers—nine floors high—and, to my surprise, I entered it without passing through fence, wall, or gate. Driving down a narrow concrete road flanked by lawns and shrubbery, I came to the administration building—a red brick structure about half the length of a city block—where Dr. Brill, I had been told, made his headquarters. No guards were visible, and the only people around were a gardener and a couple of men leaving by the front door. Except for the drone of a power lawnmower somewhere out of sight, a heavy quiet hung over everything.

Dr. Brill's office, on the second floor, turned out to be a fairly large room, furnished with a desk, a few chairs, and some bookcases, and Dr. Brill himself turned out to be a stocky, bald man with rimless glasses, thick features, and an amiable smile. He wore a brown business suit, and, meeting him in other circumstances, I might have taken him for a businessman. Seated beside him at his desk was a beaky-nosed, tweedy man in his fifties. "Meet Dr. Hyman Barahal, my acting director," Dr. Brill said as he waved me to a chair. "I spend four days a week in Albany, you know, and Barry runs things when I'm away. He and I were just talking about something pretty exciting." On Dr. Brill's desk was a small, unpainted wooden box, about the size of a medicine cabinet, and Dr. Brill tapped it. "Look intriguing to you? Probably not, but it does to us, because it's one more indication of the reform—or maybe I should say revolution—in mental-hospital practice that we're living through. We're thinking about making up a cabinet like this for every patient, to be hung over his bed. He'd keep his own things locked up in it and take care of them himself. We could never trust patients with their own possessions before; we had to take away their glasses, their pocketknives, their money, and anything else they could lose or hurt themselves with. It seemed essential, but it was bad, too—it symbolized the patient's failure in life, and his loss of identity. Thanks to the tranquillizers, we suddenly gained a lot more control over behavior, and we can begin to restore the patient's lost dignity and identity. We've been working hard to exploit this advantage with a number of special programs of intensive treatment, and you'll be able to see them in action later. But perhaps the best way to show you what we've managed to accomplish—and what we've still failed to accomplish—would be to have a look around the hospital."

Dr. Brill was interrupted by a ragged

trumpet fanfare and the thumping of a bass drum. "Ah!" he said, looking pleased. "Something's going on. Let's see what it is." We hurried to a window at the rear of the building, and there we saw, marching down a road, an eighteen-piece band followed by a homemade pioneer wagon, a fire truck, and a group of straggling Indians. "A rehearsal for a holiday parade," Dr. Brill told me. Across the road was a cluster of three buildings, all constructed in an architectural style halfway between that of a vintage-1925 schoolhouse and an old New England factory. Two of the buildings, the one on the right and the one on the left, had barred porches, and patients who had gathered on them waved their arms through the bars and cheered the paraders. I asked Dr. Brill if the parade was for the benefit of these spectators. "Yes, partly, but even more for the benefit of the paraders," he said. "They're all patients, and events like this are part of their total treatment program." I looked more closely now, and thought I could distinguish some queerly fixed expressions among the marchers, but, parades being what they are, it was hard to be sure. The marchers had no obvious characteristics in common; they wore various sorts of civilian clothing, not the drab cotton uniforms I had expected to see, and they seemed to make up a random sample of the racial types of New York City and even of the ages of its people, except that there were no children. I asked Dr. Brill what the minimum age of his patients was, and he said sixteen, adding that younger patients were sent to special institutions.

When the parade had passed by, Dr. Barahal went to his office, and Dr. Brill and I set off to make the rounds. "We'll start in Building 23," he said, leading the way to the building in the center of the cluster. "This is our acute medical and surgical service. It's a sub-hospital, where we take care of any patient who has a serious ailment in addition to his mental condition. The buildings to the right and left are for new admissions." We entered the central building and went down to the basement, where Dr. Brill, explaining that there was a matter he wanted to take up with the head pharmacist, stopped off in the pharmaceutical-supply room; ranged on long shelves were an enormous quantity of pills, powders, and liquids, in large cartons and gallon jugs. "Lots of medicines, for every human ailment," said Dr. Brill, "and half of everything in this room is tranquillizers." He turned to the head pharmacist, a rotund little man named George D. Marsh, and launched into a complicated discussion of a recently adopted procedure for unloading and receiving incoming shipments. As we left to take an elevator up to the second floor and the sick wards, Dr. Brill said, "You might wonder why I should be preoccupied with such prosaic details. But a director has to care about these details in order to run his hospital well. I have to think not only about therapy but about mobile radios for our police force, a new boiler for our power plant, the proper storage of towels for fourteen thousand patients, the problems of dealing with the employee unions, the obsolescence of machinery on our farm, and so on and on. You'll see, as you continue to look about Pilgrim, that we have most of the ingredients of a normal society—police, a power plant, religious services, road maintenance, and all that. In the end, everything affects the patients. The more efficiently ev-



"No, we haven't seen The White Whale. Have you seen Surf Rover or Bunny Hibberd or any of that crowd?"

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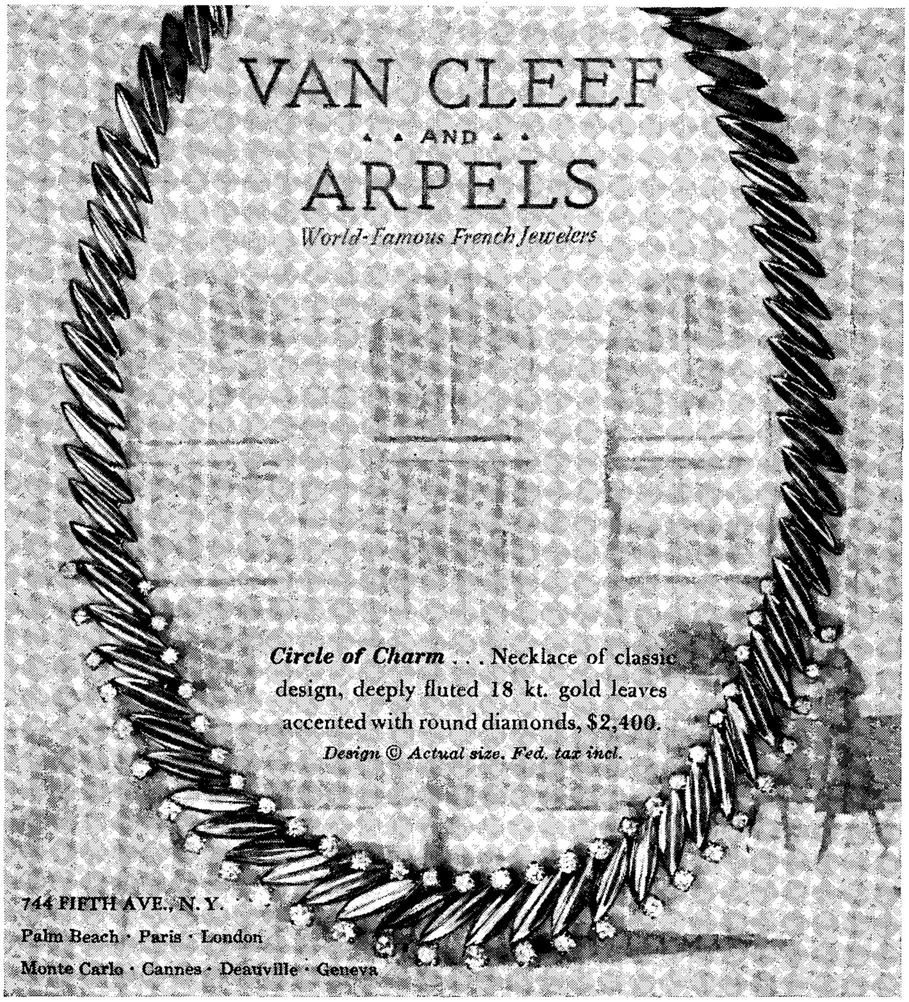
erything is run, and the better satisfied the employees are with their jobs, the more therapeutic is the whole atmosphere in which the patients live. So things like unloading procedures and trash disposal are not just administrative details but part of the over-all medical function of the hospital."

He pulled out a large iron key, unlocked a door to a ward, and locked the door behind us. The ward looked like an ordinary hospital ward, and Dr. Brill and I walked between rows of beds in which women of all ages were reading, sleeping, or just staring. Here and there, other women, wearing robes and carpet slippers, were sitting or standing about. Almost all of them watched us guardedly as we approached, and in a bright, cheery voice Dr. Brill strewed greetings like a political candidate. "Hello, there!" he said. "How are ya? . . . Hello! . . . Morning! . . . How're *you* today?" A nurse hurried over respectfully, and Dr. Brill asked her whether anything interesting had turned up in the acute medical service. She reported that there were a couple of appendectomies, one case of jaundice (a complication infrequently caused by certain tranquillizers), and a sprinkling of other routine ailments. "It's almost a normal hospital now," Dr. Brill told me. "I ran this service at Pilgrim back in the thirties, when we used to think there was some integral connection between certain physical conditions and mental illness. Now a lot of those physical conditions just don't show up any more. We had lots of malnutrition, but the whole new hospital atmosphere has practically eliminated patients' refusal to eat. We had lots of psychosis due to paresis, or advanced syphilis, but since penicillin came in, syphilis rarely gets that far. Tuberculosis was a major disease in mental hospitals, too—so major that there was even a theory that when tubercle-bacillus granules got to the brain, they produced schizophrenia. Today t.b. is a vanishing disease, but there are just as many schizophrenics as ever. So goodbye to another nice simple theory about mental illness."

"Dr. Brill," a dried-up little woman said in a quaking voice, "I don't *like* it here. It's no good for me. I want to get back to my ward, where my own doctor is."

"Now, just don't you worry," said Dr. Brill, putting an arm about her thin shoulders. "Soon as we get you over this operation, you'll be going back there. Trust us, will you? We're trying to take good care of you." He smiled at her, and she looked pleased.

Leaving the ward, we went to a near-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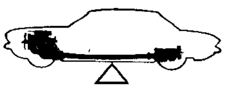

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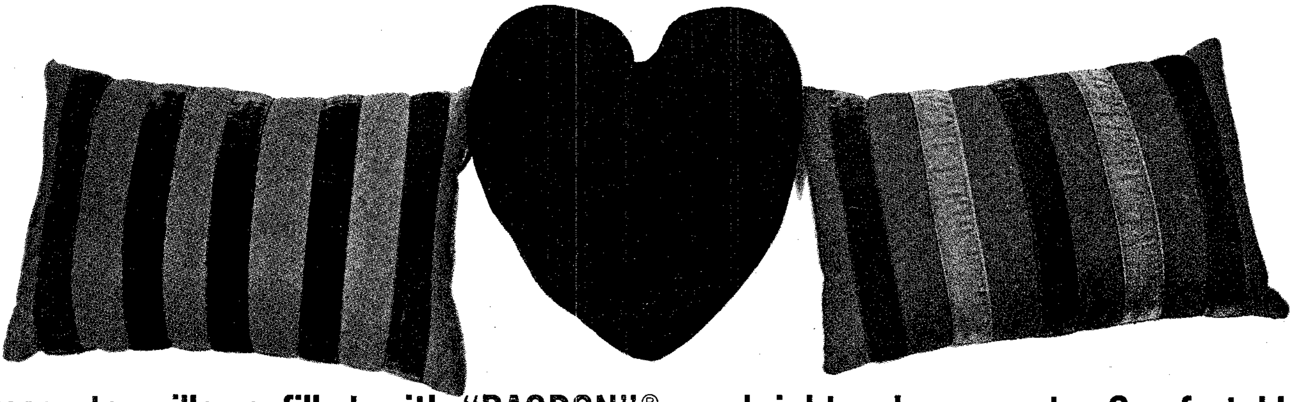

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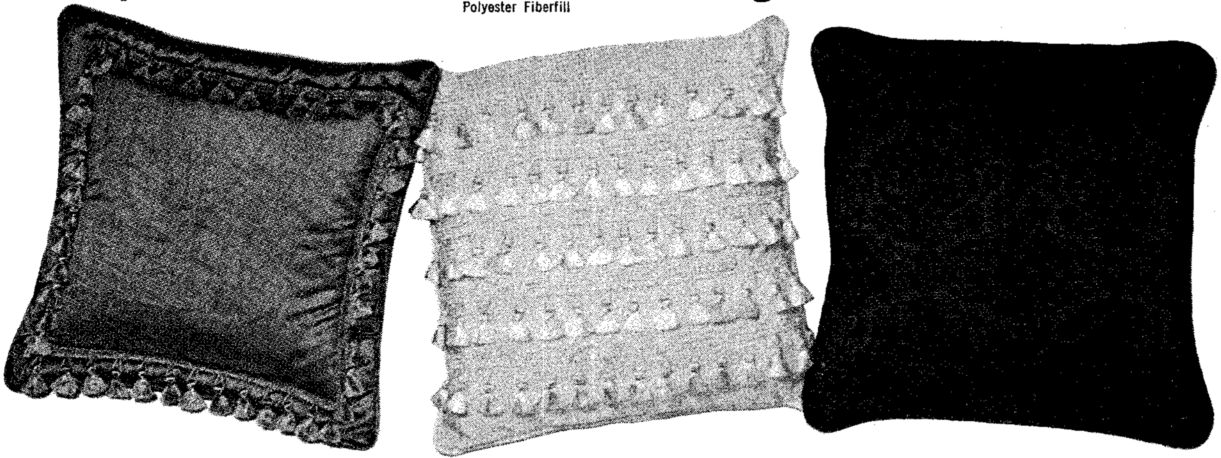

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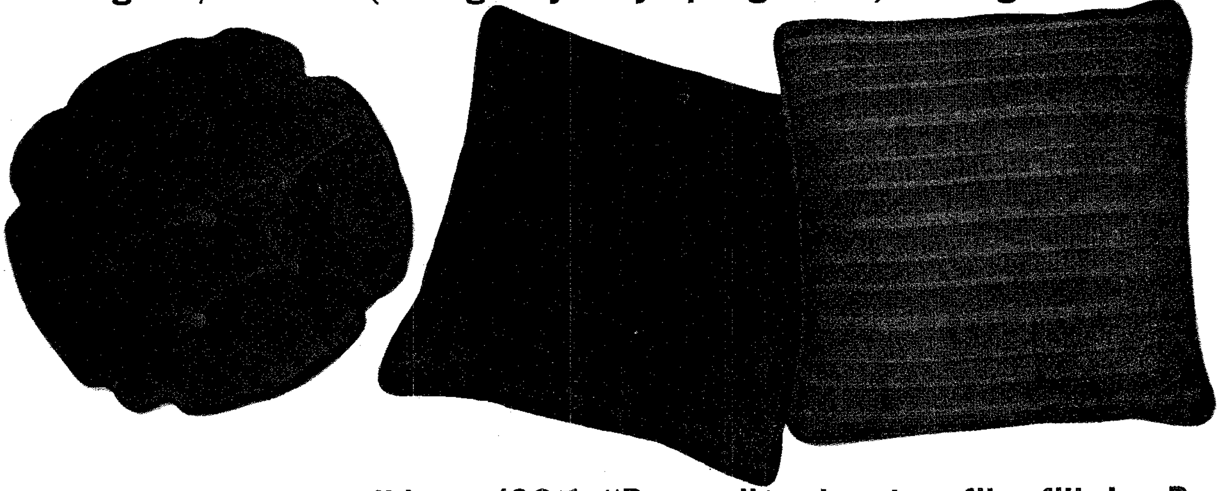

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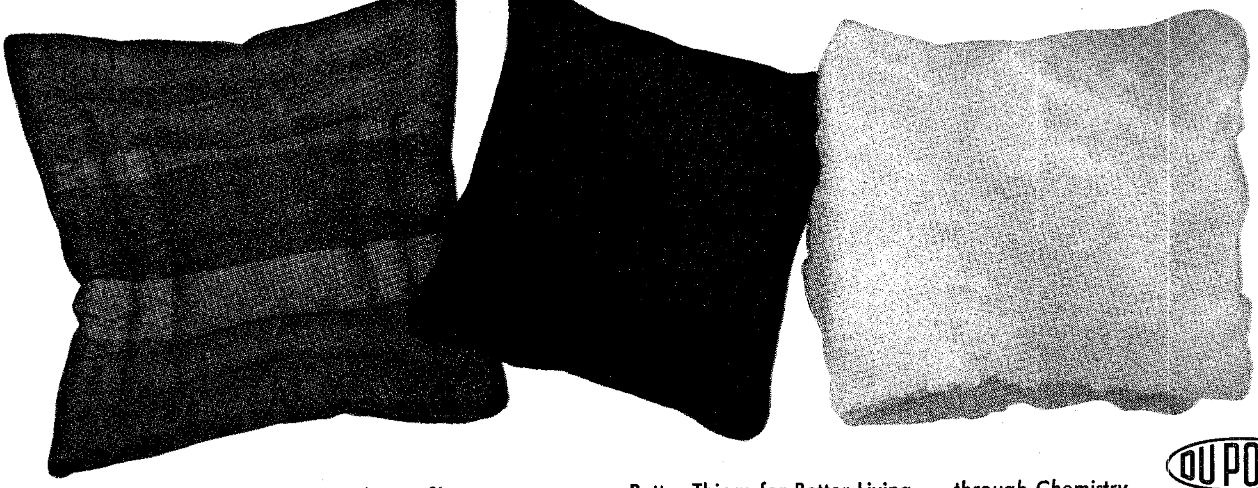

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by X-ray room. A fat red-haired woman of perhaps forty was lying on the table whimpering while a nurse and a technician were getting ready for an X-ray of her abdomen.

"Hello," Dr. Brill said gently to the patient. "What's the matter—are you scared? Why?"

"The lights," she whispered, staring wide-eyed at the ceiling.

Dr. Brill looked up. "Why, we have fluorescent lights like that all over the hospital," he said. "They don't do anything to you, they just make the room bright. What's your name?"

"Hannah," she said.

"Now, Hannah," said Dr. Brill, holding her hand, "there's absolutely nothing to be afraid of. They're just going to take a picture. You won't mind it a bit. Don't be afraid of a thing."

"All right," she whispered. "If you say so."

Back outside in the corridor, Dr. Brill said, "You might wonder what sense it makes to stop to talk to one patient out of fourteen thousand, and whether it isn't a pretty small contribution. The thing is, it's a seeding job. If the person in authority has respect for the patient and tries to give him a couple of minutes of psychotherapy, the rest of the staff will, too, and all these minor conversations make a whale of an over-all difference."

As we headed back for the elevator, I noticed that several patients were strolling along the corridor, apparently going about their own business, and that some of the wards we were passing were locked while the doors of others stood open, or were opened freely by people going in and out. Dr. Brill explained that patients who were badly upset were kept in locked, or closed, wards for their own good as well as everyone else's, but that more than half the wards in the hospital were no longer locked. In the old days, he said, practically all were locked; now many patients could live in open wards, being neither dangerous nor bent on escape. The doors of the locked wards bore a red dot and the doors of the open ones a green dot, as a reminder to anyone on the staff to lock them or not, as the case might be. The dot system had been adopted just a year ago, Dr. Brill said, and not until he and his staff had given it considerable thought. "I often have to stop and justify to myself my involvement in all these little things," he went on, picking up what I now took to be a favorite theme of his. "It isn't sufficient just to think grand thoughts; the job of governing any institution consists in coördinating a

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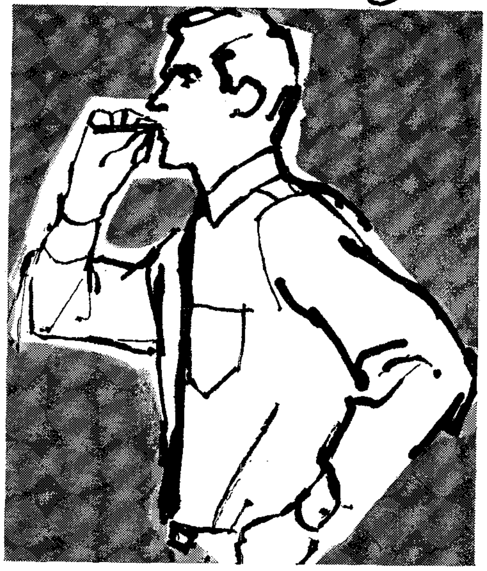

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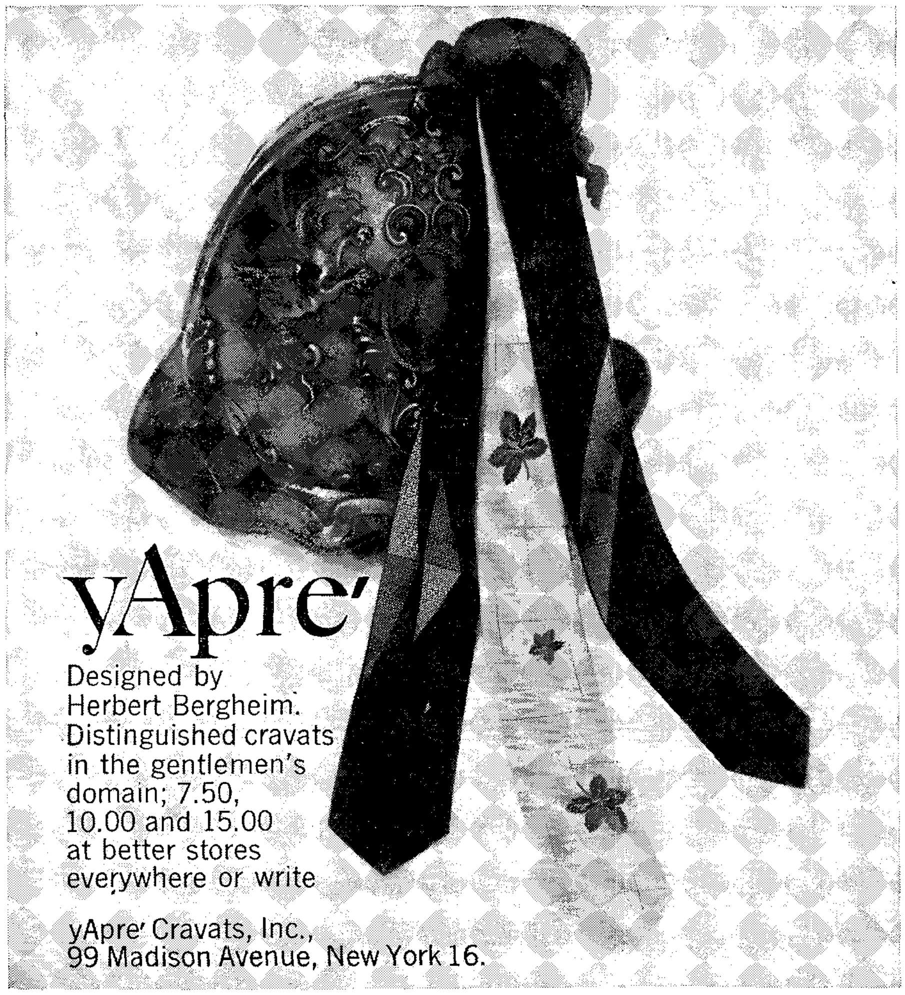

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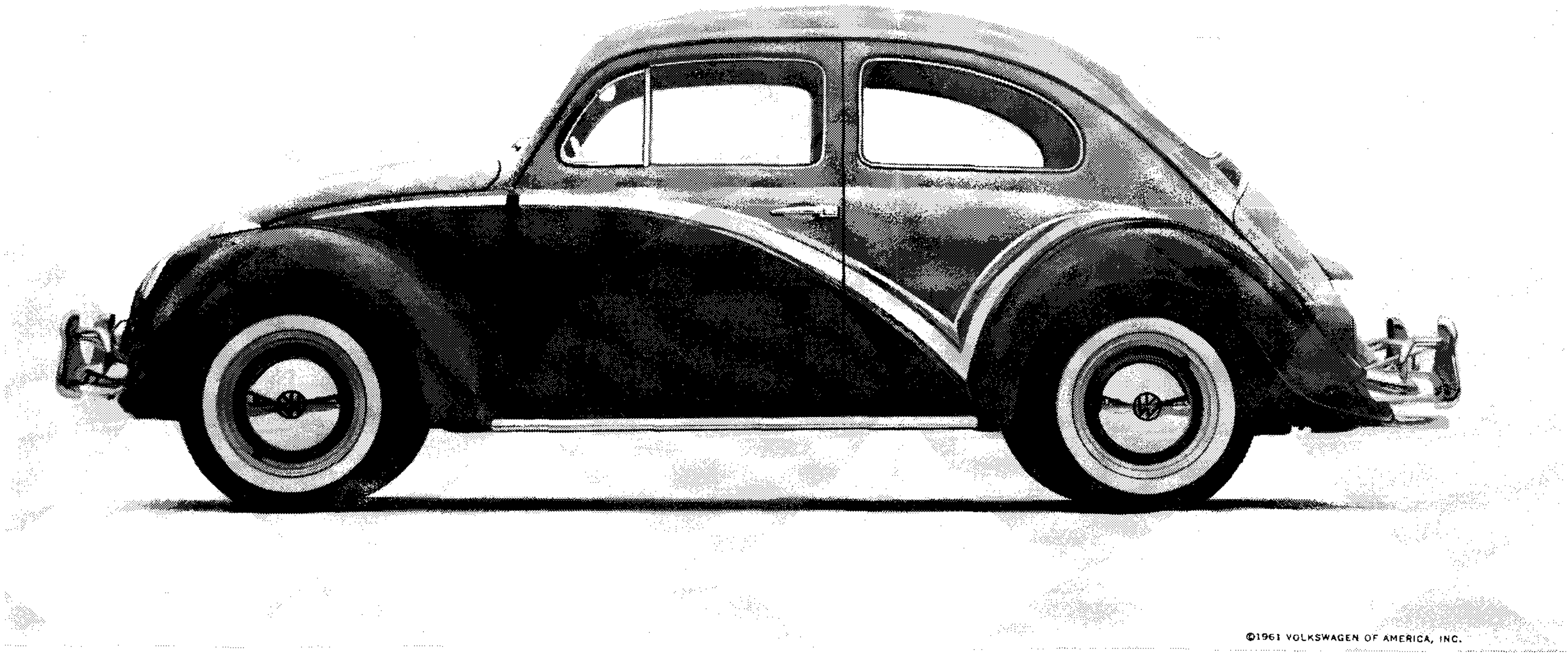
great many trifles toward one significant purpose. I once— Hello, there! How do you like being on the open ward?— I once decided that my job is like that of a ship's captain, who has to attend to a thousand trivial details of loading, trimming, paint, food, fuel, and so on, all to serve the single end of getting his ship from one place to another. I thought it was a pretty original formulation. Then, last week, reading on the train, I found almost the same thing in a comment of St. Thomas Aquinas, on government, so it's rather an old notion at that. But a good one."

DR. BRILL suggested that we look at the new-admissions buildings next, and on our way to the first one—for male patients—he explained that incoming patients generally arrive by bus from Bellevue or any of several other public hospitals after a week or two of observation and some preliminary medication, followed by formal certification proceedings. When they reach Pilgrim State, they receive a provisional diagnosis and are given immediate treatment, including drugs, interviews with doctors, and occupational and recreational therapy, plus a month or two of observation, before what the hospital calls their "final diagnosis," although, of course, a diagnosis is always subject to revision. At any rate, after the final diagnosis, patients who seem to be improving rapidly are kept in the building, and the rest are sent to various other parts of the hospital for long-term care. Because some of the patients in the new-admissions buildings are an unknown quantity and some are plainly disturbed—in traditional terms, maniacal—half of the wards are locked. We visited one of these. Fifty or sixty men of various ages occupied a large, bleak dayroom at the entrance, beyond which I could see dormitory and lavatory facilities. Many of the men in the dayrooms were sitting limply on benches or chairs, groggy from tranquillizers; others were standing around idly, or watching television; several were working on one large jigsaw puzzle. Three attendants were on hand—husky men in black slacks and white shirts, who seemed friendly toward the patients, and not at all like the sadistic jailers described in some of the literature about mental hospitals in recent years. "These new patients are on heavy doses of the drugs," Dr. Brill said, "and what with their mental condition and the drowsiness, there isn't much constructive activity they can manage at this point. Still, the whole look of this room is revolutionary. Only seven years



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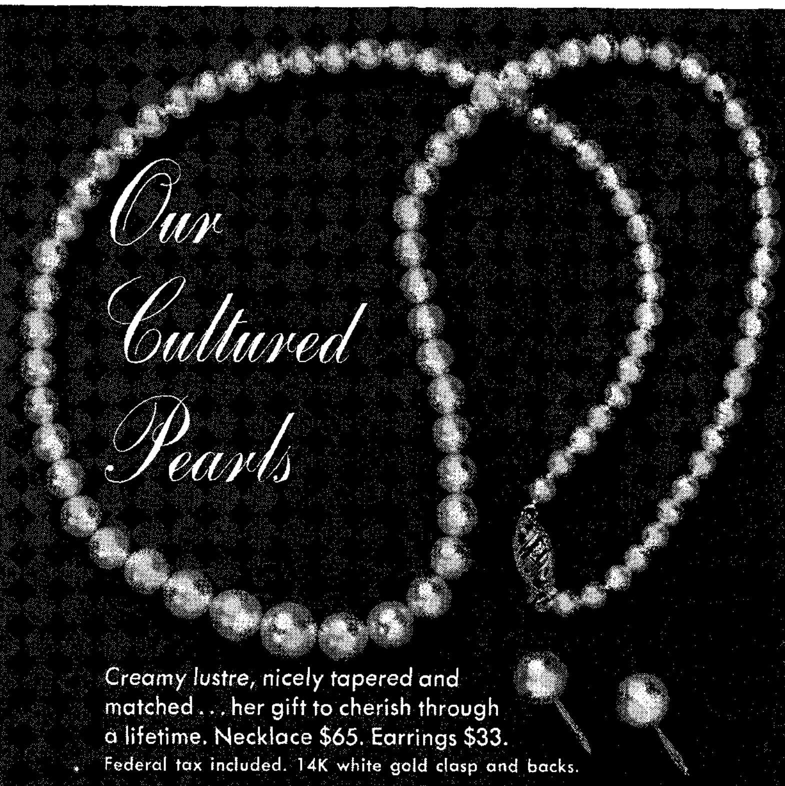

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ago you'd have seen many of the patients pacing around like caged animals, and you'd undoubtedly have heard shouting and screaming. Some of our young doctors used to turn pale when they first tried to face it."

I asked Dr. Brill if he had been one of those who turned pale.

He smiled. "I was lucky," he said. "I never had any visceral reaction to psychotic behavior—I don't know quite why."

As we strolled about the ward, a wiry little man came up and said, in a thick Slavic accent, "Please, I want to change my doctor. He not help me at all. No good."

"Give him a little time," said Dr. Brill gently. "You've only been here a few weeks, haven't you? I know your doctor. He's very good. Besides, he can speak your language. Give him a little time. Will you do that for me?"

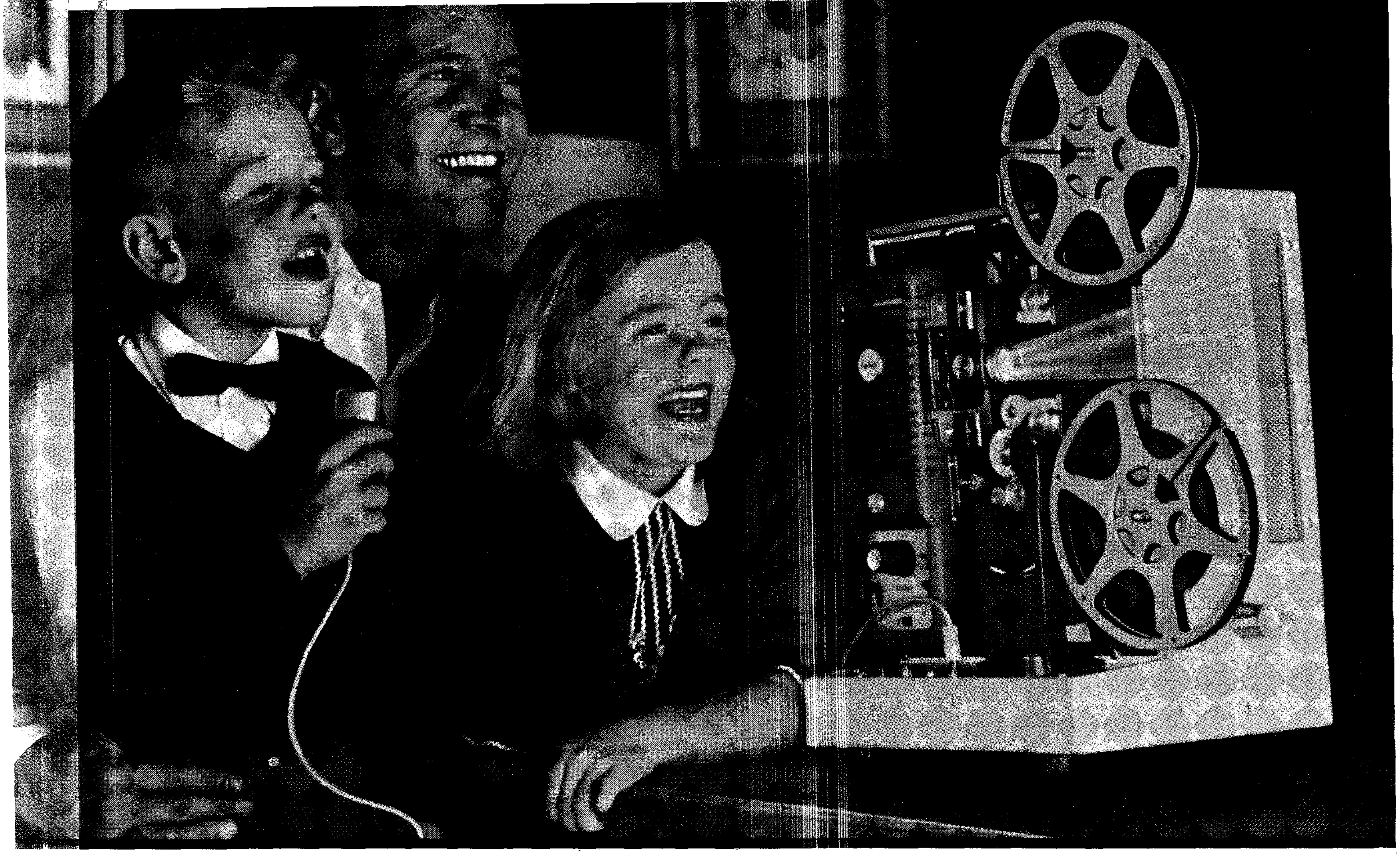
Dr. Brill patted the man's arm, and we moved on.

A curly-haired youth whose face was so tense that the skin seemed to be drawn taut over the bones walked over to us. "I'm gonna bust," he said. "I'm all cooped up and I need to move around more. Can't you get me some privileges?"

"Boy," said Dr. Brill, putting an arm around his shoulders, "boy, I'll try. But I heard you were acting kind of rough the other day. Don't work against yourself like that. Try it my way and you'll see."

The young man stared intently at Dr. Brill, as though trying to comprehend, and then slouched away.

Dr. Brill turned to me and said, "Come over here. There's something I want to show you." He led me up to a short, handsome Puerto Rican youth who stood stiffly with his back to a wall, his face wooden and blank, his eyes staring straight ahead, his arms rigid at his sides. "*Como está usted?*" asked Dr. Brill. The youth turned slowly on his feet to look at Dr. Brill, as though his torso were paralyzed, and the two spoke in Spanish for a moment or two. "He says that they try to give him medicine but a creature living inside of him won't let him swallow it," Dr. Brill told me. "What I wanted you to see, though, is his rigidity. This is catatonia—a classical pattern that used to appear frequently in schizophrenics. Now it's mysteriously becoming very rare, and we hardly see it any more. The same thing is true of the manic type—the noisy, excited patient, always talking and moving around. And the old-style hallucinating psychotic who would sit in a corner all day chatting with his own



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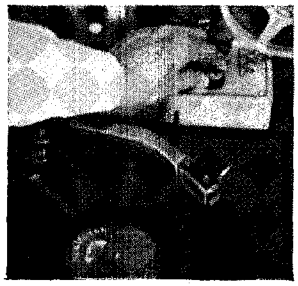

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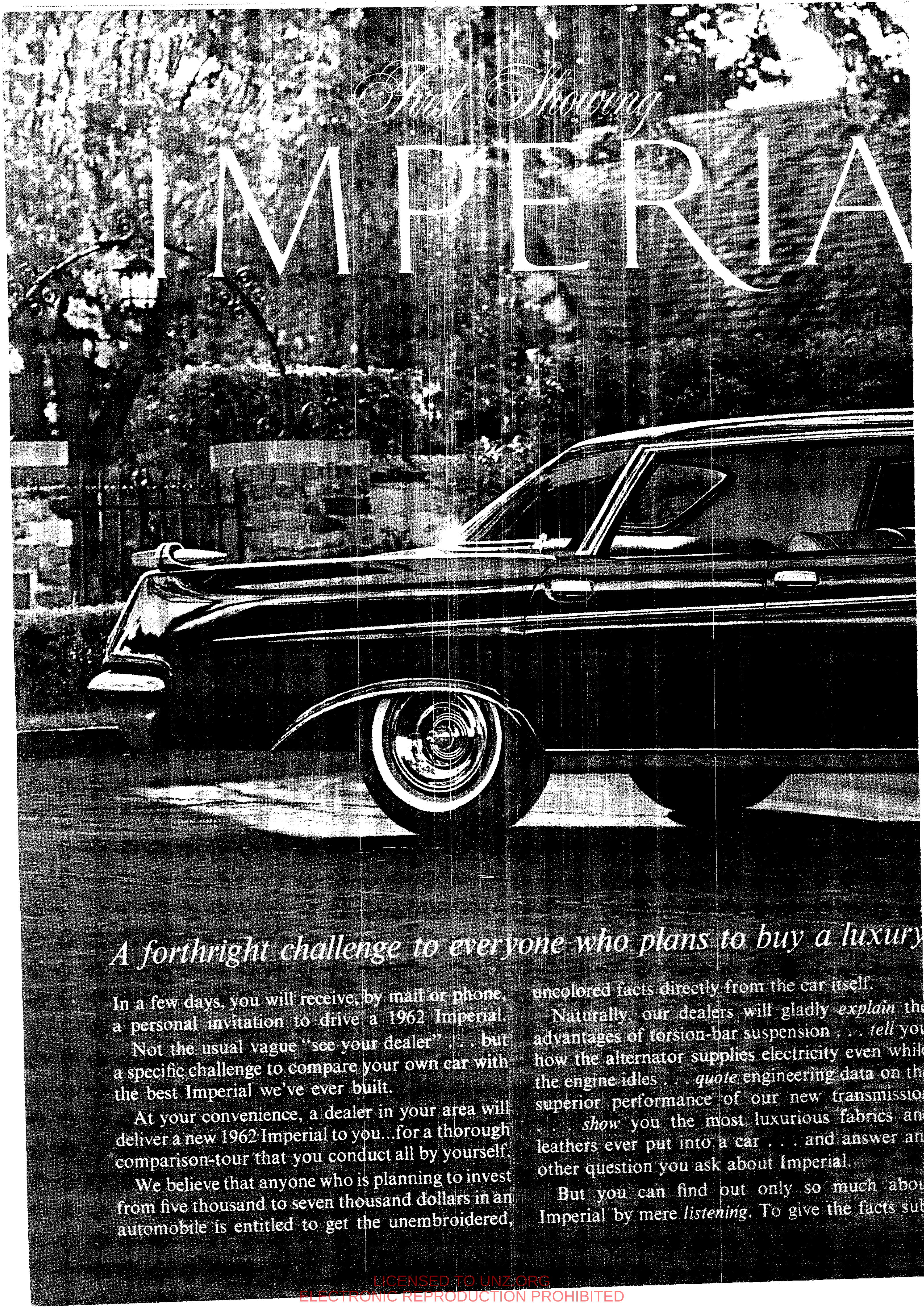

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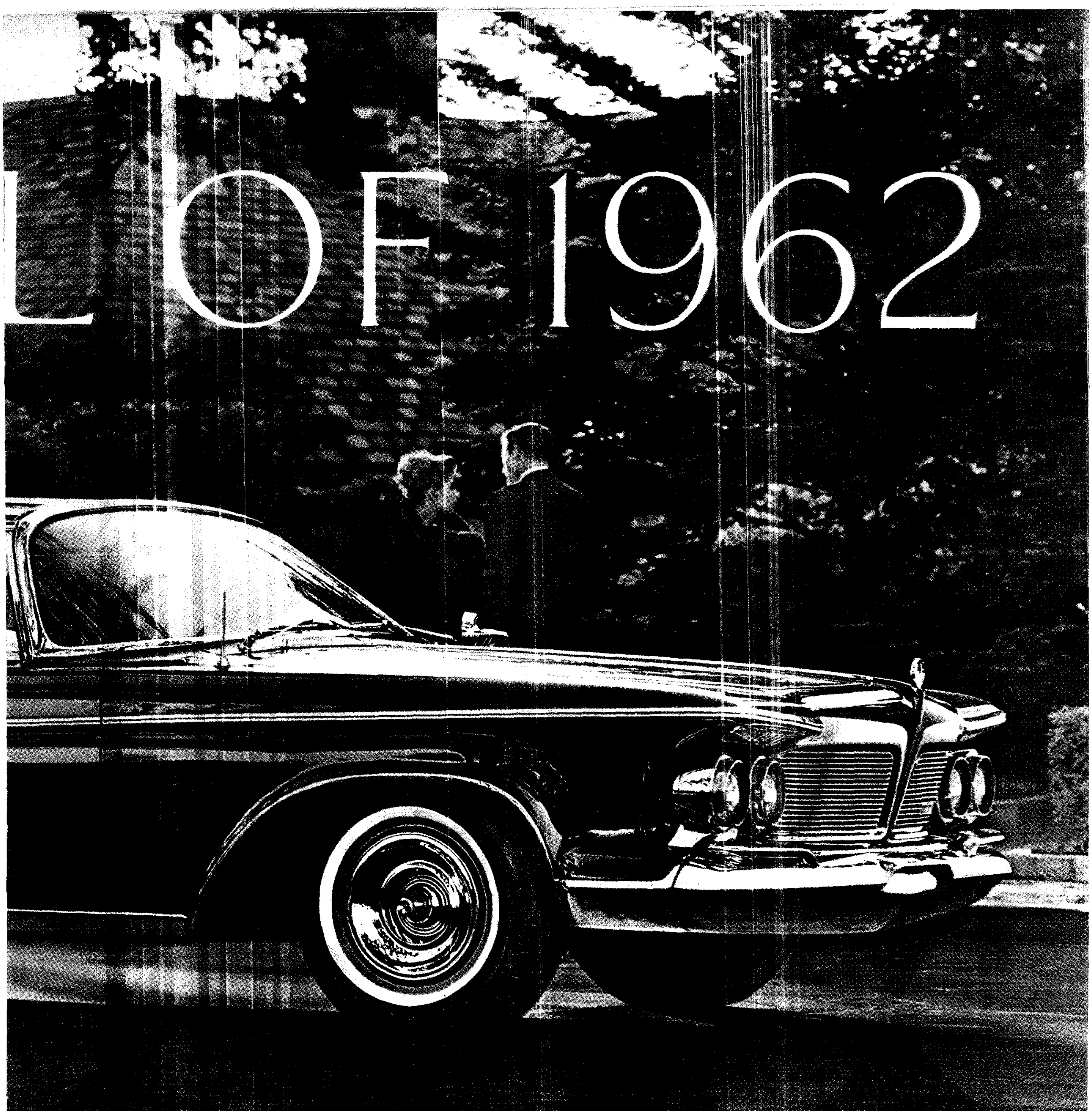

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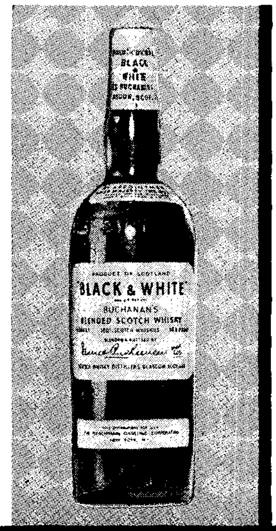

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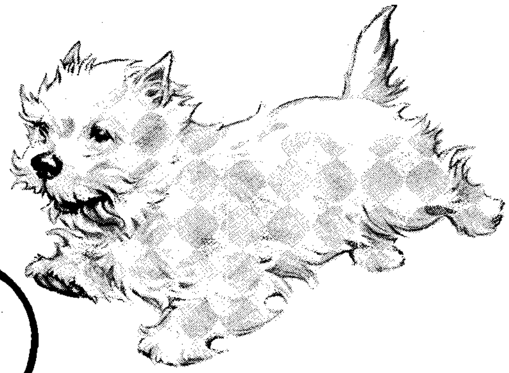

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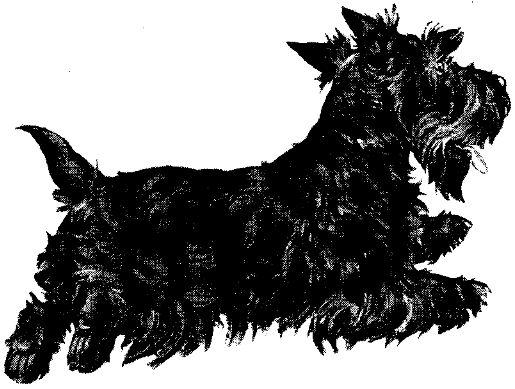

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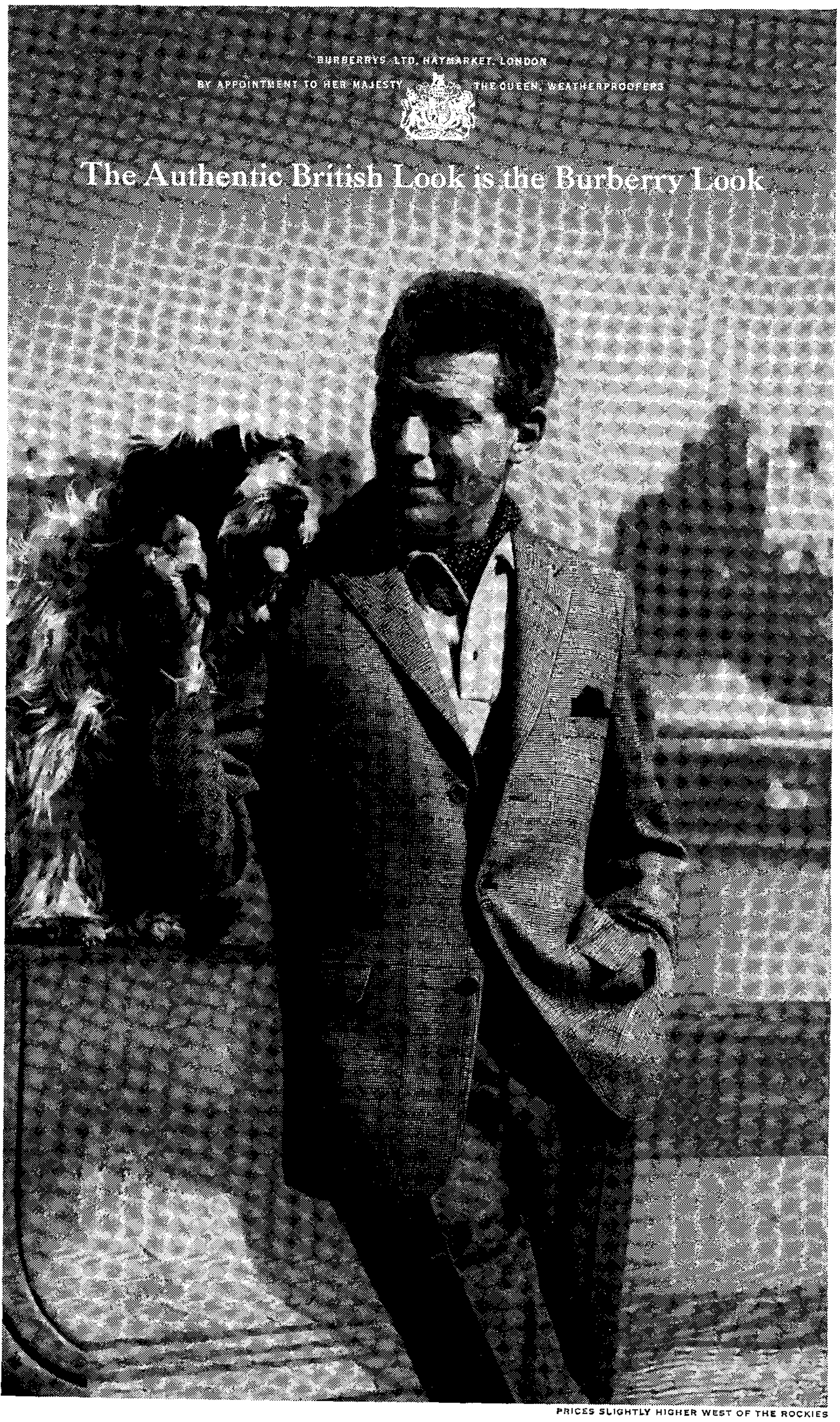
At that moment, we were out of earshot of the patients, and I asked Dr. Brill about the effect of discussing them in their presence, as he had been doing. "It never hurts if it's positive talk," he said, "and sometimes it helps. A few years ago, I was making rounds with a young doctor when we came upon a man standing absent-mindedly in a puddle of his own urine. The young doctor said scornfully, 'Look what they send me these days!' I said, 'I'll bet you five dollars this man will be home in six months, taking care of himself.' Some time later, a big, hearty fellow in a loud sports shirt met me one day in the administration building and asked if I'd collected my five dollars. Turned out he was the former patient, back for a routine check-up. My bet had got through to him, despite his blank appearance. By the way, he was a professional race-track tout."

As we headed for the door of the ward, sounds of grunting and puffing broke out behind us, and we turned to see some kind of scuffle going on. "Oh, my," Dr. Brill said, in a gentle, grieved tone. "Oh, my." Two of the muscular attendants were struggling to put a canvas strait jacket—or camisole, to use the technical term for it—on a young man who, we presently learned, had gone berserk when someone jostled him. He spat, growled, and tried to bite, but in a minute or so he was tightly laced up. When we left the ward, Dr. Brill was looking somewhat downcast. "We still have a couple of dozen or so patients in restraint every day throughout the hospital," he said, "but outbursts like this are so rare, relatively speaking, that I haven't happened to see one on my rounds in more than a year. Every such incident is an evidence of a failure of our efforts. Ideally, things shouldn't come to that."

In the women's admissions building, Dr. Brill again showed me a locked ward; the open wards looked about the same, he said, but were apt to be less interesting. A tall, wild-haired woman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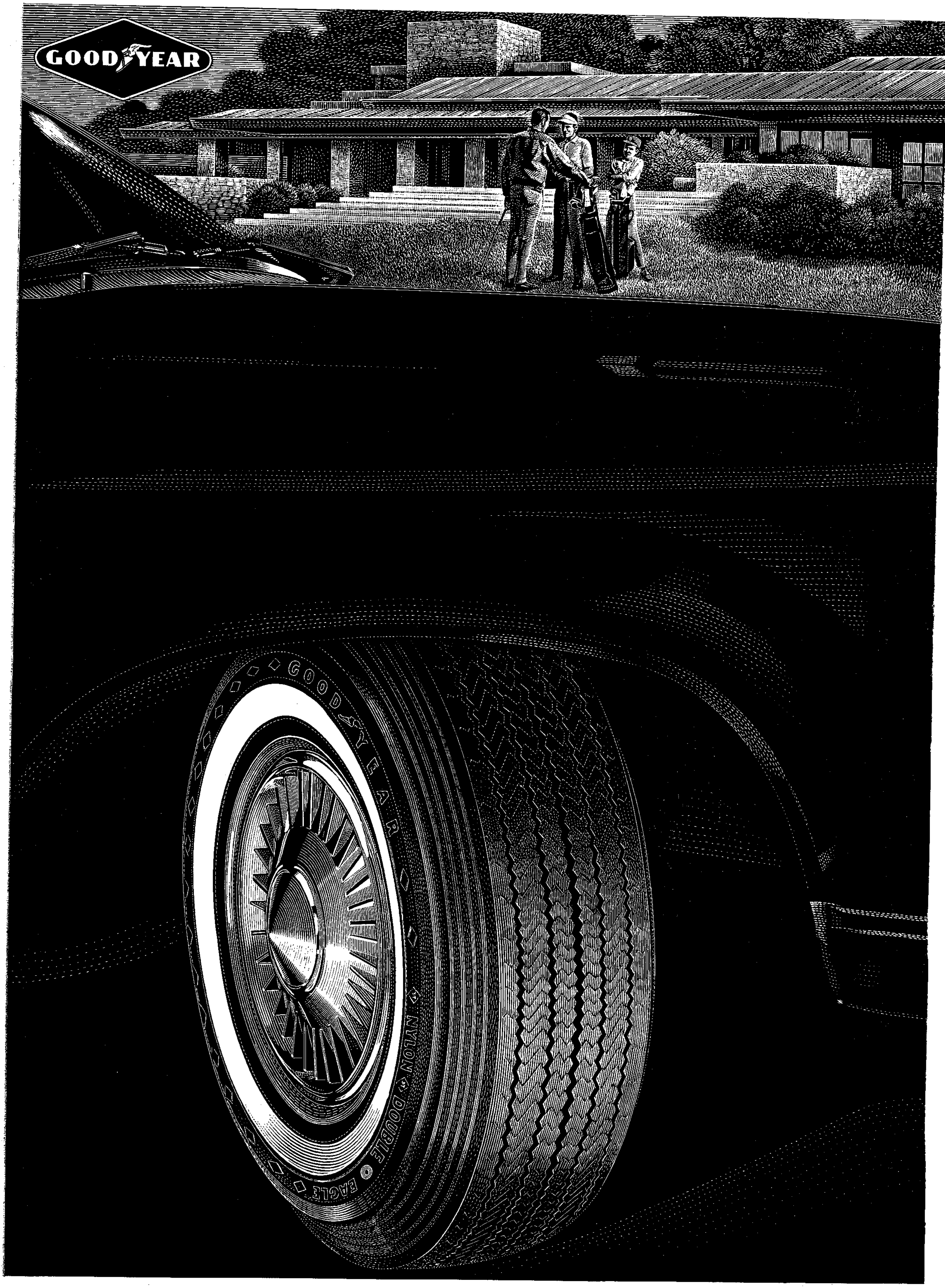
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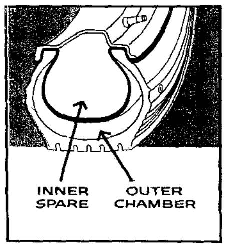

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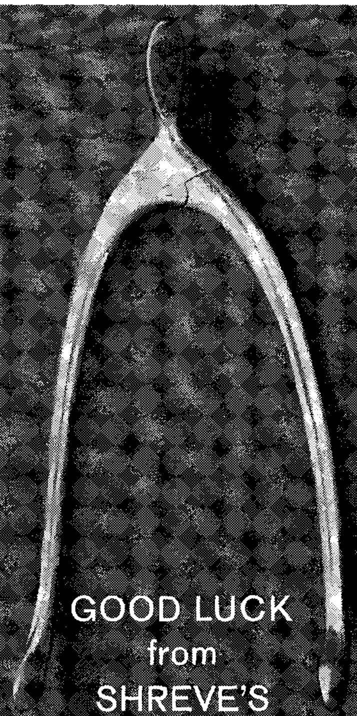

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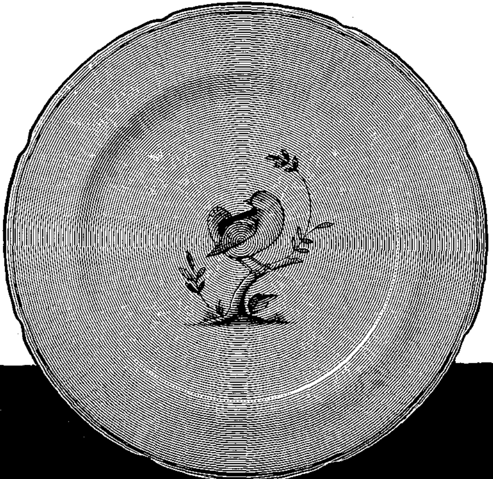

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in her thirties instantly ran over to us, shouting, "Doctor! Doctor! Do you want to see a crazy woman? A really crazy woman? *Me!* Look at me! Aren't I a real nut?"

Dr. Brill regarded her with detached friendliness. "Hello," he said. "What's your name?"

"What's my name?" she repeated, laughing harshly. "That's the whole trouble! People tell me my name, but I don't think it's mine. I feel like somebody else, like I'm vacant. It doesn't do me any good to tell me my name. I'm no one."

"Have you been taking your medication?" Dr. Brill asked.

"Yes," she said. "Pills, pills, pills."

"Good," said Dr. Brill cheerfully. "Give it a chance. In a few days these ideas aren't going to bother you nearly so much. I can promise you that."

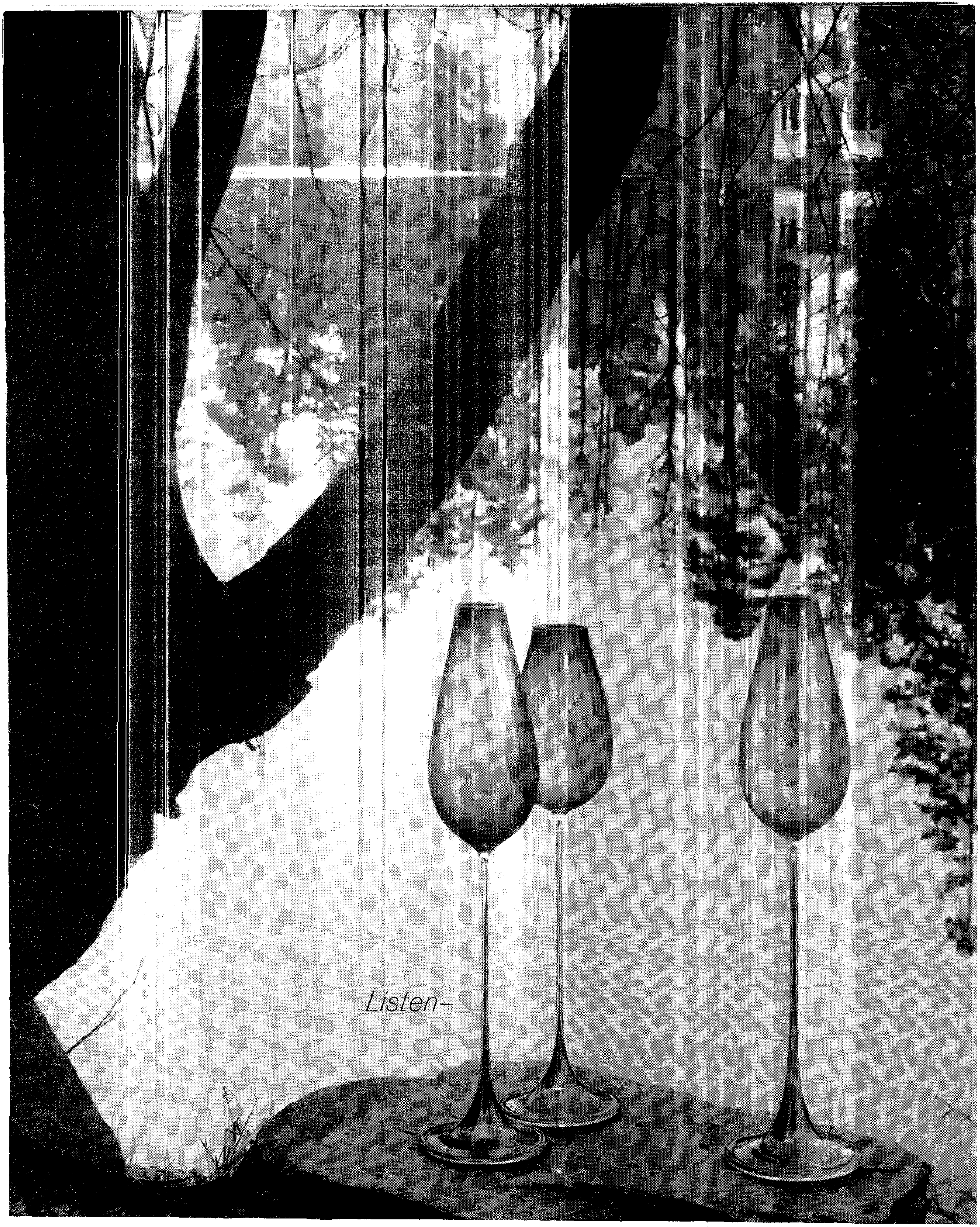
A pretty little dark-haired woman pulled at his sleeve. "My nose is broken," she said pathetically. "Won't you *please* do something about it? The ward doctor just keeps saying it isn't."

Dr. Brill peered at her. "I don't see anything wrong," he said, "but I couldn't be sure without making a proper examination. I'd trust the doctor if I were you."

"Examination!" she said, her face turning red with sudden fury. "What the hell's the matter with you? Don't you have eyes in your head? Just look at it. . . . Oh, my God!" She stalked away in a rage.

"A bit livelier than the male side," Dr. Brill remarked as we wandered among the patients. "Of course, it's nothing to what it used to be. Even back in the old days, I was lucky enough never to be hit by a male patient, but a number of women have punched me, bitten me, torn my shirt off, and thrown things at me. The women here are more volatile than the men. Actually, I haven't been attacked very often, all things considered; I try to be known to the patients and to act decently toward them. Patients generally won't assault someone they know, if he's been friendly. Even so, you may have noticed that I never stand face to face with a disturbed patient but always a little sidewise, and often with my hand on his shoulder. That way, I can see a sudden move coming and avoid it better. It's a precaution left over from the old days, and still a good idea."

WE went outside, got into Dr. Brill's car, and started off for a drive through the grounds. Around the buildings I had previously glimpsed were



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broad green lawns and trees, and a number of people were walking about, while others were sitting or sprawling on benches or sleeping on the grass. "Honor-card patients," Dr. Brill said, and went on to explain. "When a patient seems sufficiently advanced, he gets a card that gives him the right to come and go about the place freely, except when he has prescribed appointments. Just think—until half a dozen years ago, only a couple of hundred patients were allowed out in the fresh air by themselves. Now over seven thousand are. This freedom is wonderful for them. They sit alone, or they talk to each other, or go walking, or buy a soda in the commissary, or visit the library, or see recreational or occupational activities going on and get involved in them. It's all therapeutic, all of it. It's the most exciting thing I've seen in my professional life."

We stopped off briefly at a building, where Dr. Brill poked his head into a couple of wards—one open and the other closed. As he had told me, there was relatively little difference between them except that the windows of the open ward were unbarred and those of the closed ward were heavily barred; only a few men were in the open ward, while the closed ward was full of men, some shuffling about aimlessly, others somnolent on a chair or bench, and a few reading or watching television. From there, we went on to visit a couple of "re-treatment" buildings, for relapsed patients, and "continued-treatment" buildings, for stubborn cases. The re-treatment patients lived in private rooms in long two-story structures, and Dr. Brill told me proudly that the patients are allowed to decorate their rooms for themselves, though he said that it was "just an architectural accident" that they had private rooms. In the continued-treatment buildings, which contained wards much like those I had already seen, he gazed with unconcealed delight at fresh pastel paint on the walls, flowered curtains at the windows, and a fake fireplace in a visitors' sitting area. "The more homelike we can make it, the less chance there is of severe retreat and complete withdrawal by the patients," he said. "We've always known that, of course, but there just wasn't any way to do anything about it until these last few years. Some of them would have destroyed any refinements such as these."

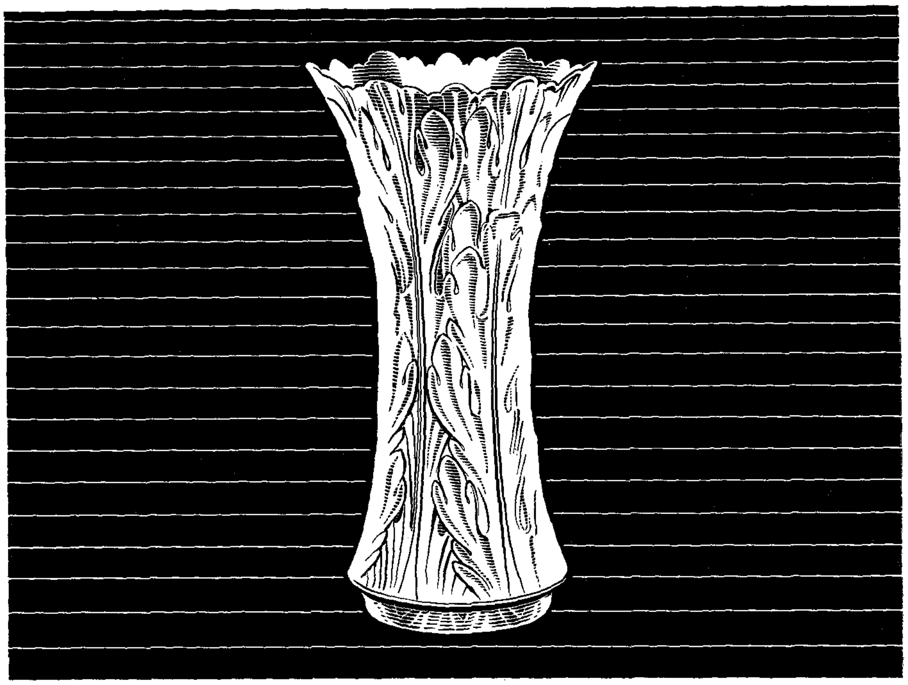
As we were about to go back to the car, a soft-voiced, motherly-looking woman came over, and Dr. Brill introduced her to me as Dr. Mary Holt, one of his chief assistants. Dr. Brill mentioned what he had been telling me. "Oh, absolutely," she said. "Some years ago, before the drugs came along, I was in charge of two buildings of regressed women here at Pilgrim; they were so wild that I just couldn't keep them decent. They'd soil themselves, tear their clothes off, smash the windows, and gouge the plaster out of the walls. One of them would even rip radiators right off the wall. We'd sometimes have to surround them with mattresses in order to give them sedative injections, and these would help for a while, but then they'd get addicted to the sedative and we'd have to take them off it. I don't think anyone could have made a success of modern treatment without tranquillizers."

"The British tried it," Dr. Brill said, "but I've looked closely at the reports, and it turns out that it worked only with small groups and for limited periods of time."

After we said goodbye to Dr. Holt, Dr. Brill invited me to lunch, and I gladly accepted. We drove down a road to a green suburban-looking zone, half a mile from the main hospital area, where there were a score of private and semi-private homes for the upper echelons of the resident staff—Dr. Brill and his wife and children live in one of them, he told me—along with a large communal building, which included the staff dining room. We lunched there.

At the table, I asked Dr. Brill how Pilgrim had functioned before the advent of tranquillizers.

"We were desperate," Dr. Brill said. "Ever since the mentally ill were taken out of jails and put into hospitals, about a century ago, the problem had been how to treat so many patients with so few doctors. Even today, psychiatrists are in shorter supply in this country than any other major medical specialists. At Pilgrim, we have about a hundred and sixty-five patients per psychiatrist, and the more we learn in depth about psychodynamics, the more clearly hopeless it is to think of treating these people by prolonged individual pyschotherapy. We do conduct some individual and group psychotherapy here, by the way, but, in the nature of things, you won't be able to get a first-hand look at that. At any rate, given the shortage of psychiatrists, we've always looked for a somatic approach that would be quick and effective, and would bring the patient to the point where he could benefit from warm human contact with the nurses and attendants, and get some good out of occupational and recrea-



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tional activities. We tried sedatives, isolation, and many other things—all of them, any of them, wherever we could, and they did do *some* good. Yet every year we were collecting more patients, not only at Pilgrim but throughout the country.

"Then, about 1952, a French scientist accidentally found that chlorpromazine, a new derivative of an old antimalarial drug of the phenothiazine family, had a remarkably calming effect on people, and, by an astonishing coincidence, an American cardiologist working on blood-pressure problems almost at the same time found that reserpine, an alkaloid extract of the Indian snakeroot plant *Rauwolfia serpentina*, had much the same effect, though it has no chemical similarity to chlorpromazine. Naturally, the possibility of trying the drugs on mental patients occurred to many psychiatrists, and some small-scale testing was carried out, especially in France, until 1954, but the drugs were still considered experimental by many authorities. We in New York State were the first to test them on a large scale, in 1954, and by the end of the year the growth of our hospital population had stopped. During 1955, we had the first significant decline since records were kept. Thereafter, tranquillizers swept the country, and the revolution was here. Some people still argue that the drugs have little to do with it, and that the new humane environment and 'open-door' policy are what have been curing people, but there's no doubt in my mind as to which came first; I saw the major changes in behavior occurring in hospital after hospital as soon as the drugs were introduced but *before* we had begun any liberalization of policy, or could have done so. Now the combination of the drugs and the various other therapies—like recreation, occupational therapy, and so on, which had been used before but could now be stepped up—have produced still further gains. And I should add that in recent years the state has granted us more money, and that, too, has helped us create a new intensive-treatment program, especially for newly admitted patients."

Just how, I asked, do the tranquillizers work?

Dr. Brill smiled wryly. "The truth is that we simply don't know," he said. "Some say it's a biochemical action, but actually we have only the vaguest idea at what point the molecules of the drug invade the chemical traffic in the brain cells. In fact, it may not even happen there at all; they may do their work

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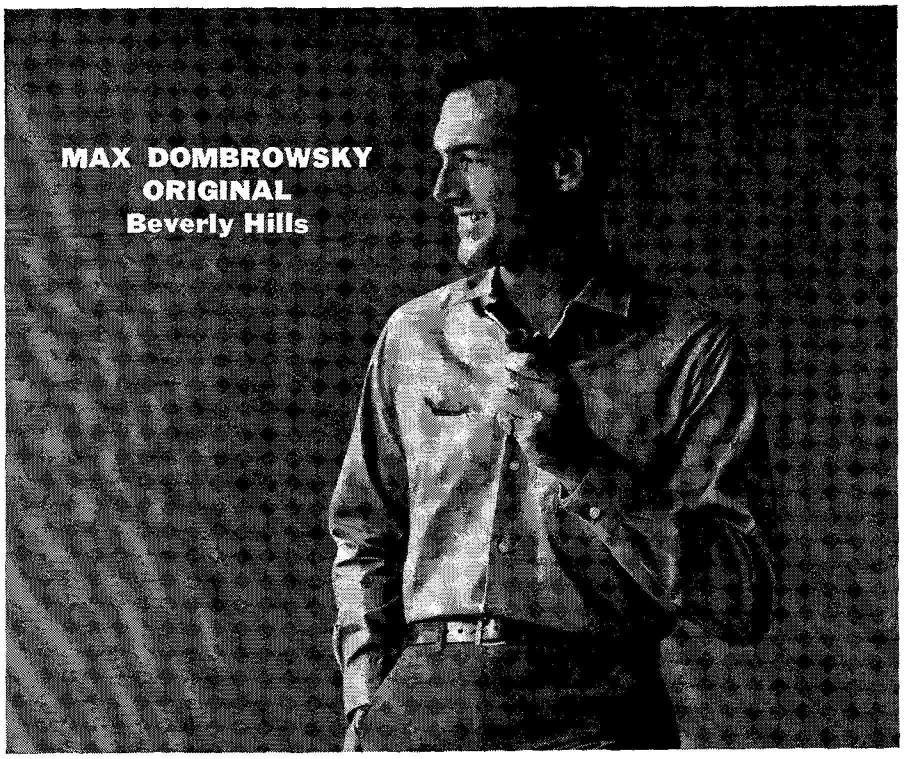

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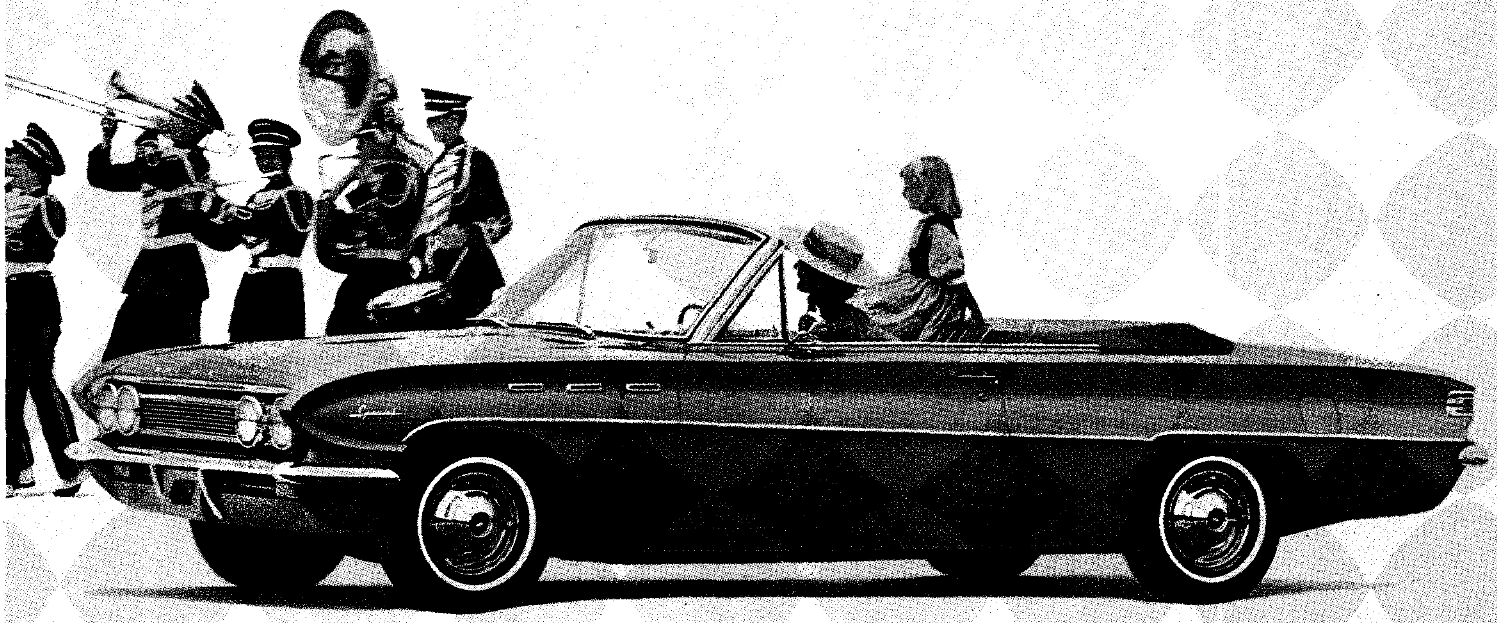

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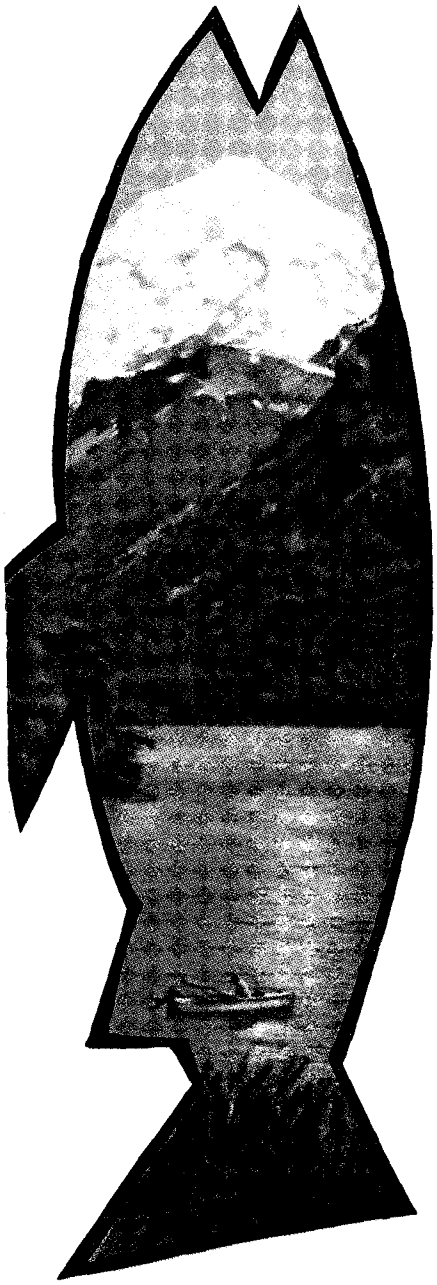

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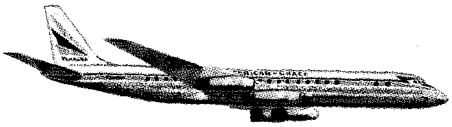

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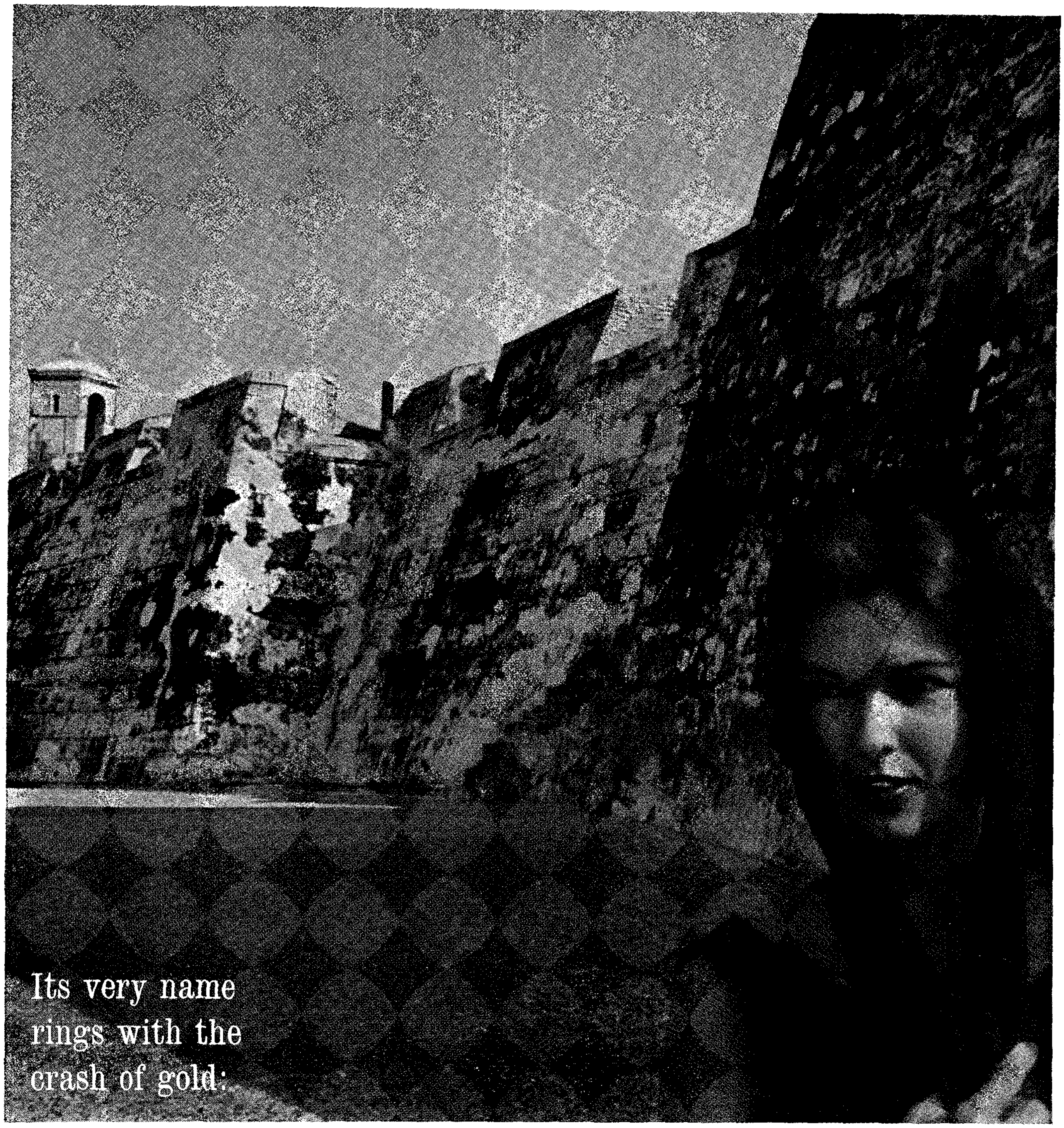

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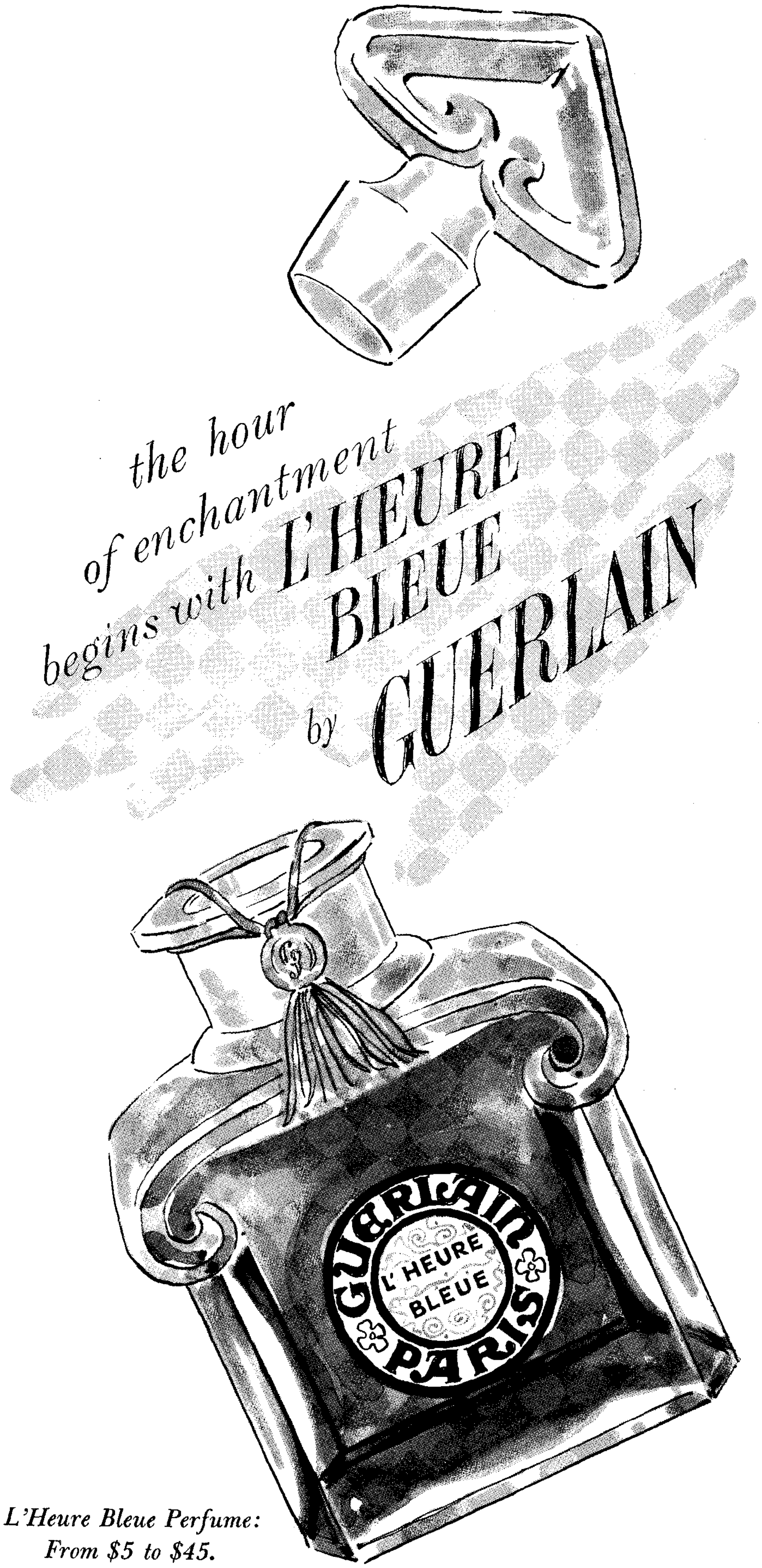
elsewhere, for all we know. But our ignorance is no ground for criticism of the tranquillizers; after all, we still don't know just how aspirin helps a headache. Most medical therapies are used empirically, without our having ultimate knowledge of the mechanisms involved.

"Still, ignorant as we are at the cellular level, I like to think I have a more general way to explain what they do. The body has natural healing processes that tend to repair every wound and to combat every infection, unless, of course, the wound or infection is overpowering. If you provide the support of antibiotics or wound dressings, and so tip the balance, the body may take over again and healing will begin. I believe that the mind, too, has its own natural healing process. Many people suffer minor attacks of nerves or the blues and get better on their own without being hospitalized. But for others an attack may be too strong, and they can't fight it off without artificial support. I think the tranquillizers probably provide just such support, decreasing the intensity of the hallucinations, the delusions, and the fears, and enabling the natural healing tendency of the mind to take over.

"Naturally, this still doesn't answer some of the really puzzling questions. How can an incapacitating psychosis seemingly evaporate, while a non-crippling neurosis lasts a lifetime? What *is* a psychosis, anyhow? There are all sorts of subtle explanations in terms of faulty family relationships, inadequate communication, the rejection of the social self, and so on. But these are still only hypotheses, and none of them decisively help us treat psychotic patients at this point, while, paradoxically, the therapies we do use, without much understanding, actually work. Hospital psychiatry today is in about the same position as physics was before Newton's laws of gravitation; we have a great deal of empirical data but no unifying theory. And I doubt whether the Newton of the field will appear in my time."

WHEN I visited Pilgrim again, on a pleasant Friday morning, to see some of those therapies that succeed on an empirical basis, it happened that Dr. Brill was up in Albany, and Dr. Barahal was waiting for me instead. "I've arranged for you to start off by seeing the second most important somatic therapy, after the drugs," he said. "That's E.C.T.—electro-convulsive therapy, or, more simply, electric shock. A group of female patients are scheduled for E.C.T. in about fifteen minutes in



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Building 24. Have you ever seen it given?"

I said I hadn't.

"Then I'd better tell you a little about it," he said. "It's not particularly pleasant to watch, and you might get the idea that the patient is suffering horribly. Some psychoanalysts have even argued that electric-shock treatment symbolizes punishment, and helps patients precisely because punishment relieves guilt feelings. The actual fact is that the passage of the current through the brain causes instant loss of consciousness; the patients don't even recall the event itself. They feel nothing and cannot remember the shock or convulsion afterward. Besides, shock is marvellously helpful with some very deteriorated patients, who don't know what they're getting, and to whom the punitive theory clearly couldn't apply.

"It's perfectly true that a series of electric-shock treatments does cause temporary vagueness and forgetfulness, which bother some patients considerably, but all the studies I know of indicate a complete return of memory and thought within weeks or, at most, months. There is no evidence of any permanent damage. And when you see how it relieves distress, you'll understand why one has to view it as one would the lancing of a boil—not as punitive but as curative. You'll get a restless, agitated, deeply depressed woman in here, for instance, who feels that her husband mistreats her, her children have grown up and forgotten her, her health is failing, her looks are ruined, and her life is without any joy or sweetness. She's really in pain. Tranquillizers often fail with such a patient, and the anti-depressants—the so-called psychic energizers—may be no help, either. At that point, electric shock may be the only way to help her. Otherwise, she simply *could* die of her ailment; in fact, back in the thirties, forty or fifty patients each year did die of what was called psychotic exhaustion. But put such a woman through shock in the morning, and ask her that afternoon how things are, and she'll tell you everything's fine—she's perfectly satisfied with her husband, children, and life, and her problems are minor and not worth making a fuss about."

I asked what it is that shock actually does to work such wonders, and Dr. Barahal smiled in a faintly embarrassed manner that I was getting to recognize. He said that at least fifty theories have been put forward but that none has been incontestably proved, and none generally accepted. Some doctors have main-

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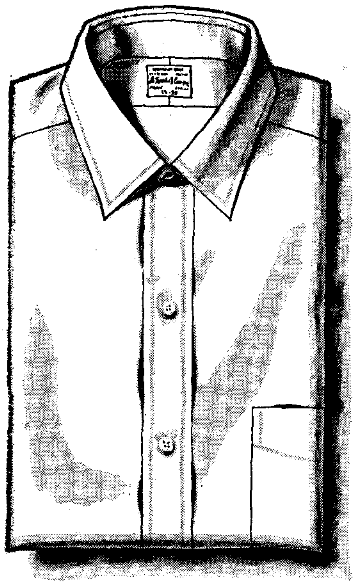

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tained that electric shock works physical changes in the brain cells, others that it merely interrupts harassing repetitious stimuli in the neuron circuits of the brain, and still others that it provides a symbolic death and rebirth. "For myself," Dr. Barahal said, "I teach my students merely the demonstrable truths. Shock treatment, first of all, causes spotty amnesia that usually persists, at least in part, for a few days, and in traces for a month or two. Whatever the ultimate reason, the amnesia enables the patient temporarily to forget not his problems but the intensity of his feelings about them. As long as that relief lasts, he can do some rebuilding of his personal defenses, and by the time full memory returns he's a little stronger and a little more able to cope with things. However, it may take ten or twenty treatments, spaced out at three a week, to do the job." He looked at his watch and suggested that I head for the treatment room now, and I thanked him and left.

On the third floor of Building 24, I found Dr. Frederick M. Rosen, a large, pear-shaped man in his forties, waiting for me in an office. We walked down a hall past a line of about twenty women, accompanied by several attendants; the women, mostly young, were wearing pajamas and robes, and waiting to enter the treatment room, a small cubicle, where three nurses stood ready to assist Dr. Rosen. One wall of the cubicle had a large plate-glass window, through which I could see a medium-sized room containing a score of beds and nothing else. Dr. Rosen told me that this was the recovery room. In the treatment room itself there was nothing but a small table, with a sheaf of medical records on it, and a plain black box, less than a foot square, that was fitted with two dials, a voltmeter, and a button. "This is the whole apparatus," Dr. Rosen said. "It's a Medcraft E.C.T. Unit, adjustable for intensity and duration of shock. We give shock in the classic fashion here, aiming for a *grand-mal* type of seizure, so I'll be using a hundred and twenty to a hundred and fifty volts for three-tenths to four-tenths of a second, depending on the patient's convulsive threshold."

The head nurse opened the door, and two attendants wheeled in a moon-faced young Negro woman on a rolling stretcher.

Dr. Rosen glanced at her chart. "Good morning, Mary," he said. "This will be your fifth treatment. How have you been feeling?"

"Hi, Dr. Rosen," she said, in a tense,

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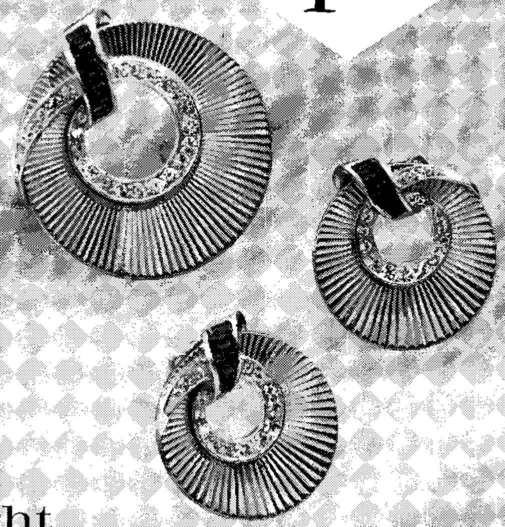

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husky voice. "I'm doin' better. Things don' look so bad, and I din' hear no voices long while now. But I'm still skeered of that machine."

"You needn't be," said Dr. Rosen. "Everything's going to be all right."

The nurses tucked a drawsheet around Mary and stationed themselves at her feet, head, and left side. "Bite on this mouthpiece," one of them told Mary, handing her a rubber bit. The nurse at the patient's head took up two pencillike electrodes with flat, flanged bases and smeared contact jelly on them; she and Dr. Rosen then pressed the electrodes against Mary's temples. Dr. Rosen set the dials quickly and pushed the button. At once, Mary grunted deeply, and her head jerked back. "She's totally unconscious," Dr. Rosen told me. Her eyes were clenched shut, and her face was drawn into a tight, distorted mask. Her legs rose stiffly in the air, and spasms then spread through her body. All three nurses kept hold of her, "riding," as Dr. Rosen said, with her motions. As far as I could tell, she stopped breathing. At last, after forty-five seconds—a very long forty-five seconds, it seemed to me—the convulsion subsided, a long gargling sound came from her throat, and, as she sank down, her breathing began again.

The attendants immediately wheeled her into the recovery room, and other nurses stationed there lifted her into a bed. The women were treated at the rate of about one every three minutes—there were only minor differences in their reactions—and long before the last one was done, the first ones were awake, either lying sleepily still or sitting up with dazed expressions. Dr. Rosen and I went to see them.

"How do you feel, Mary?" he asked the first of the day's crop.

"Fine," she said.

"Do you know me?" Dr. Rosen asked.

"Yeah . . . yeah," she said, smiling with vague embarrassment, "but . . . can' think of your name."

"Have you had your treatment yet today?" he asked.

"Um . . . no," she said, after some thought. "Not yet. Soon, I guess."

We talked to several of the others, and not one knew she had been treated. "Later in the day they'll remember being wheeled in," Dr. Rosen said, "but they'll never remember the convulsion. A number of these women were pretty difficult or depressed last night, but by this afternoon they'll be acting and thinking well enough for some of them to go off on weekend visits home. Monday, before they can slip too far back, they'll be getting the next treatment."

I THANKED Dr. Rosen and returned to Dr. Barahal's office, where I met my next guide, a small, gray-haired, snub-nosed woman named Helen Hedges, who is the supervisor of Pilgrim's Occupational Therapy Department, or O.T. "I hardly know where to take you first," she said. "We have eleven clinics for men and sixteen for women, and you wouldn't want to see them all. Let's just have a look first at Building 23." On the second floor of that building, we visited a woodworking shop for newly admitted male patients. About fifteen men of various ages were busy at benches—some of them equipped with potentially dangerous tools—and lamps, magazine racks, cigarette boxes, and other artifacts were ranged on display shelves. Miss Hedges introduced me to Fred Roll, the instructor in charge; he was a slim, athletic-looking man of about forty, who had been ambling around the room giving help first to one, then to another, of the patients. I said I was surprised to see patients handling such lethal tools. Roll answered that it was he who decided what tools a patient should be allowed to use. "I read the case history after the patient's been in the hospital a couple of weeks," he said, "and I don't take on any that I think I might not be able to handle. Still, with most of them being on drugs or shock, even a very hostile patient is likely to work out all right these days. If a man *is* marked down on his prescription card as suicidal or assaultive, though, I won't have him work with a chisel or knife; instead, I'll give him a coping saw or sandpaper. I haven't had one serious accident in four years." I asked what a prescription card was, and Miss Hedges opened her bag and showed me a white form labelled "Occupational Therapy Order and Prescription," on which a ward doctor, by checking a printed list, could specify that he wanted the patient to receive occupational therapy that alleviates anxiety (simple repetitive work), or provides an outlet for hostility (noisy, vigorous work), and so on. Elsewhere on the card he could prescribe the therapist's attitude toward the patient—reassuring, firm, indulgent, or friendly—and inform the therapist whether the patient had tendencies toward suicide, escape, assault, or convulsions.

One patient was rigging a model sailboat; another was sandpapering a roughhewn three-legged stool; still another was whittling a statuette of an

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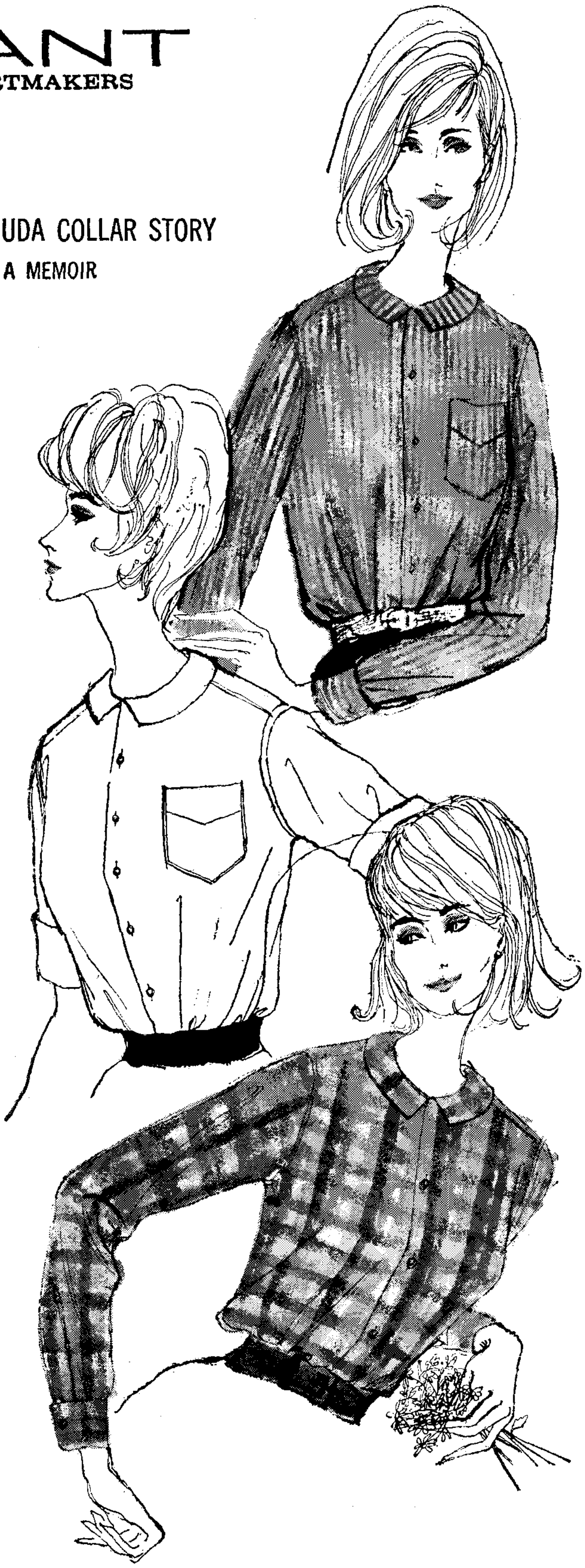

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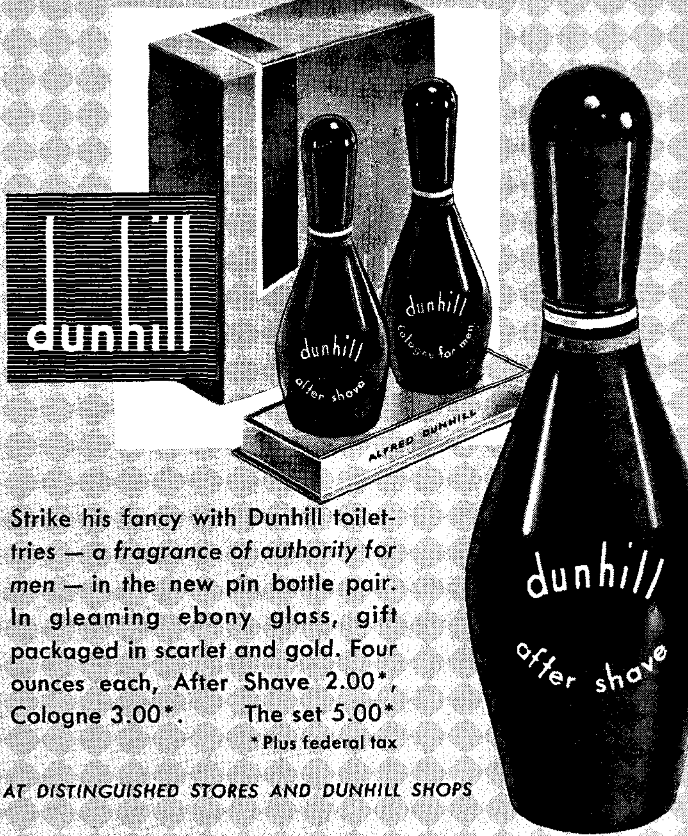

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Indian; and a fourth was painting plywood fish for use in a mobile.

I remarked that the whole scene was quite peaceful and normal.

"They *are* very well behaved, aren't they?" Roll said. "Remarkable how a man can be noisy, and even violent, on the ward but perfectly calm in here, where he has something to do and some outlet for his energies. Not that I let them bang away aimlessly. I always try to give them goals, and help them fix up their mistakes so they can finish a job instead of giving up on it. I find that sometimes it's much better to be critical of them than just accepting."

Miss Hedges nodded approvingly. "It isn't good therapy to let them do poor work," she said. "They get disturbed by it—it's another sign of failure. They need to accomplish things and rebuild their confidence."

We stopped at a bench where a blond, nearsighted young man was whittling one end of a brace for a model-boat hull.

"I think you'd better check your dimensions before cutting that down any more," Roll said.

The man looked up—rather resentfully, it seemed to me. "Yeah," he said, and took another swipe at the piece with his knife.

"Better measure it first," said Roll firmly. "It'll be easier than trying to patch it up afterwards."

The patient stared at him for a minute, and then took a blueprint out of a drawer and checked his work.

"He's coming along," Roll said to me after we had passed out of earshot. "A week ago, he couldn't take criticism at all, and wasn't doing anything constructive—just spoiling wood."

The youth who had been painting the plywood fish had now gone into a slump, staring at his hands. "That boy is still pretty sick," Roll said. "Whenever he finishes a specific job, he goes into this trance, and we have to start him up again. He can't do it himself. In a few weeks, I hope to see him way beyond this stage."

Miss Hedges and I left the workshop and proceeded to visit a typing class, a small printing plant, a ceramic shop, and several sewing rooms. The range of skills was considerable. At one extreme, we saw two businesslike young women editing copy for a hospital newspaper called, perhaps inevitably, *Pilgrim's Progress;* at the other, we saw an old, foolishly smiling woman slowly unravelling worn-out socks and rolling up the yarn. "Even this is useful," Miss Hedges said. "She might otherwise be sitting in the dayroom doing nothing

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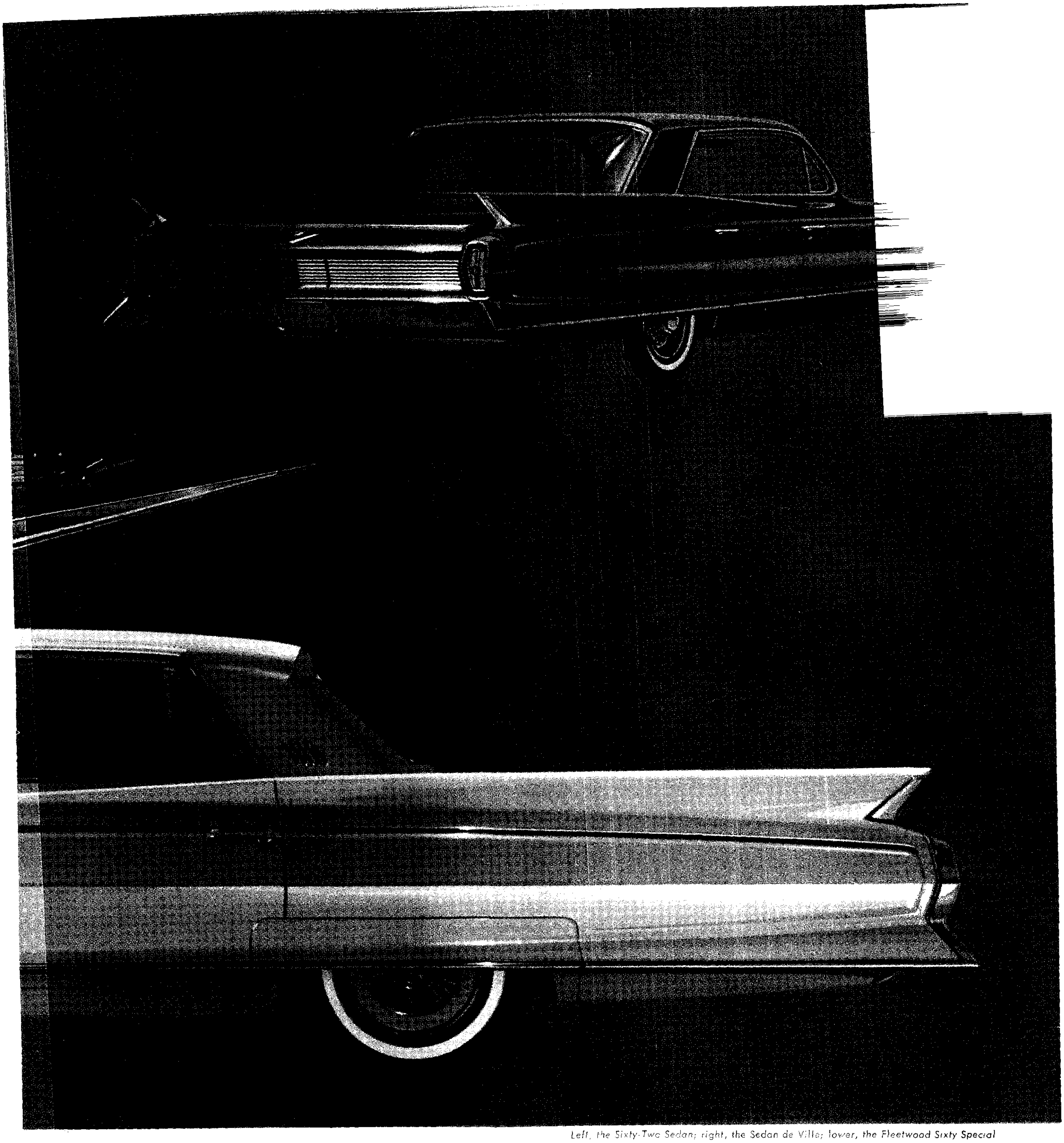
Engineering triumphs include independent front and rear braking . . . exclusive new cornering lamps that light your way around turns . . . and a revolutionary three-phase rear lighting system.

Performance is incredibly quiet and smooth and nimble. Handling ease is so great that the mere weight of your hand puts you in command of the road. Craftsmanship is so practiced and so precise that the car has become a marvel



Left, the Sixty-Two Sedan; right, the Sedan de Ville; lower, the Fleetwood Sixty Special

the nineteen sixty-two

of construction and a paragon of dependability.

These new Cadillac wonders are evident in each of twelve new body styles—and are available in the widest selection of colors and interior options in Cadillac history.

Even if you have never before thought of a Cadillac for ourself—take a journey in this one.

It's Cadillac for 1962. And we suggest you take another ook right now because you'll be hearing a lot about it.

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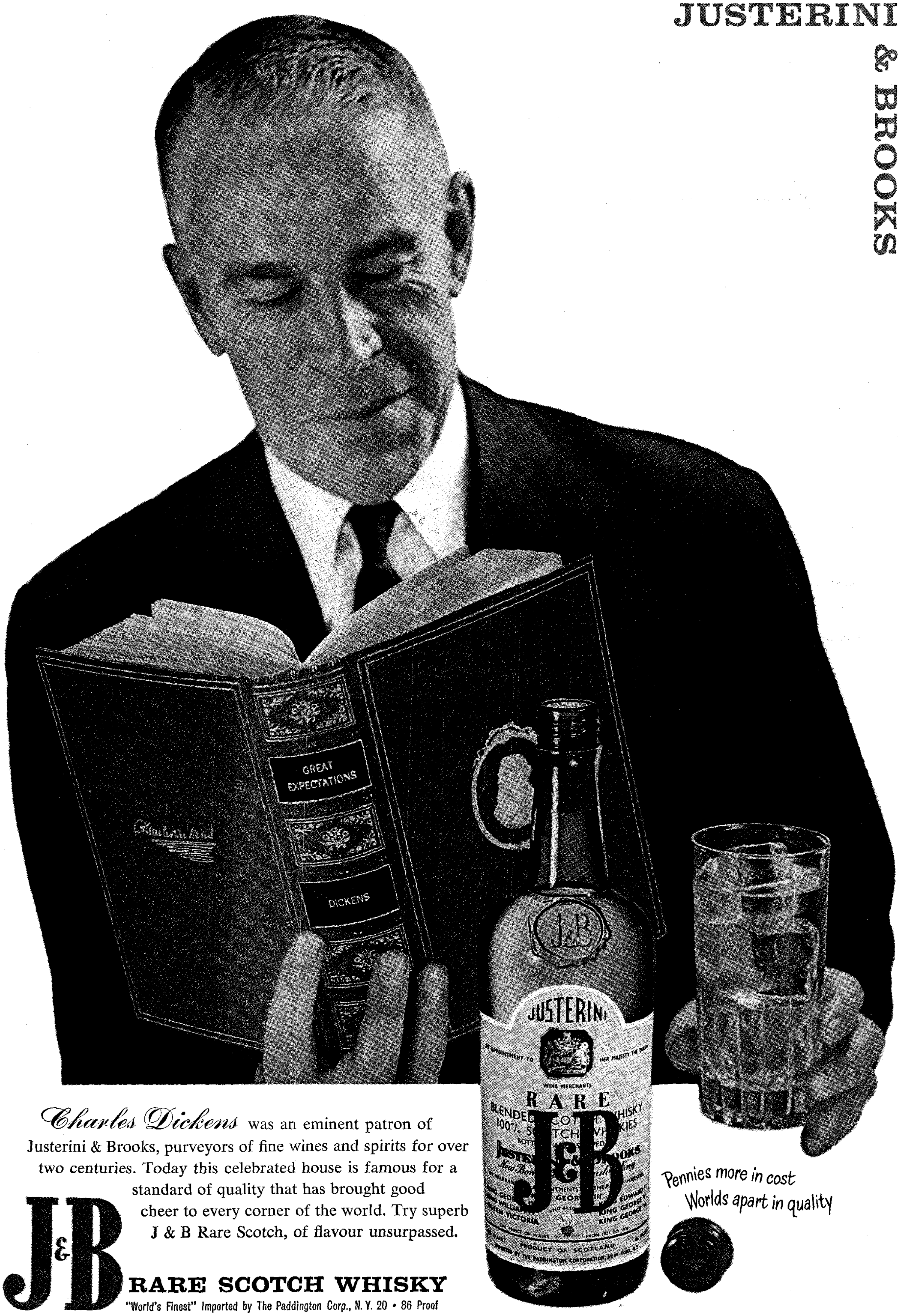
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J&B RARE SCOTCH WHISKY

"World's Finest" Imported by The Paddington Corp., N. Y. 20 • 86 Proof and just atrophying. Partly, O.T. is a job of maintenance—preventing further regression. But there's a lot more to it, too. There's a man in Building 29 who is fitting little windows into a scale-model barn. Half a year ago, his hands were like claws; he would clutch things and be unable to let go. First, we got him to do sanding and filing, just to loosen him up; it's psychological loosening, more than muscular. After a while, he could use a saw and hammer, and make a simple birdhouse. Then it was a chair. And now!"

Had it been the occupational therapy that did it, I asked, or other aspects of his treatment?

"That's the old, old question," Miss Hedges said, smiling wearily. "We don't have any major scientific studies of O.T. with control groups and all that apparatus, so we haven't any strict or absolute kind of proof. But we see and feel the good it does. And the patients often tell us about it themselves. Forty-five hundred of them are doing all sorts of things, and we feel that in many cases O.T. itself has been the major factor in cures. We can't prove it, but we O.T. people believe it."

IT was time for lunch. Miss Hedges drove me to the staff house, where she introduced me to Miss Mary Jane Preston, a thickset, tousle-headed woman, who supervises the Recreation Department and whom Dr. Brill had described to me as one of the most dedicated staff members of the entire hospital. While we lunched, Miss Preston told me that her work, like that of the Occupational Therapy Department, has never been subjected to controlled scientific study or rigorous evaluation. "But we know beyond any doubt that it does good," she said firmly. "We run dances and picnics and games of all sorts for patients who otherwise wouldn't attend any kind of social event and would forget how to talk or act in a social situation. Even taking them to a live play, or getting them to shoot pool or play cards, is bound to help keep them from deteriorating. And it does more than that. In many cases, it helps get the patient out of his shell. In the old days, when we had a lot of really regressed patients, some of them just couldn't do anything! I'd put a broomstick across two chairs and get someone to play the piano while I had the patients march up to the broomstick and step over it. To watch some of them, you'd think it was terribly difficult to figure out what to do. But when they did it, you just *knew* it made them a little better than they were. We still use the same exercise today, but

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It's a wonderful fact of this back-to-campus season that a class of millions will attend lectures at home—in front of television screens. This fall, networks will carry college-level courses from coast to coast, in government, biology, and mathematics—and local stations will present others ranging from geology to comparative religion.

You can be your own dean of admissions—without restrictions as to age, sex, previous education, or even the clothes you wear in the classroom. You will join gifted teachers in a richly rewarding form of audience participation—the active seeing and hearing of the learning process.

And television will also support the education of a country through such programs as "Adlai Stevenson Reports," "Camera Three," "Close-Up!" "Expedition!" "Meet the Professor," "The Twentieth Century," "Update," "Wisdom," and many others.

Choose your favorite courses in the curriculum of your own living room. Join a captivated, *non*-captive student body in exciting and challenging adventures of the mind.

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In October . . . Some Television Programs of Special Interest
(Times indicated are current N. Y. Time)

"The Life of Ernest Hemingway"
A biographical study, with dramatized excerpts from his works.
Sunday, October 1 (10-11 PM)

"The Mysterious Deep"
The sea's potential yield for mankind.
Sunday, October 1 and 8 (6-6:30 PM)

"World Series Preview"
Tuesday, October 3 (10:30-11 PM)

"Brandenburg Gate"
Drama set against the Berlin crisis.
Wednesday, October 4 (10-11 PM)

"The Spiral Staircase"
Dramatization based on the motion picture.
Wednesday, October 4 (10-11 PM)

"Sound of the Sixties"
Our way of life in the next decade. Producer, Dore Schary; with John Daly, Art Carney, Tony Randall and Andre Previn.
Monday, October 9 (10-11 PM)

"People Need People"
Original drama of conflict in a psychiatric experiment.
Tuesday, October 10 (10-11 PM)

"Feathertop"
Musical based on a story by Hawthorne.
Thursday, October 19 (8:30-9:30 PM)

"Macbeth"
Maurice Evans and Judith Anderson in a repeat presentation.
Friday, October 20 (8:30-10:30 PM)

"Merrily We Roll Along"
Groucho Marx narrates the story of America's love affair with the automobile.
Sunday, October 22 (10-11 PM)

"The Dispossessed"
The American Indian's struggle for citizenship; an original drama by Saul Levitt.
Tuesday, October 24 (10-11 PM)

"The Power and the Glory"
Laurence Olivier in a new adaptation of the novel by Graham Greene.
Sunday, October 29 (9-11 PM)

"Russian Assault on the Antarctic"
Exclusive films of the first Soviet base on the treacherous ice shelf.
Monday, October 30 (7-7:30 PM)

Regularly Scheduled
Mon.-Fri.: Contemporary Mathematics
American Government
The New Biology
Mondays: Expedition!
Tuesdays: Close-Up! (Alternate weeks)
Wednesdays: David Brinkley's Journal
Thursdays: CBS Reports
Fridays: Eyewitness
Frank McGee's Here & Now
Saturdays: Update
Accent
Sundays: Camera Three
Meet the Professor
Washington Conversation
Directions '62
Adlai Stevenson Reports/
Issues and Answers
Patterns in Music
Wisdom
Chet Huntley Reporting
The Twentieth Century
Meet the Press
1, 2, 3—Go!
Walt Disney's Wonderful
World of Color

Note: Times, programs, titles, and casts are subject to change. Please consult local listings.

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few of our patients are in a bad enough condition to need it. Still, we get a withdrawn patient and put a basketball in his hands, and he just stands there; we have to take his arms and push them to get him to throw it. Then, after a while, he'll throw it by himself. Finally, if he gets it in the basket, we can see in his face that he's made some progress. Get them moving! Get them doing!

"But I wish you could have seen this place in the old days. We had no recreation field and almost no equipment. And some of the patients—smelly, dirty, and withdrawn. Or else violent—wherever you went, you would hear screaming and shouting. I was a young girl when I came here, in 1933, and I thought I wouldn't be able to stick it out for more than a couple of weeks. I've lasted twenty-eight years, but it's all changed so in the last six or seven years that it's hard to get used to. It was more of a challenge then, but we can do so much more with them now. We can give them bingo and square dances, and music appreciation and jazz concerts, and softball, tennis, talent shows, sack races, art shows, creative dancing, movies, public-speaking contests, and a lot more. I just completed my monthly report this morning; we had two thousand seven hundred and thirty-nine sessions of one activity or another last month, and more than fifty-seven thousand attendances. Good business!"

After lunch, Miss Preston took me on a tour of her facilities. We first visited the Assembly Hall, a multi-purpose building with a peaked roof—the building that I had taken for a church. It had an auditorium that did, in fact, serve as a church as well as a theatre and a concert hall, and it had a library, a cafeteria, and a commissary, where honor-card patients, some perfectly normal-looking and others with abstracted expressions on their faces or a stiff way of holding themselves, came and went freely. In the main auditorium, a seven-man dance band, composed of patients, was rehearsing for that night's honor-card dance. A young man in a sweater sang "Moonglow" in a flat voice whose lack of expression might have indicated schizophrenia or merely a lack of talent. We moved on to a small movie theatre in the basement of one of the geriatrics buildings. Aged men and women were being herded in to watch a Western by attendants who had to push and steer them as though they were sheep. Once seated, a few of the old patients stared at their laps or at each other, but most watched the screen;

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with a
flick of the wrist
(almost)

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Your trusty refrigerator will do the chilling, but we hold you responsible for deciding To Garnish Or Not To Garnish—with chives, mint or parsley for example.

Needless to say, but we'll say it anyway, Campbell's Frozen Cream of Potato Soup is a great soup served hot. Which is a fine thought when you're not feeling "ssoisey".

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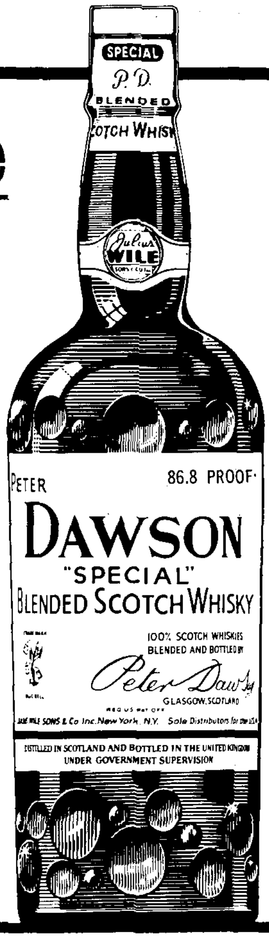
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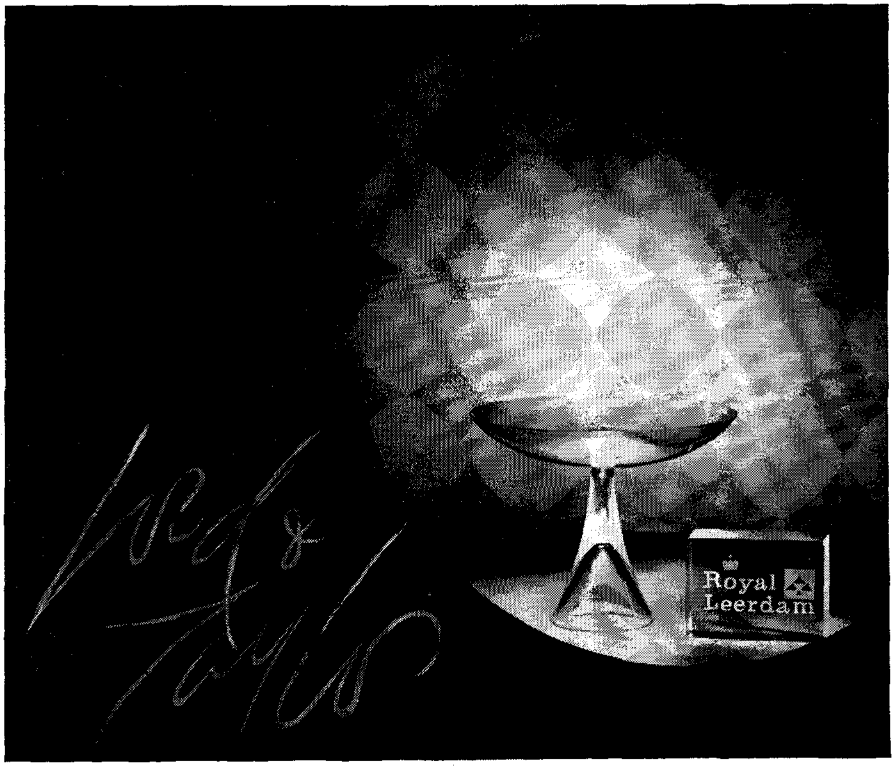

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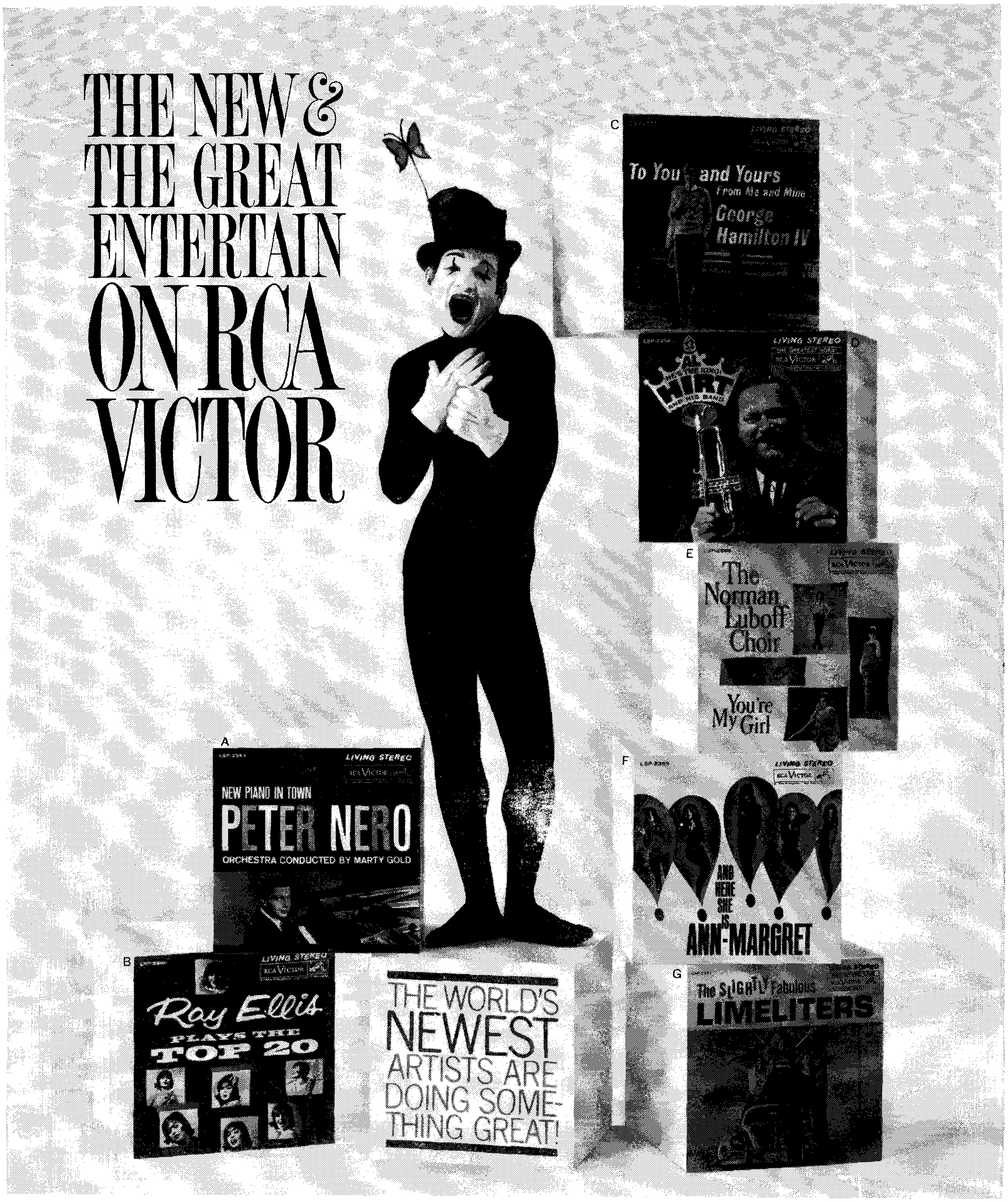
whether they were amused or interested by the shooting and riding was not easy to tell, nor could I judge whether what they were watching was actually preventing regression and withdrawal. I could only hope so.

Afterward, we went through cardrooms, game rooms, and gymnasiums. They seemed to thrill Miss Preston. "In the old days, we could never have had things like this," she said. "The patients would have ruined them, or else just couldn't have used them. We thought it was a big deal when we made up beanbags and got the attendants to toss them to the patients in the dayrooms."

The pièce de résistance of the afternoon was a trip to Miss Preston's greatest thrill of all—the recreation field. At the rear of the hospital, it is a fenced-in area of thirty-five acres, with softball fields; courts for tennis, volleyball, badminton, handball, and basketball; a *boccie* alley; a roller-skating rink; and a miniature golf course. Here and there were shade trees, shrubbery, and benches. Hundreds of patients had come to the area on their own or been escorted by attendants, and were now scattered about doing whatever they wished. Some had gone off to sit alone under a tree or lie down on the grass; others were walking around or sitting on the benches and chatting; still others were roller-skating or playing, with varying degrees of skill or ineptitude, one or another of the games. At a quick glance, one could have taken it for a typical summer-afternoon scene in a public park, except for the lack of children; only after a minute or so did a faint tinge of oddness seep through. Among the strolling people, for instance, was one man whose right arm, at every second step, swung up smartly and touched his chest; another who walked bent sidewise, a gaping grin fixed on his face; and another who moved with a stiffness of body that might have been either catatonia or the result of heavy medication. A number of women in a far part of the field were enthusiastically playing catch and croquet, but because the women were mostly quite elderly, their merriment had an unreal quality about it. One mopheaded little old woman was playing ringtoss in a fashion all her own; hopping up and down, she was dropping the rings onto the post from one or two feet directly above, and crowing with triumph as she did so. But these people were the exceptions; most of the patients lounging around or playing their games looked surprisingly normal.

As we were about to leave the recrea-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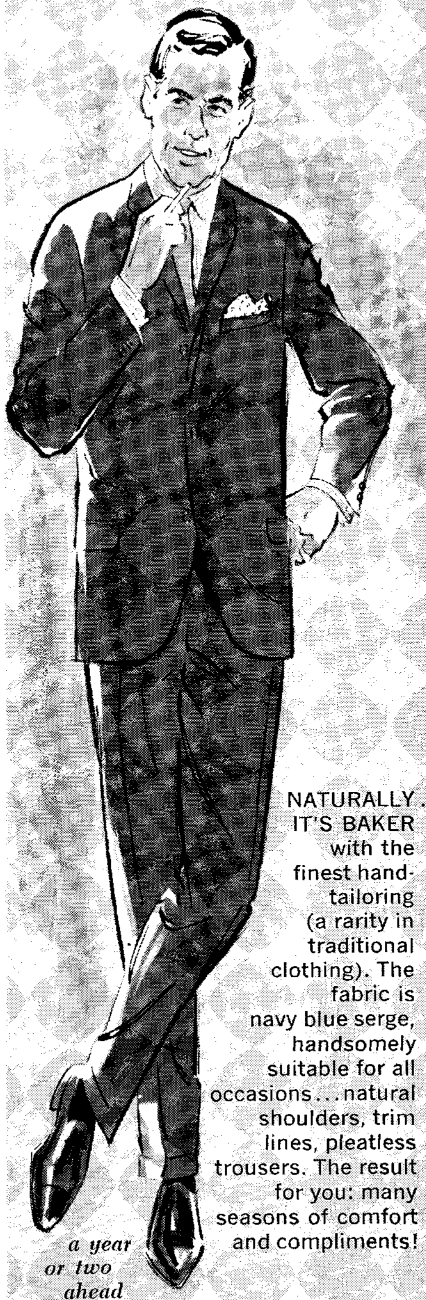

tion area, I noticed a man who seemed to be gardening in a tiny plot in a quiet corner. Hundreds of patients do gardening around their own buildings, Miss Preston told me, but a few have asked for a bit of ground of their own. "This one is an unusual case," she said. "He's an interesting patient of a kind you don't see much of any more. Would you like to meet him? He's harmless, of course, and loves to talk about himself." We walked over to him—a lean, patrician-looking man of perhaps fifty-five with a lofty brow, wavy silver hair, and a luxuriant pitch-black mustache. He was wearing an ordinary green sports shirt and brown slacks, a Paisley scarf about his throat, an Indian headband with a single dirty white sea-gull feather sticking up out of it, and spectacles. After a moment, I noticed that his spectacles had no lenses, and that his mustache was white at the roots and had obviously been blackened with some homemade dye, perhaps shoe polish. "Good afternoon, Professor," Miss Preston said. "I'd like you to meet one of our visitors."

"It is a pleasure to meet you," he declared, in a resonant, theatrical voice. "Would you like to hear about my garden?"

I said that indeed I would.

He then pointed to two wooden crosses, embellished with ornaments of rolled-up aluminum foil, paper, and sea-gull feathers, in the center of his garden. "Now, these," he said, "I designed these myself. I designed the whole garden. These flowers are irises, of course. These over here are a species of zinnia. And these are my mother's favorite flower—chrysanthemums. That, down at the end, is what I once thought was a weed, but it turned out to be goldenrod. My mother and father were unusual people; Mother was a great lover of flowers, and my father was one of the best and wisest of men. They were people who believed in God and in tilling the soil. Yet I climbed the ladder and became a professor of economics at Harvard, lecturing before the sons of the wealthy. But I'm not saying this to glorify myself. We all come from the dust." He paused, and looked at me solemnly. "People today don't seem to be listening to the Word, or following the Bible," he went on. "The earth is dying, and they know not why. But listen to this Sunogram that I wrote today." He opened an envelope hanging from one cross by a string, and, drawing out a piece of paper, read: " 'Who art thou, O vipers and earthlings, to ques-

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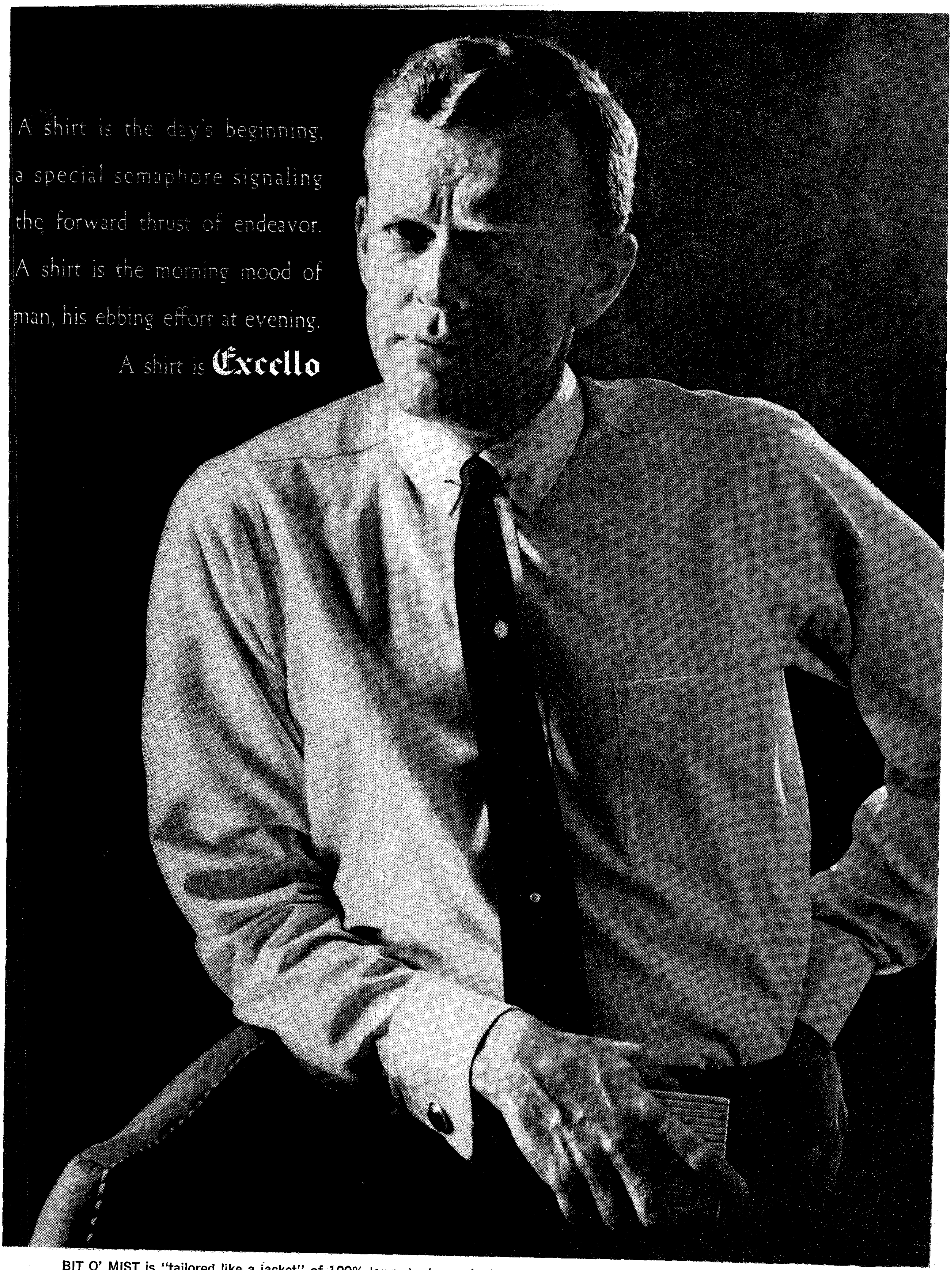
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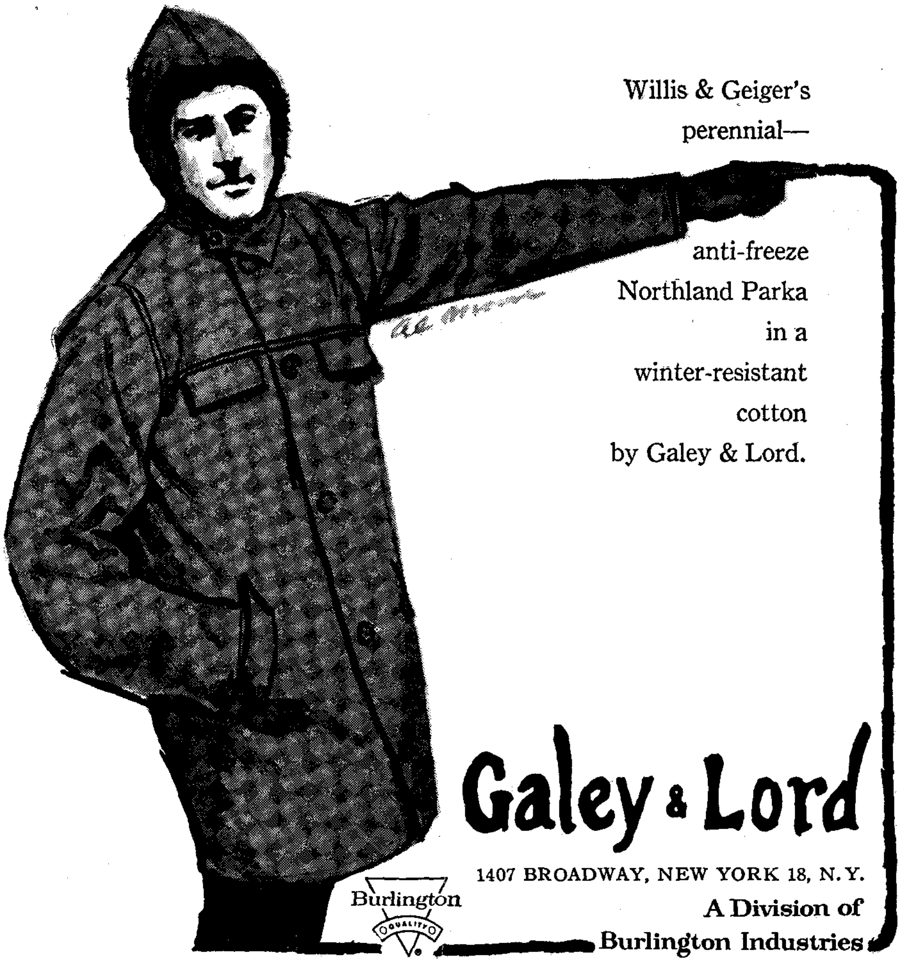
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tion God's terrible power? God forgives you *not* of your debts and sins. Read II Peter.' " He put the paper back in the envelope, and the envelope back on the cross, and continued, in his magisterial tone, "Your living beings who were on the moon, where did they go? How long ago did the moon stop revolving? What caused it? The same things that the devils are doing on earth right now. They're going to sever the magnetic pulsations, the earth's going to tremble and cease revolving, and what will it profit the wicked then to hold the world?"

He paused again, and I took the opportunity to thank him and to express my regret that I had to leave now.

"It was a pleasure to meet you," he said, bowing in a courtly manner.

Later, I learned that the Professor had been at Pilgrim nine years, that he had been an instructor (not a professor) at a state college (not Harvard), and that his diagnosis was schizophrenia, paranoid type. The new drugs, I was told, did not work in his case, and his prognosis was, at best, uncertain.

A FEW weeks later, I returned to Pilgrim for another talk with Dr. Brill, whom I found in an emergency conference with several engineers about a broken power line. When the problems were settled and the men had left his office, Dr. Brill said, "This place is a madhouse," and chuckled at what was evidently an old and beloved institutional joke. "Now, what shall I show you today?"

I pointed out that so far almost all I had seen concerned actively treated patients for whom there was hope; now I wanted to see those patients of whom I had heard so much—the hopeless ones living in what are commonly called snake pits.

"All right," he said agreeably. "I'll show you some things that we're not especially proud of, but they are certainly part of the total picture." As we drove toward the rear of the hospital area, he explained that the new drugs, much as they accomplish for new patients, do far less good with deteriorated patients who have been psychotic and hospitalized for many years. "The tranquillizers will greatly reduce the rages of the worst ones," he said, "but sixty to seventy per cent of these patients remain just as psychotic as ever."

We stopped and got out in front of Building 1, one of many large, H-shaped, two-story buildings laid out with barrackslike symmetry. "A number of the wards in this building resem-

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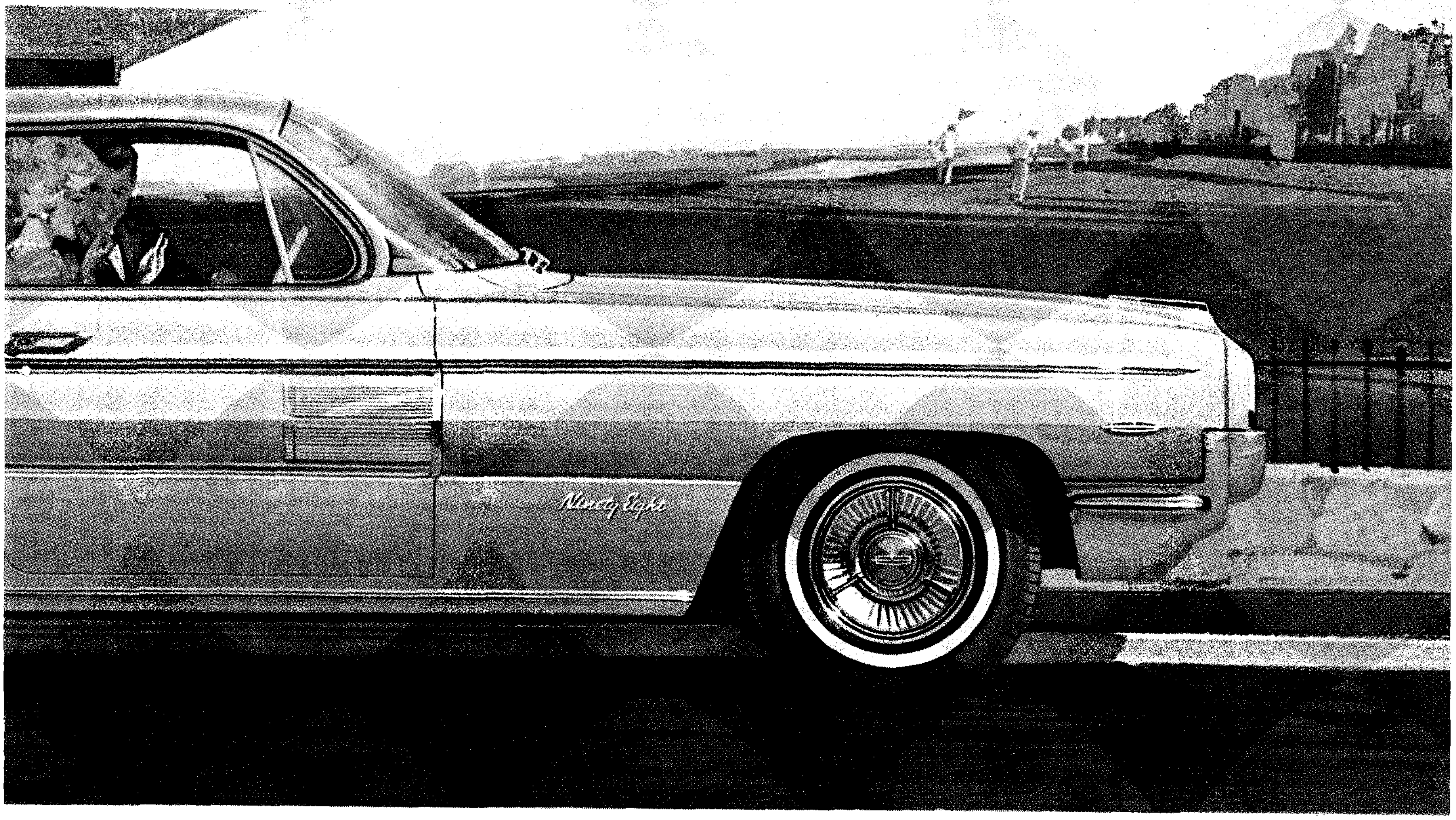

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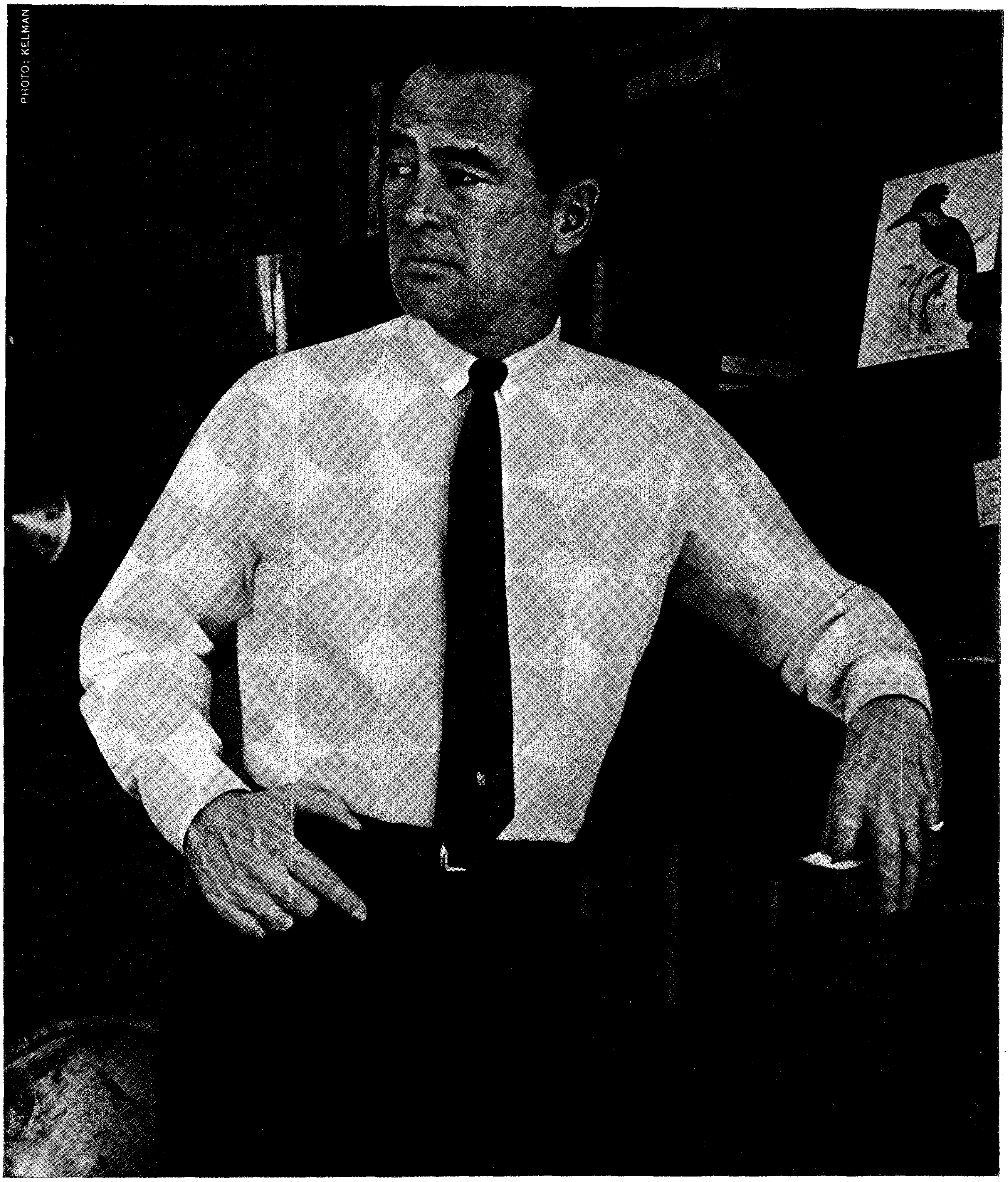

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ble the ones you've already seen," Dr. Brill said. "We'll pass those by." We reached the door of an upstairs ward, and he opened it with a key; the scene in the dayroom just within made me recall what I had read of debtor's prisons and dungeons—not that it was dark and cobwebby but that the mood conveyed was a total abandonment of hope and a slow decay of essential humanity. The walls were of rough, dingy plaster that had never been painted, and the dayroom was furnished with heavy, dark wooden benches and rockers, on which were slumped inert, shapeless male bodies. The men sat immobile, their faces so devoid of expression as to seem featureless. They were of different ages and sizes, but were all thoroughly rumpled, useless, and wrecked. A few shambled around aimlessly, and a handful sat near a television set, but paid little attention to it.

"This is what it used to be like in much of the hospital, but far noisier and less clean," Dr. Brill said. "Nowadays, we have only a few wards like this left. Most of these men have been here twenty or thirty years, and they got this way because we had no adequate techniques for coping with their particular diseases then. Nothing we do so far has seemed to help them much in a positive sense, but the tranquillizers have made a tremendous change in a negative sense—controlling aggressive and destructive behavior. Still, as you see, the advances made elsewhere in the hospital have not yet caught up here."

A nurse in the room told Dr. Brill brightly that a tranquillizer named Stelazine had just made a wonderful change in a patient who had been totally withdrawn for years. Dr. Brill asked to see him, and she led us up to a small, bald Japanese in baggy clothes, who stood staring at Dr. Brill as if eager to learn what was wanted. "He's been on it three weeks," said the nurse, "and today he asked for a razor and shaved himself, for the first time in years."

"Well, that's fine," Dr. Brill said cheerfully to the little man. "How do you feel?"

The patient merely continued staring at Dr. Brill.

"What is your name?" Dr. Brill asked.

There was no answer.

"Are you feeling better?"

The little man nodded, almost imperceptibly, and the faintest of smiles flickered over his face.

"Good," said Dr. Brill, "good."

He thanked the nurse, and told me

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that the smile probably represented an immense improvement in the patient. We walked on through the ward. In a far corner, a dishevelled old man with wispy gray hair was making pencil marks on a scrap of paper; he saw us and shouted some apparently angry remarks in unintelligible, spluttering German. I asked about him, and Dr. Brill sighed. "He was one of *us*," he said moodily. "He was a fine psychiatrist practicing at another state hospital, but thirty years ago, when he was still a young man, he became psychotic. If it had happened today, he'd probably have been back on the job in half a year. But it happened long ago, and the psychosis became permanent; now there's little we can do for him except keep him."

From Building 1, we drove to Building 25, a nine-story structure, which towers above the rest like an apartment house in a suburb. "This is our geriatrics and chronic infirmary, where we have all our bedfast cases," Dr. Brill said. "Once again, it represents an area in which we can do little curative psychiatry." We walked in and out of several wards, in which large numbers of patients, mostly elderly, were lying abed or were seated in wheelchairs in the dayrooms. "The infirmary constitutes a division by itself, run by an assistant director," Dr. Brill went on. "We have twelve hundred and fifty of these feeble cases here—all people who are getting what amounts to nursing care. You might suppose a mental hospital should be required to treat only mental illness, but these days, as society changes the traditional distribution of responsibilities between the individual and the state, we're being asked to care for patients with all sorts of additional problems. In previous generations, many of these people—almost all of whom are quite feeble, and not dangerous—would have been kept at home or cared for in old people's homes or nursing homes. Now we get them. I don't say we shouldn't; I merely point out how complicated our job is becoming. And not the least of the complications is that it's hard to find hospital psychiatrists who want to work in this area, because there's so little demonstrable progress with these people."

At lunch, Dr. Brill continued to dwell on the newer functions of mental hospitals. Even though mental illness had not been well understood in the past, he said, society had drawn a rather well-defined boundary between insanity and sanity. "Madness," "mania," "craziness"—those were the words that had characterized thoroughly bizarre thinking or behavior. Where the terms

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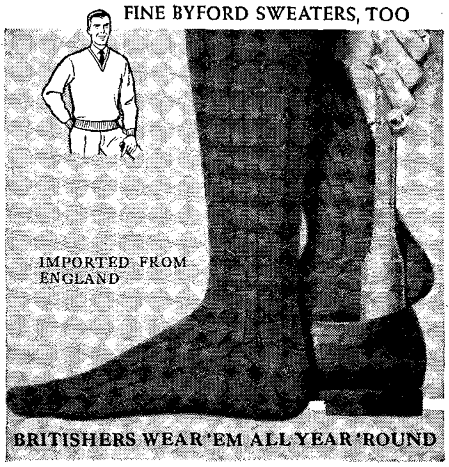

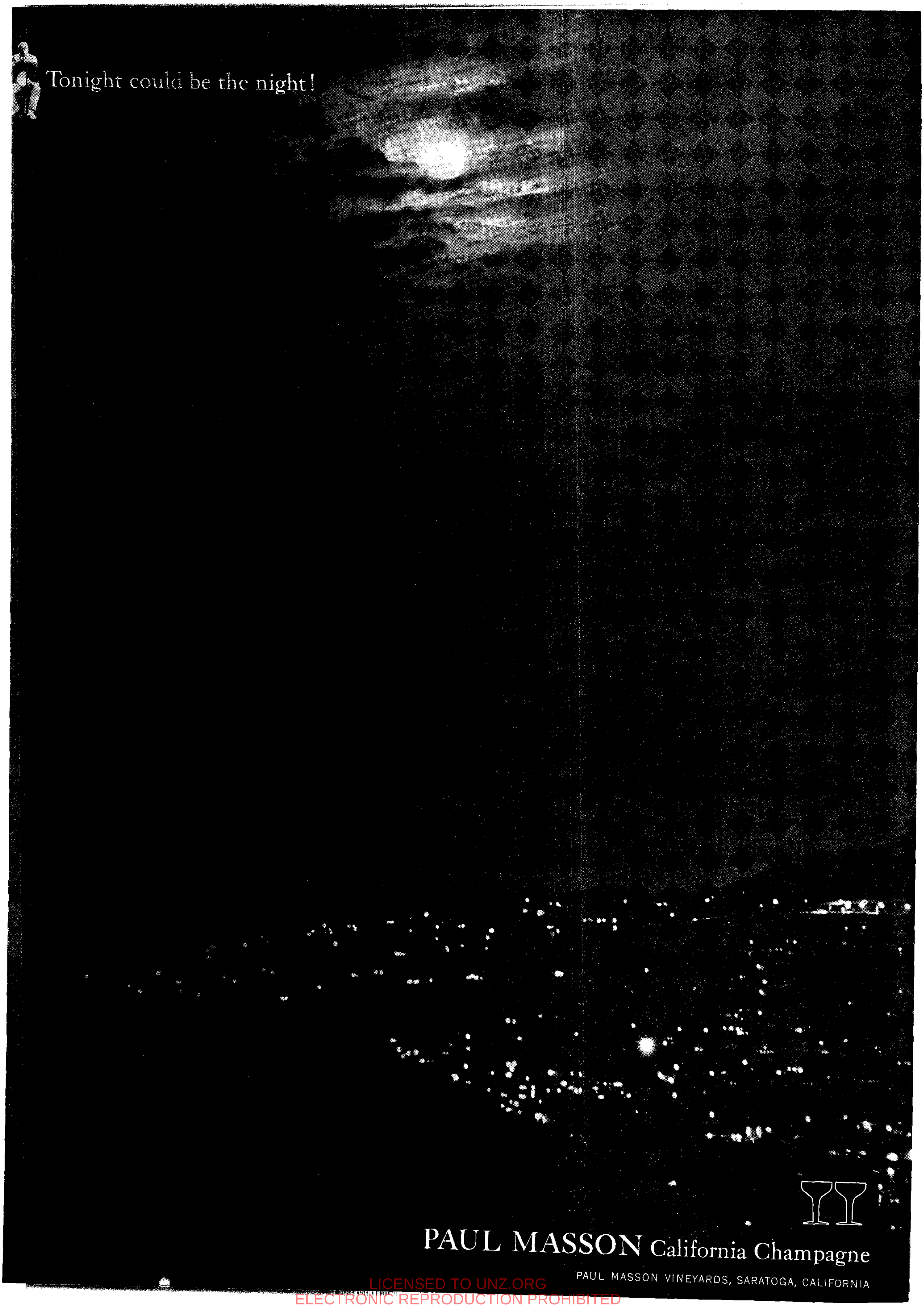
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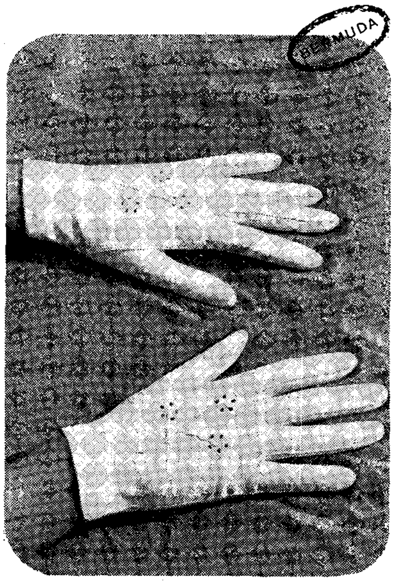
did not apply, human beings had been held accountable for their actions. Our own society, however, having learned a good deal more about the familial and social determinants of behavior, has been explaining more and more antisocial conduct in terms of mental or emotional disturbance, rather than evil character or disobedience of the law. Alcoholics, for instance, were formerly tossed in jail on the assumption that they had chosen to drink of their own free will. Free will has recently yielded much of its ancient territory, and alcoholics are now often sent to mental hospitals by relatives or close friends or policemen or social workers who recognize that there may be emotional illness involved, rather than a rational choice between drinking and not drinking. In fact, they often just go voluntarily.

"That doesn't mean that all drinking to excess, or all bad behavior, should be explained on medical grounds," Dr. Brill said. "The very difficult question, of course, is this: Just where *should* society draw the line between responsibility for one's own acts, on the one hand, and mental or emotional disorder, on the other? As psychiatrists, we have to try to distinguish between bad conduct due to emotional or mental disorders and bad conduct due to cultural patterns and other causes. Somewhere in between lies a border line—vague and poorly marked, and changing year by year. Where it will end up is far from clear."

After suggesting that I have a talk about these new problems with Dr. Joseph Clifford, one of his assistants, Dr. Brill drove me back to the administration building, took me to a small office just down the hall from his own, and introduced me to Dr. Clifford, a brisk, youthful man with an open, genial face and a rural accent that, he said, identified him as "an apple-knocker from upstate." "Right in that borderline area Dr. Brill was talking about," Dr. Clifford said, "is the type of individual who isn't crazy in the traditional meaning of the word, or psychotic in our meaning of the word, but who just doesn't act in a socially acceptable or responsible way. The individual who fights authority, for instance, or is chronically irresponsible, or—to cite two other kinds of problem—the promiscuous person or the homosexual. We refer to these types of behavior as signs of 'character disorders' or 'psychopathic personality,' and where we used to get hardly any, recently we've been getting perhaps a hundred a year, many of them teen-agers.

"And are they tough cases! We



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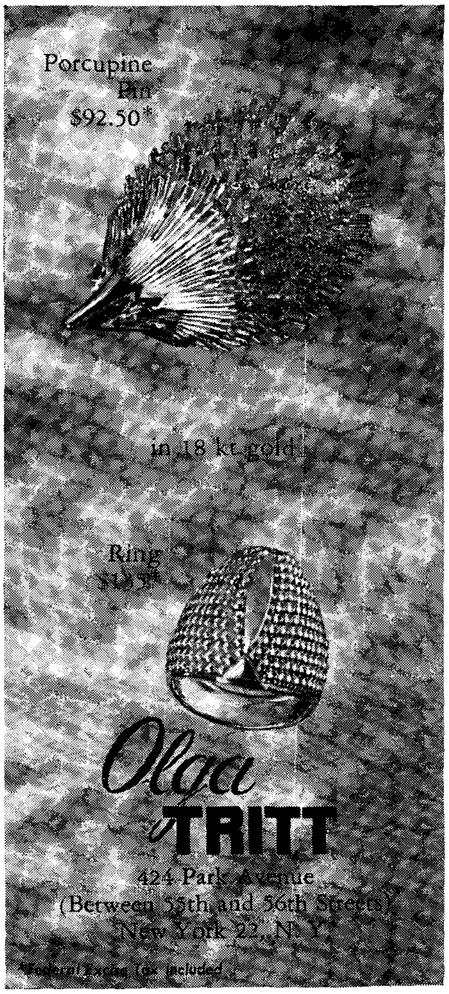

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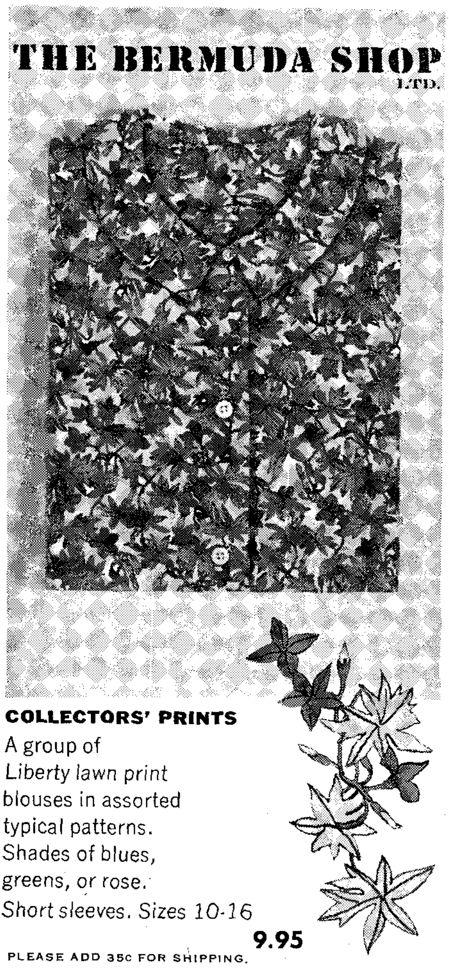
haven't much to offer them, therapeutically. Tranquillizers aren't much good with this kind of faulty character. What these people need is to have their personalities thoroughly reshaped and matured, but that's extremely difficult after they've reached the age of thirteen or fourteen, especially with the limited time we can give each individual. We do use some psychoanalytically oriented group therapy, hoping to get them to recognize their hidden needs and handle them less destructively. But just when you think you've worked wonders, and optimistically release them, some of them go out and do the same unfortunate things all over again. I had a church-going college boy in here for a few months who had been booked for making homosexual advances in the movies. He came along wonderfully well, and left here a couple of weeks ago all straightened out. Yesterday, I heard he'd just been picked up by the police in a park in Queens, trying to approach little colored boys. It's disheartening, to say the least.

"The real ethical problem, however, is how long it is right to keep such people here for treatment. If we can't do very much to cure them, is it fair to deprive them of their freedom on medical grounds? Lots of other anti-social acts—fraud, influence-peddling, even spying—are punished by limited terms in jail, but if we aren't sure one of these people is cured, is it justifiable to keep him for an indefinite term?"

The phone rang, and Dr. Clifford answered. "Dr. Clifford speaking," he said. "Who? . . . Yeah, yeah. . . . He what? . . . Oh, gosh! . . . But you've got him there now, have you? O.K., I'll have someone pick him up within the hour." He hung up, looking grim. "There you have it," he said. "That was the police in Mineola. We had a delinquent teen-aged boy in group therapy for about half a year who seemed to be getting a lot of good out of it, and we let him go two weeks ago. He was as polite and serious as you could want. This morning, he went after his mother with a kitchen knife, and nearly caught her. Excuse me a moment." He made a phone call and arranged to have the teen-ager brought in.

"Well," he said after hanging up, "where it gets even tougher is when the Nassau County Court sends us prisoners under the Code of Criminal Procedure—we call such cases C.C.P.s—and asks us to determine whether they should be treated or tried. We have up to sixty days to observe such a patient and give him psychological tests; then we have to decide. If we find outright



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psychosis, it's easy, but if we don't, where should we draw the line between conduct for which he should be punished and conduct for which he wasn't really responsible? The old M'Naghten's Rule—that a prisoner cannot be held guilty if he has a so-called disease of the mind that makes him unable to tell right from wrong—doesn't fit the facts of modern psychiatry. In effect, many judges are now willing to accept severely psychopathic character as an illness, especially in the young, and they're sending us more and more prisoners to examine—people they would have had no question about a generation or two ago. But we psychiatrists can't permit ourselves to call any and every crime the product of pathology. We have to try to help the judges distinguish between the crime that comes from organic disease or emotional disturbance, and deserves medical treatment, and the crime that does not, and deserves punishment instead. It's anything but an easy job, and once in a while the public, because of some spectacular news story, gets indignant about the way we handle the problem, but, if you plan to come back here, we'll give you a better idea of our thinking on such matters." I assured him I would come back.

Dr. Clifford told me that he and Dr. Holt were going to interview one of those borderline cases in a few minutes, and that I could listen in if I liked. The prisoner—she was not, strictly speaking, a patient—was May-Belle Collins (as I shall call her). She was a thirty-year-old Negro woman sent in by the Nassau County Court, where she was up on a charge of first-degree manslaughter. Six weeks earlier, Mrs. Collins, who had been employed as a housemaid in Long Beach, had hit a man on the head, and after several weeks in a coma he had died. The court had sent her to Pilgrim to see whether she should stand trial. So far, a battery of tests, including the Thematic Apperception Test and the Rorschach, had indicated that she suffered from feelings of inadequacy and aloneness. And no wonder—in her childhood she had seen her mother slain by her father; she had been married and separated at seventeen; and she had an I.Q. of sixty-eight, making her, technically, a moron.

We went over to Building 24, where we met Dr. Holt and settled ourselves in a small cell-like room furnished with a table and four chairs.

"I hear May-Belle got into real trouble yesterday," said Dr. Holt.

"Yes," said Dr. Clifford. "She walloped a patient, and when the nurse tried

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to give her a sedative, she went into a tantrum. It took several male attendants to restrain her for an injection. But I understand she's being a very good girl today." Nevertheless, two male attendants, I gathered, were going to stand by in the hall outside during her interview with the psychiatrists.

In a moment, Mrs. Collins, a plump, smiling, fresh-faced woman, came in and sat down.

"May-Belle, do you know where you are?" Dr. Clifford asked.

"Yeah," she said. "Pilgrim State Jail!" She laughed at her little joke.

"What was all that fuss about yesterday?" Dr. Clifford asked. "Why were you so excited?"

"Well, they tell me to take some medicine," said Mrs. Collins. "That nurse, if she *axe* me to take it, I'd take it, but she *tole* me. Then she wanna gimme a needle, and I'm scared of the needle. Wha'd I need it for? I smack a girl because she scratch me, but what I'm suppose to do, *let* her scratch me?"

"Well, what about your ripping the picture off the wall and throwing it at someone?" asked Dr. Clifford.

Mrs. Collins smiled good-naturedly. "All those men comin' at me," she said, "try to tie me up. That wan't fair, one girl and all those men."

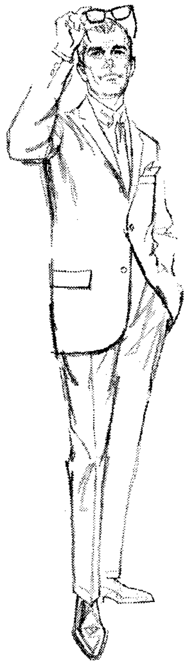
Dr. Holt asked her about the manslaughter case. Mrs. Collins said she had been in a bar, and a man had asked her for a date; when she refused, he shoved her around and called her names, and she walked out. But he confronted her on the street, his hand in his pocket. "I din' know what he had in the pocket," she said, "but I better do suthin', and I pull my shoe off and hit him side of the head with my heel. He stumblet and I run away. Tha's all."

Dr. Holt and Dr. Clifford questioned her about the incident several times, but neither in retelling it nor in answering other questions did Mrs. Collins get confused, refer to voices, allude to persecutions, or hint at any other psychotic symptoms; she was not bright, but she was perfectly clear about everything. At last, they dismissed her.

"You see what I mean?" Dr. Clifford said to me. "There are obvious factors in this girl's life to explain why she is impulsive and easily enraged, and why she acted as she did. But are they sufficient to warrant treatment, rather than punishment? And if they are, can we really do anything for her?"

"She may be primitive," Dr. Holt added, "but I don't think we can call her psychotic. I don't think we can certify her as mentally ill."

Dr. Clifford nodded, but looked un-



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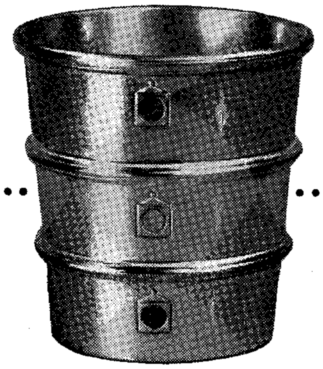

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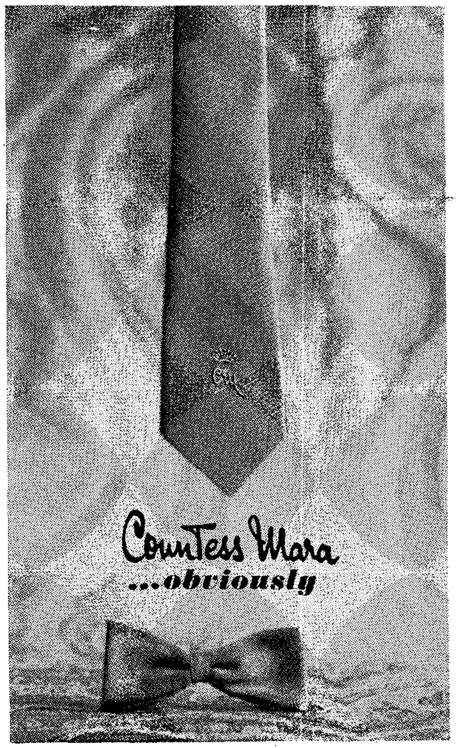

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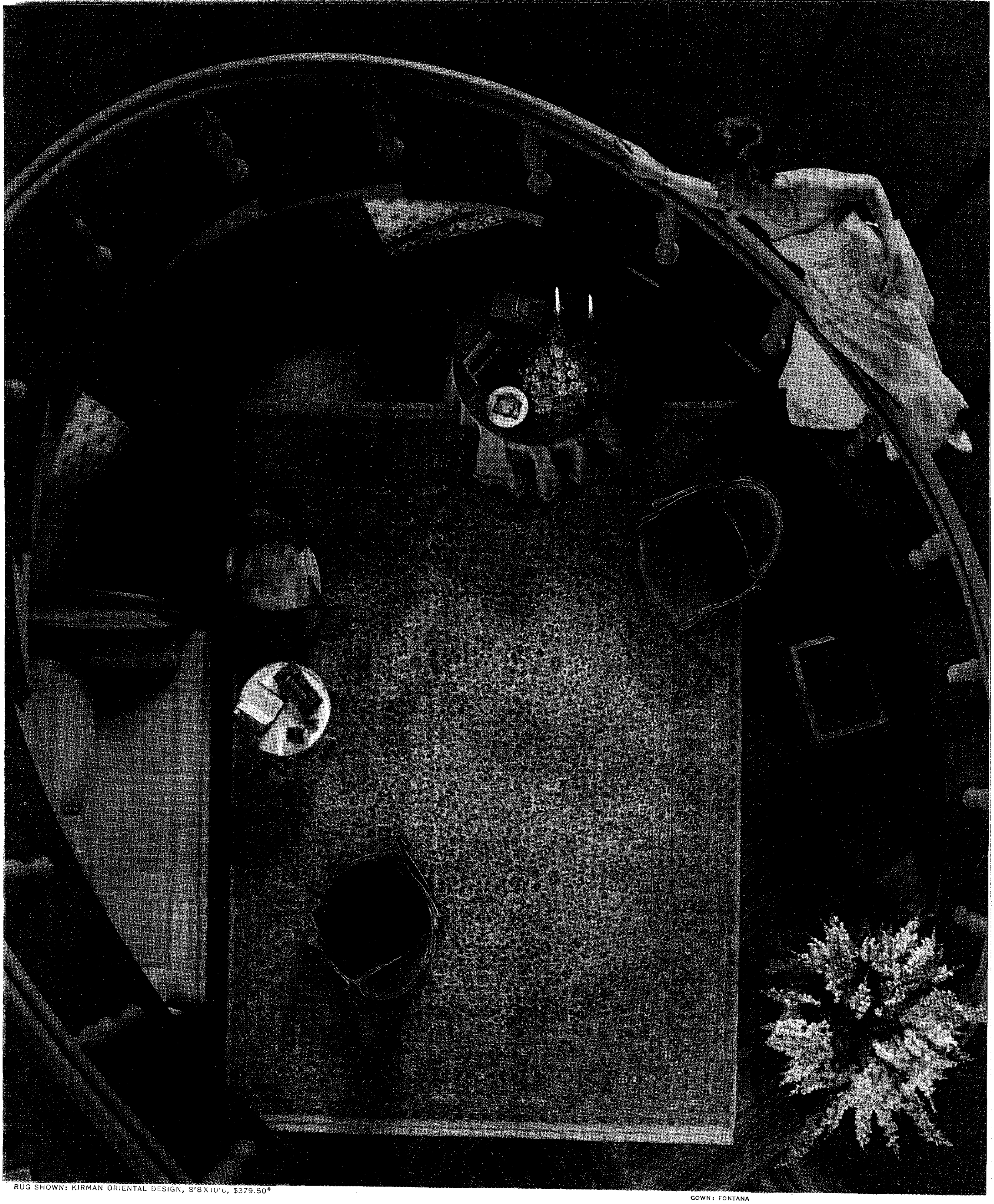

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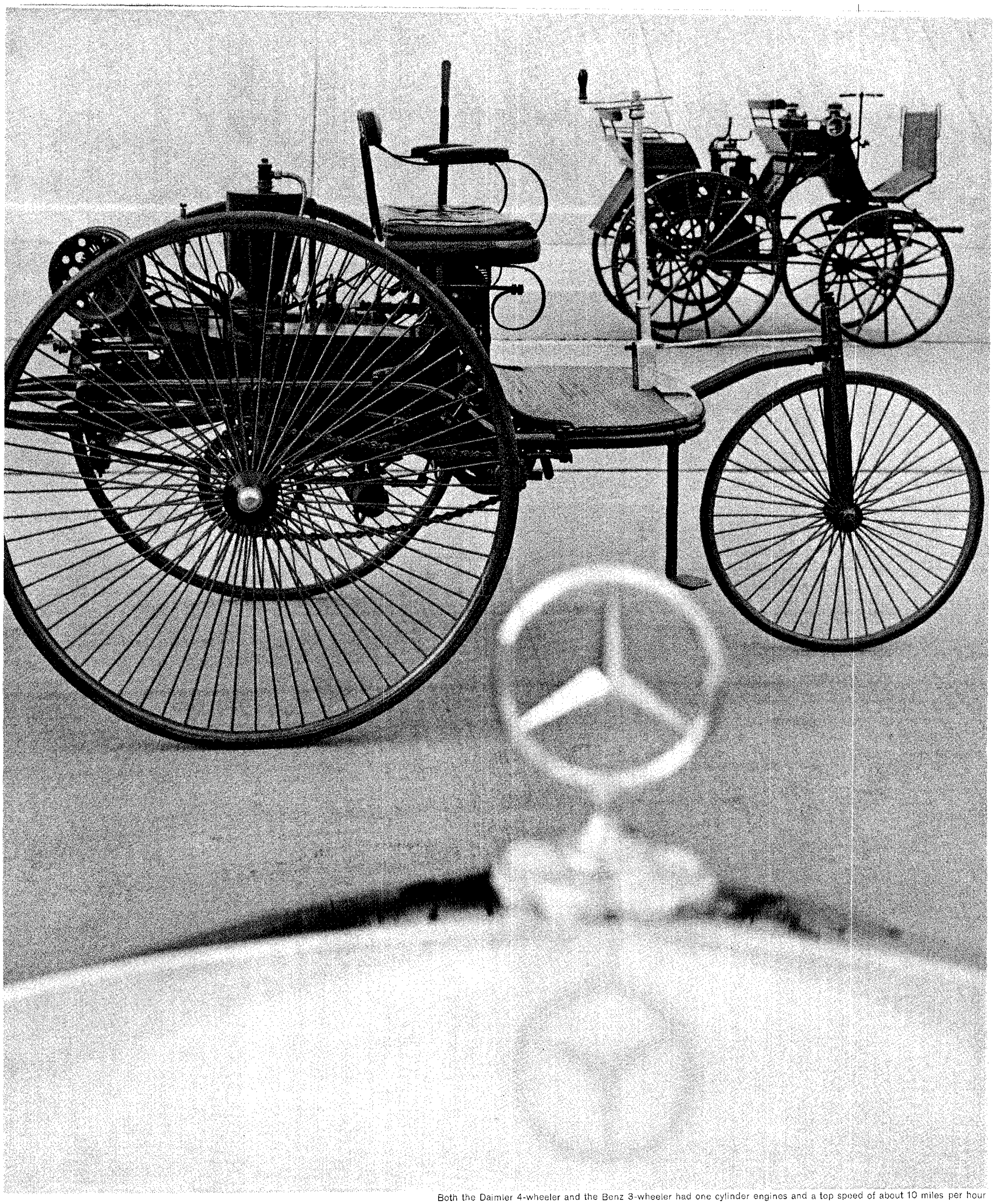

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happy. Eventually, he and Dr. Holt agreed on a finding. It read, in part:

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As it turned out, Mrs. Collins was shipped back to county jail, and a court-appointed lawyer advised her to plead guilty to both first- and second-degree assault; she was thereupon given a five-year suspended sentence on the first charge, and a six-month sentence on the second, which she is serving in the Nassau County Jail.

IT was getting near evening, and I had a final appointment with Dr. Brill, who had promised to tell me a little more about the hospital's early days. I found him in his office, leafing through a large scrapbook and talking to a tiny gray-haired woman in a nurse's uniform. He introduced her as Mrs. Katherine Elliott, chief supervising nurse of the female services at Pilgrim. "Mrs. Elliott has been with us longer than anyone else now on the staff," Dr. Brill said. "She got here before I did."

"I came here in April, 1932—just a few months after the first building was opened up," said Mrs. Elliott. "The place was a mess. Digging and building everywhere, dust and sand blowing, mud everywhere when it rained. Only a few buildings were open, and we were just beginning to receive patients. They weren't new cases just being admitted from the outside to a mental hospital, and having some hope of improvement, but transfers of long-term hopeless cases from King's Park, a state hospital seven miles north of Pilgrim, and other hospitals. Pilgrim was the dumping ground for all their worst cases. We'd get the patients in by bus, a great many of them tied up in camisoles. We'd march them into the ward, lock the door, write their names on their backs in gentian violet, and then turn them loose. What screaming! What wildness! It was enough to make all of us back off and look at each other."

"Of course," Dr. Brill put in hastily, "Pilgrim wasn't planned as a dump heap for the worst patients. It was built simply as a large new facility to relieve overcrowding of the state system. Governor Al Smith had asked for ten thousand new beds in 1927, and when the Department figured out the costs, it turned out that two hospitals

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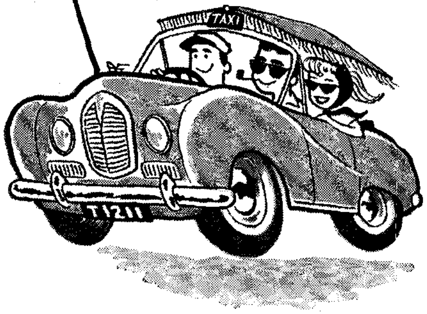

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of five thousand beds each would cost a total of thirty million dollars, while one hospital of ten thousand beds would cost twenty-three million. That settled it. Such a big hospital had to be located way out away from everything, where land was cheap enough, and it had to be as nearly complete and self-sufficient as possible, generating its own electric power, pumping its own water, growing some of its own food, and so on, which is why we have a whole industrial area here, and a farm.

"Today, the psychiatric profession has swung away from such giant institutions as Pilgrim, for many reasons, among them the danger of impersonality. This is a danger we're trying to counteract nowadays in a number of ways; in fact, administratively we're now breaking Pilgrim into six semi-independent, coöperating hospitals. We're not *building* hospitals this big any more. But we've *got* Pilgrim, and others more or less like it, and it would cost the state hundreds of millions of dollars to tear them down and build equivalent space of a more desirable type. Well, that's another subject altogether. Anyhow, the Department bought more than a thousand acres out here in 1928, for $308,800, and got the second thousand acres later on. The work started in early 1929." He showed me a picture in the scrapbook. "Here you see the clearing away of the scrub forest, and the first foundations going in. The name Pilgrim, incidentally, has nothing to do with American history; it honors the late Dr. Charles Winfield Pilgrim, a former chairman of what we used to call the State Lunacy Commission—now the State Department of Mental Hygiene. The over-all design of the buildings, with underground tunnels leading from wards to the central dining rooms, was worked out by a group of hospital superintendents who were thinking in terms of maximum security. We use the tunnels only in rainy weather these days, and the whole idea of maximum security now seems remote and old-fashioned, yet these very designs were being drawn up when I was in medical school. Incredible!"

Mrs. Elliott peered over his shoulder. "This picture," she said, pointing, "this is about what it looked like when I got here." The photograph showed huge heaps of sand and raw earth pushed up by bulldozers, and broad, levelled areas of sterile ground on which brick buildings stood stark, without the decency of bushes, trees, or even grass. "It wasn't very pretty," said Mrs. Elliott, "but in those days we had to keep everyone and

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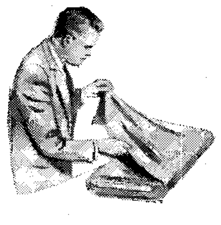

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everything locked up anyhow. Even if Pilgrim hadn't been intended to take over all the worst patients, when the other hospitals were permitted to relieve their overcrowding they sent us their really hopeless stuff. We got thousands in our first years."

Dr. Brill nodded. "And we've still got many hundreds of them left," he said. "But, with modern treatment, we're not letting many more develop like them. In twenty years or so, the population of Pilgrim will be very different from what it is now."

He turned to a page of the scrapbook on which was mounted a diagram of the hospital. "The plan was for a hospital of some eighty-nine hundred beds, instead of the ten thousand first proposed," he said. "But it took years and years to get the money even for that many. Here's an aerial view in 1937, and you can see that it's a long way from being finished. At least we had got some grass and trees started by that time. We kept increasing in size—adding more buildings and land—until 1949. At one time, by overcrowding, we managed to have 14,372 patients in residence."

"Things are looking more civilized in these pictures," said Mrs. Elliott, pointing to a page of photographs taken in 1939. "Here's the first picnic the patients ever had—or, anyway, one of the very first. There hadn't been anything like that before, and there was very little for years after. We had to use very rigid discipline in the wards in order to keep control. In some instances, we'd make the patients sit lined up on benches, so that the attendants could safely keep an eye on them. We'd march them to the bathroom at set intervals. We kept matches, razors, eyeglasses, and even drinking cups away from them, and we'd count every piece of silver after every meal. We were dealing with severe disease, and it was a real struggle."

"The whole life of the personnel was very different because of it," said Dr. Brill. "Of course, the fact that it was the depression also had a lot to do with it. Practically everybody on the staff lived on the grounds, while today only about twenty per cent do so. Married couples would live in single rooms in the 'home buildings,' as we called them, and there were bachelor quarters for the others, plus the doctors' houses. Some of the staff worked twelve hours a day, seven days a week, and got five days a month off, all in a lump."

I remarked that the life sounded half-monastic, half-military.

Mrs. Elliott disagreed. "It wasn't

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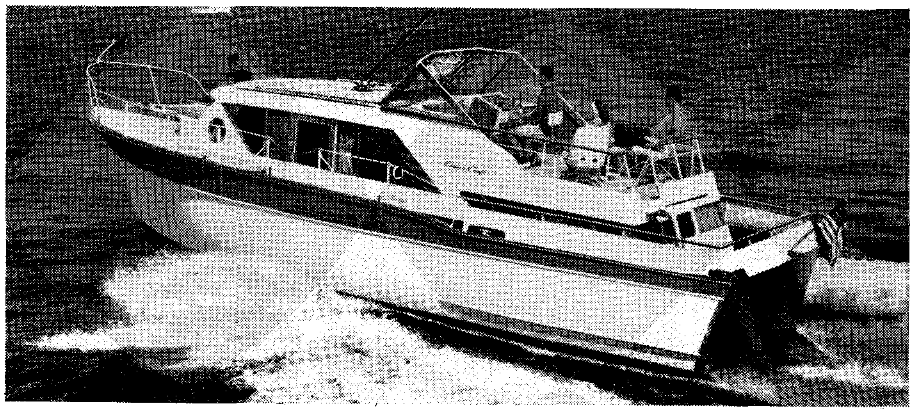

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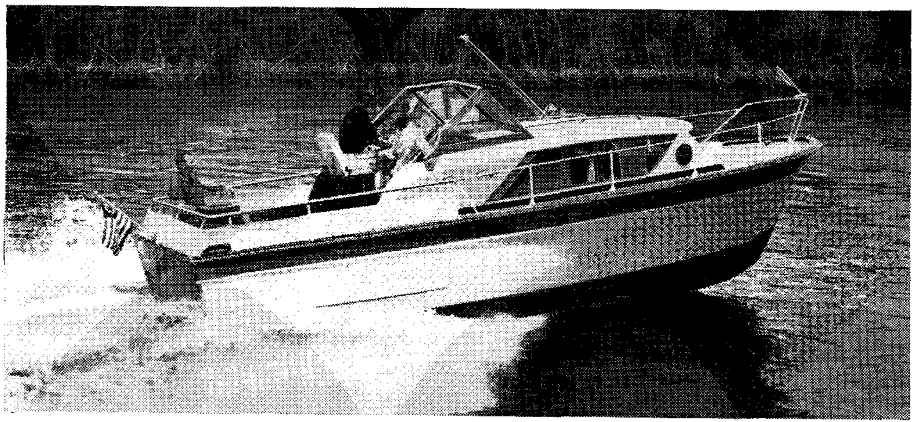

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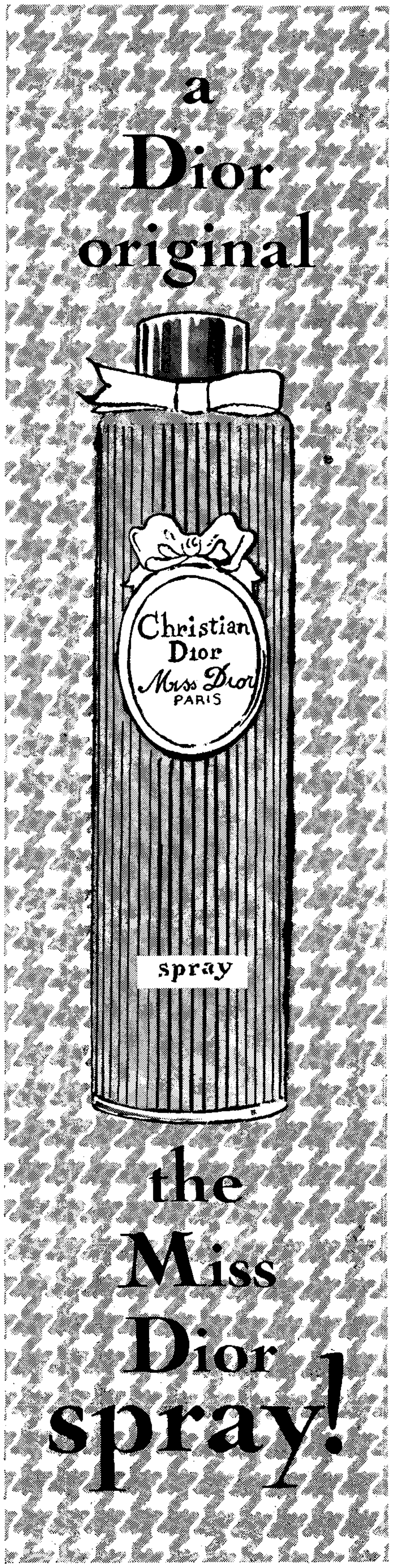

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really bad," she said. "It was rather agreeable in many ways. You didn't have to dress up when you got off, and you weren't obliged to do so many things that don't matter. You could just relax in your room, having milk and crackers, or read, or play cards in the lounge, or have evenings of deep conversation. It was more intimate. I think friends were somehow more steadfast in those days. There was a feeling of urgency about the day's work, and warmth about the evening's relaxation."

Dr. Brill smiled. "You make it sound wonderful," he said. "But from the patients' point of view it was anything but that. Even when we started accepting patients directly, instead of only getting transfers, fewer than one in three got out within the first year. Nowadays, if you leave out the geriatric cases, our newly admitted patients have a four-out-of-five chance of getting out sooner or later, and most of them leave here in less than half a year."

I remarked that the figures sounded as though there had been a real breakthrough in the field of psychiatry.

Dr. Brill looked thoughtful. "Some people think so, but others pooh-pooh it," he said. "The late Albert Deutsch, a writer on mental health, said that it wasn't a breakthrough—just something of a dent. Others talk as though it were only a matter of time before drugs and other intensive treatment emptied the mental hospitals altogether. I myself take a position between these two extremes. We *have* been undergoing a gradual shrinkage since 1955, and life in the hospital *is* very different, but we're handling far larger numbers of new admissions than ever before and we're taking on all sorts of new chores for society. I don't think we're seeing a general solution of the problem—a solution that will wipe out mental illness and depopulate the hospitals the way the t.b. hospitals have been depopulated in recent years. But there is no doubt in my mind that we're seeing a revolutionary transformation of hospital treatment of the mentally ill."

—MORTON M. HUNT

(*This is the first part of a two-part article on Pilgrim State Hospital.*)

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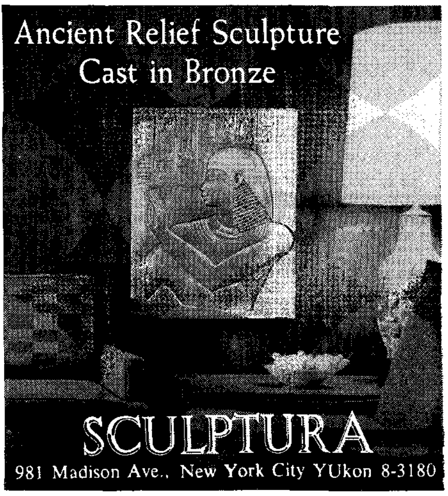

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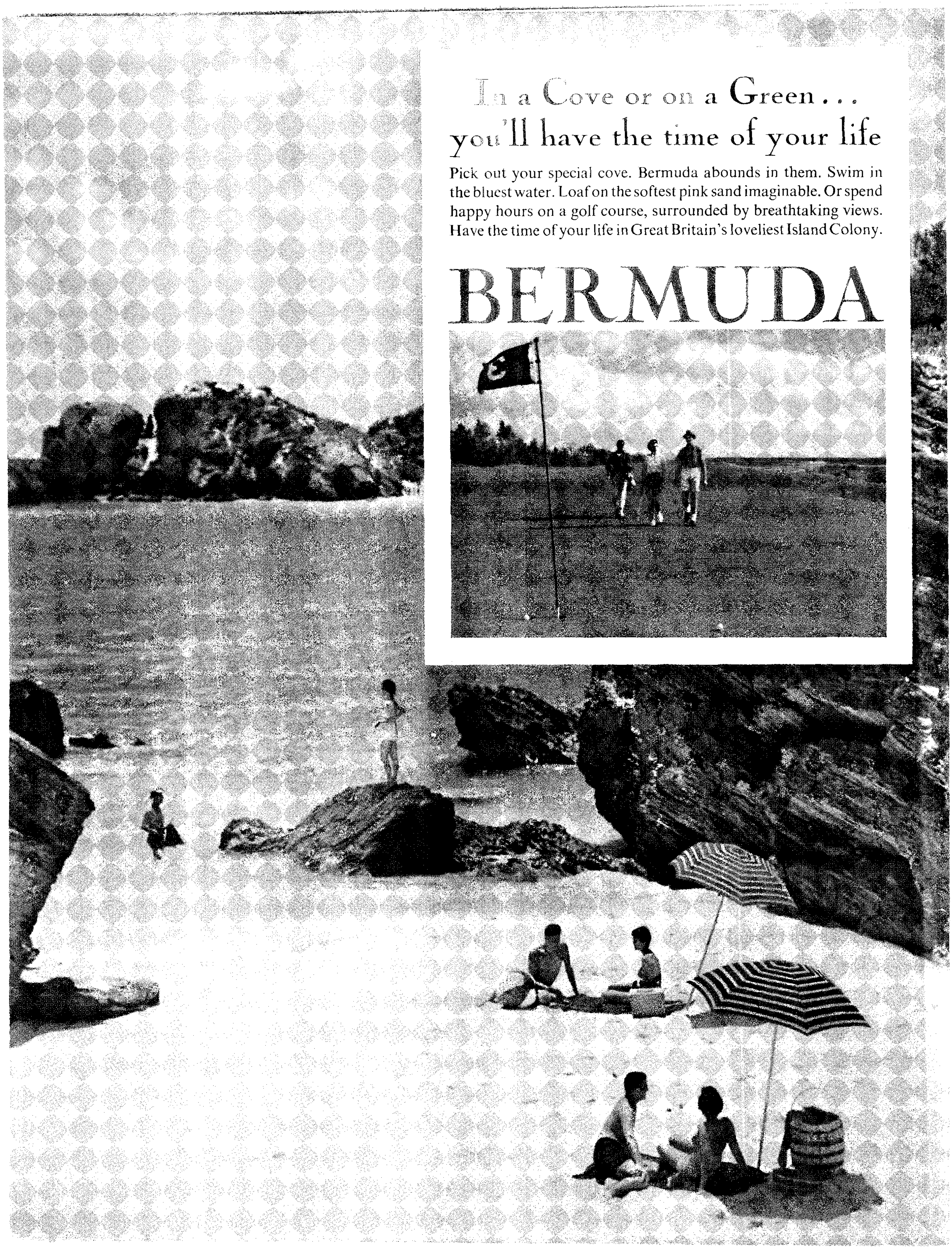

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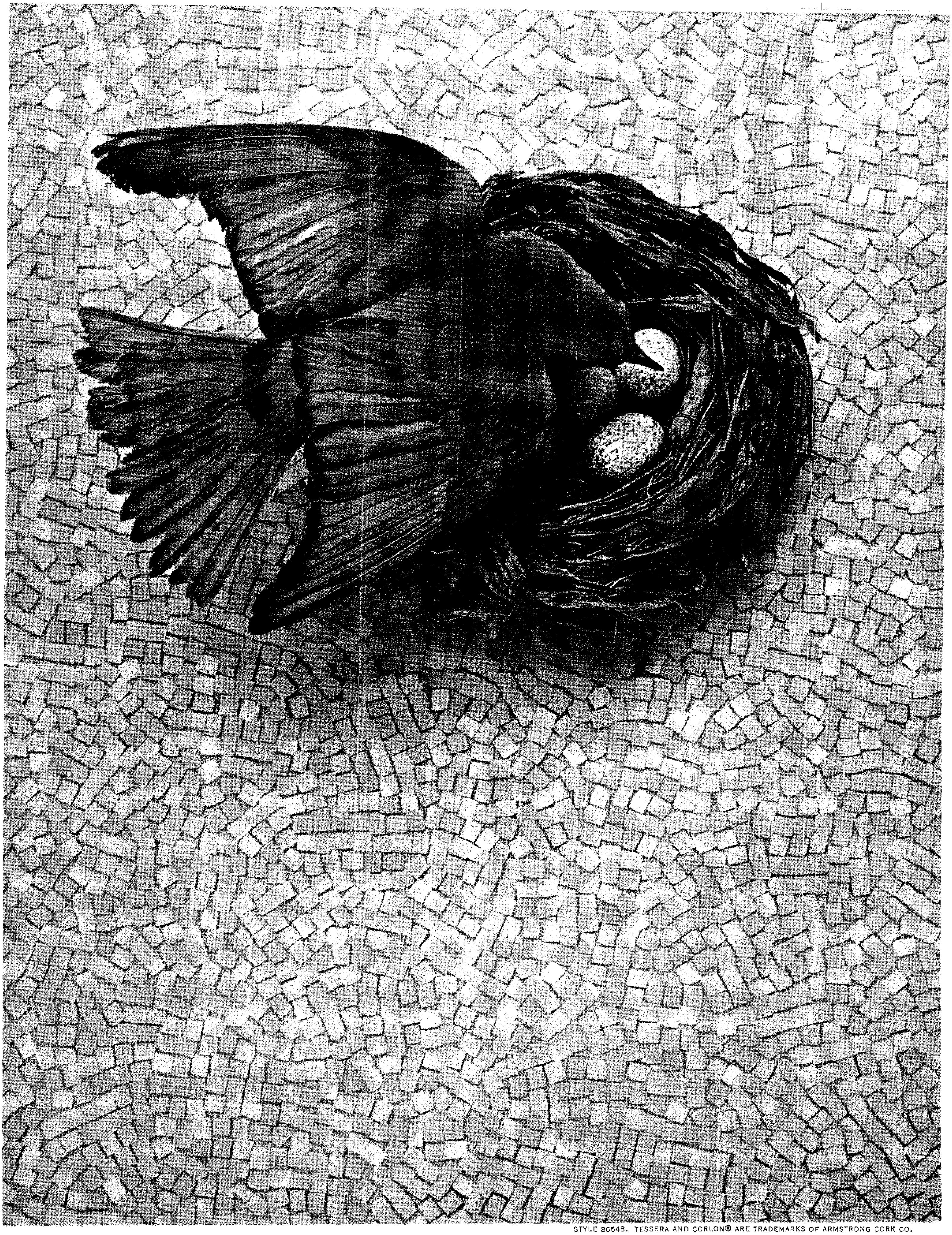

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THE THEATRE

OFF BROADWAY

SAMUEL BECKETT's "Happy Days," as you have no doubt heard by now, is an almost unbroken monologue addressed by a middle-aged woman named Winnie to her elderly husband, Willie. Occasionally he squeaks out a senile reply or a sentence of his own, but not nearly so often as that last tape broke in on Krapp, and much of the time she doesn't even know whether he hears her. During the first act, she is shown half buried in a mound of earth baked hard by what she calls "this hellish sun." Willie is behind her, and sometimes we can see the back of his head as he reads an old newspaper or makes a silly pun set off by an ant's egg. ("Formication," he snickers, and they both giggle.) We first see her asleep with her head in her arms. Scattered about her are a hand mirror, a parasol, and a huge black leather bag, out of which she will take, as the play goes on, a toothbrush and toothpaste, spectacles, a magnifying glass, a brown velvet hat, a manicure set, a pistol, and a music box that plays the "Merry Widow" waltz. An alarm goes off; she raises her head (she is wearing makeup, red nail polish, and pearls), and she starts to talk. The monologue is composed of quotations, prayers, jokes, trivia, mysterious allusions to "happy days" and "the old style," and fuzzy scraps of recollection (a man named Cooker or Shower came by, saw her buried in the earth, discussed her in a coldhearted way with his girl, and perhaps tried to pull her out, perhaps did not). Willie reads an obit of someone named Charlie, and she gets excited because perhaps she knew him. (Is she a battered survivor of a disaster that ended the world, as I thought at first, or is she just a woman buried to the waist in symbolism? Are the words and props the residue of her life?) With the mirror she examines her teeth and gums ("No better, no worse, no change, no pain"). With the magnifying glass she makes out the lettering on her toothbrush, and Willie tells her what hogs' setae are. Something new to talk about. Her conversation is a transparent skin that covers uncertainty and bewilderment. Every once in a while, panic breaks through. "Fear no more the heat of the sun!" she cries out to him, and then, pulling herself together, "I shall not trouble you again . . . just to know that in theory you can hear me. Oh, no doubt the day will come when I must learn to talk to myself." By the time the second act rolls round, it appears that the day has come. She is buried up to the neck, and can no longer turn around to see whether he is there, or is even alive. Nevertheless, she keeps addressing him, tacking his name on to the end of one sentence after another. The alarm bell that woke her up at the start goes off several times but doesn't seem to signify anything. The ending should be and will be kept a secret.

ARE YOU SMOKING MORE NOW... BUT ENJOYING IT LESS?

If ever a production represented a successful collaboration between a playwright, an actress, and a director, it is this one at the Cherry Lane. Ruth White is Winnie, Alan Schneider is the director, and it is impossible to apportion the credit between them. Miss White, in what is surely the longest and most complex part ever written for a woman, is, in turn, funny, pathetic, frightened, callous, bawdy, and charming. (Her Billie Burke charm must be her own.) Not a word goes to waste. Together, she and Mr. Schneider, by the intelligence and sureness of the performance, manage to give the audience confidence that Mr. Beckett, whom up to now I've always considered a murky, self-important bore, knows exactly what he is doing. He is mysterious, all right, but he is not a bore, and he may be important. It is obvious that he has a great deal more on his mind than is immediately apparent, and that a reading of the play would yield some of it. Nevertheless, if you are planning to see it I'd urge you not to read it first. There is enough that *is* immediately apparent in this examination of the ins and outs of the mind and heart to more than hold anyone for an evening. Many of the lines sound beautiful, and should hit the ear before they do the eye. Much of the play is moving in what Mr. Beckett himself might call "the old style." William Ritman's setting of the mound under a blazing yellow sky exudes the heat and emptiness of the end of the world. As Willie, John C. Becher has little to do, but he seems fine.

THERE are any number of original ideas and funny lines in "One Way Pendulum," a cockeyed English farce by N. F. Simpson, at the new Phoenix Theatre, so even though the play is disappointing—particularly to a nonsense fan like me—and never really takes off, it has its rewards. The trouble, I think, is that, wild as it is, it is not quite wild enough. Instead of keeping miles ahead of the audience and surprising them at every turn, Mr. Simpson often lags behind, holding on to a joke long after it has run its course. All the action takes place in the house of a family—lower-middle-class, I guess—named Groomkirby, to whom we are introduced by a Mr. Barnes. Mr. G., whose hobbies are carpentry and the law, spends most of the first act offstage building a large model of the Old Bailey, which he sets up in the living room in the second act. His son, who is dressed all in black,

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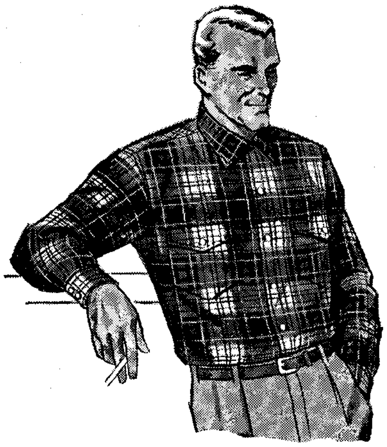

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trains weighing machines (the kind of scales we see in drugstores and on subway platforms) to sing in chorus. His daughter, a rather bad-tempered girl, practices ballet steps and keeps combing out a lock of false red hair. Mrs. G., impervious to the crotchets of her family, is a non-stop housewife. During the intermission, there were murmurs of "You Can't Take It with You" all over the lobby, but in spite of a surface resemblance, it seems to me that Mr. Simpson owes more to old *Punch* cartoons than he does to Kaufman and Hart. At any rate, I imagine that the murmurers had changed their minds by the time the play was over. It does indeed start out as a burlesque of British domestic comedy, but it ends up as a burlesque of courtroom melodrama, complete with crimson-robed judge, bewigged lawyers, witness (Mr. G.), and a prisoner (Mr. G.'s son), who is on trial for murdering forty-three people.

That will be enough of the plot, or whatever you'd call it. The major reward that the evening offers (offered me, anyway) is the performance of Anna Russell as a professional eater who comes twice a week for pay to the Groomkirby house to finish up large cartons of cereal and other leftovers in the larder. "I think that's more or less everything, Mabel. I haven't touched the gherkins, but I can attend to those when I come in in the morning." All her lines are good, and her readings, as she chews away, are hilarious. In addition to Miss Russell, I particularly admired James Kenny, both as Mr. Barnes, the go-between, and as a kindly police sergeant in Act II, and Paxton Whitehead, as that remorseless, insinuating barrister we've seen in hundreds of English movies. Douglas Seale, the director, has contributed a number of ingenious ideas of his own, and if the performance seems to lack style, it is probably because the actors don't work very stylishly together. The setting, by Peter Harvey, couldn't be better; the Groomkirby house, a kind of cartoon of middle-class housing, is cut out from a painting of semi-detached houses that stretches across the proscenium. A complex, elaborate umbrella stand in the hall is another reward.

FOR several years, David Ross has been directing classics at his Fourth Street Theatre as if they had been written last month, thereby removing the taint of worthiness from them and almost forcing the spectator to reëxamine them and either enjoy himself or

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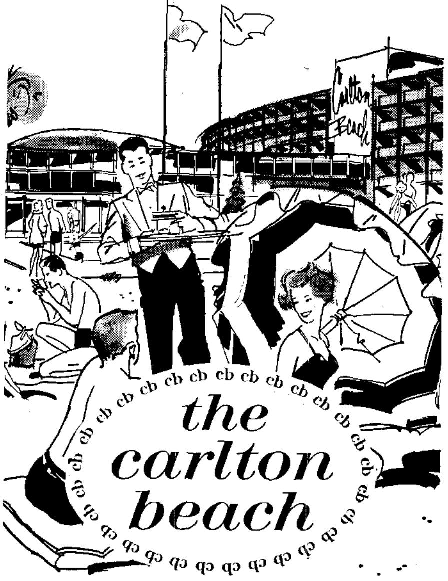

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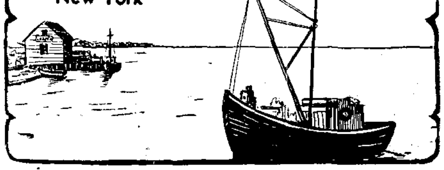

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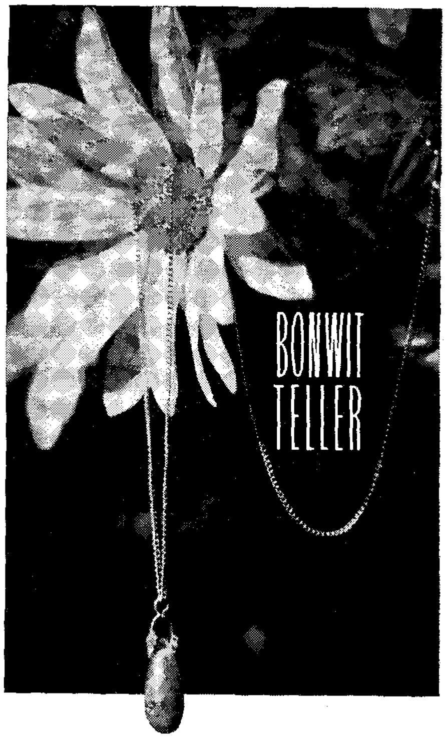
not. Here, then, are some random and perhaps abrupt observations on his production of "Ghosts": What an odd idea—and, as it turns out, what a good one—to cast Leueen MacGrath in the lead! On opening night, her Mrs. Alving—ironic, subtle, and haunted by old horrors and hypocrisies—was, I think, just an indication of the performance it will become. It doesn't cut quite deep enough yet, but Miss MacGrath never makes a false or dull move. She is also a joy to listen to and look at, and the lavender dress she wears is very becoming. Staats Cotsworth, by suggesting a tortured, puzzled man as well as a misguided one, gives that sanctimonious old setup, Pastor Manders, far more than Ibsen deserves. There is no excuse that I can see but sadism on the author's part for making Manders a credulous boob and then giving him his comeuppance. Keep your eye on Carrie Nye. Her velvety, bitchy Regina is a completely realized characterization, and her final scene is a triumph. If it is conceivable that anyone could hiss the words "Oh, pooh," she hisses them. I had never been aware what a patchy, slapdash part Oswald is—the Spirit of Bohemian Youth and Hereditary Syphilis in the school pageant. Joseph Marino makes his local début in the role, and his two big scenes with Miss MacGrath went all right. John McQuade is believable as the contemptible Engstrand.

"Ghosts" was worth reviving. Its principal theme—that no matter how dreadful the truth is, no good can come of hiding it, even though the reasons for hiding it always seem plausible—stands up as well now as it must have done in 1881. Mrs. Alving could indeed have been created last month, but there isn't a dramatist alive who could do it. While much of the dialogue and action rings true, the mechanics (exits and entrances, fake buildups for purposes of suspense, coincidences) certainly do creak. Never mind. Good old reliable Ibsen—three acts, two intermissions, and when the final curtain comes down (there is no actual curtain at the Fourth Street, which is theatre-in-the-horseshoe), you know you've seen a play. —EDITH OLIVER

EDITORS' NOTE: This season, as last, the Broadway theatre will be covered by John McCarten. Edith Oliver will cover Off Broadway. Owing to illness, Mr. McCarten will be absent for the first few weeks, during which time Miss Oliver will write both sections of the Theatre Department.



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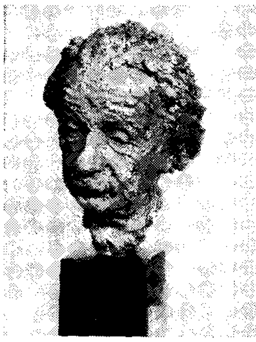

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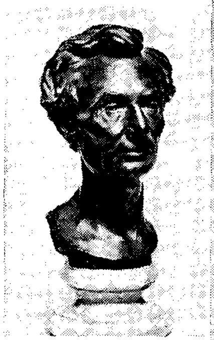

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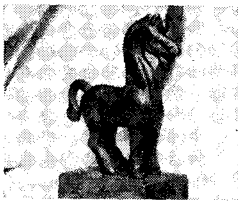

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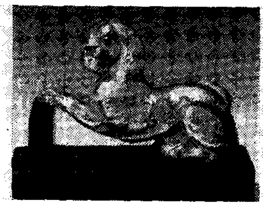

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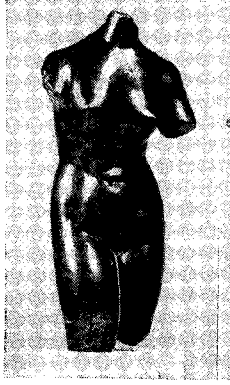

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THERE'S one thing the Beldame Stakes can always be counted on for, and that is a good show. When this autumn fixture for fillies and mares was first run as a handicap, in 1939, with a purse of $10,000 (unheard-of largess in those days), it brought out eighteen runners and was won by a gray named Nellie Bly. In the years following, on three occasions there were so many starters that the race was run off in two sections; on another occasion it ended in a dead heat; and more often than not the winner was voted the best of her age and sex in those end-of-the-season polls. The twenty-third Beldame, at Belmont Park last weekend, was another smasher, Airmans Guide winning in a drive from Craftiness, with Primonetta third and Berlo, last year's winner, fourth. For most of the mile and a furlong, Primonetta set the pace, but Airmans Guide was never more than a length behind and Craftiness was close up. Then, halfway down the stretch, Primonetta tired, and that was that. It was the first start for Airmans Guide since she won the Delaware Handicap at Delaware Park in July, but she was at concert pitch. A big, handsome creature, she loomed up positively huge beside Primonetta as they paraded to the post. The latter, I thought, was less cool and calm than she usually is at saddling time, and besides, the footing was softer than the kind she seems to like; nevertheless, she ran gamely, as she always does. Incidentally, My Portrait, who beat her in the Monmouth Oaks, was fifth, and Shimmy Dancer, who beat her in the Gazelle Handicap at Belmont recently, was last. As for Airmans Guide, who is owned by Hugh Grant, she was a promising two-year-old in 1959, and her stable had great hopes for her at three, but she hurt a knee in the Acorn Stakes and was on the shelf for ten months. This season, she has won six of her eight starts.

Beldame, if you've wondered, was a great race mare of the early nineteen-hundreds. Look her up in the old *Turf Guide* and you'll find that she not only was the best of her sex but took on colts and beat them. At three, she

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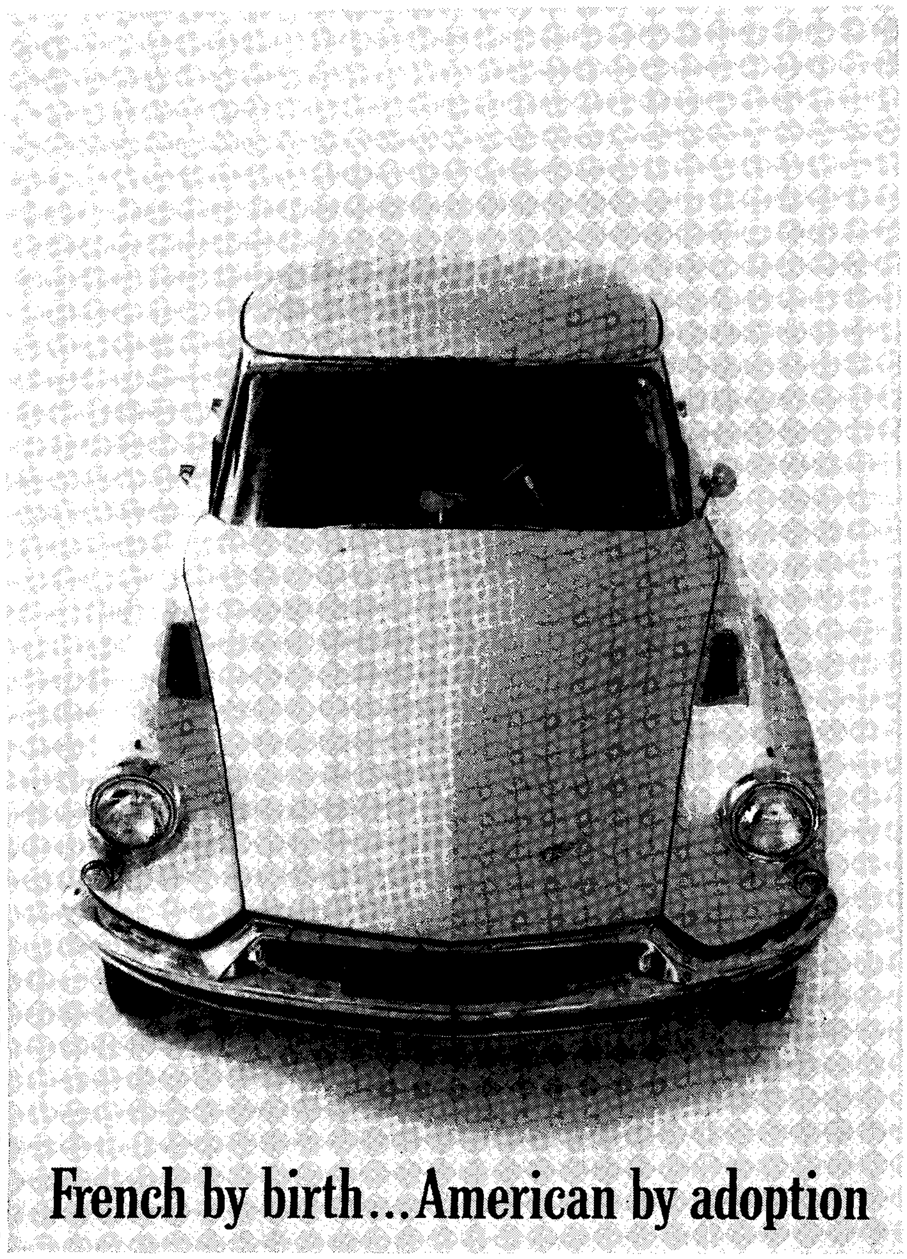
won the Saratoga Cup from Africander, and the following year (1905) she won the Suburban, running Delhi, the favorite, right out of the money. Richard Harding Davis used that race for the climax of his book "The Man Who Could Not Lose." Ah, me!

THERE was a time, elderly gentlemen tell, when the Futurity was as big an event for New Yorkers as the Horse Show or opening night at the Metropolitan. Nowadays, it's just the seventh race on the program. Still, I venture to say that the seventy-second running, won by Cyane at Belmont a couple of Saturdays ago, was as thrilling as any in the past. Certainly the finish was as close as any in the thirty-odd Futurities I've seen, for Cyane won by a neck from Jaipur, who in turn beat Sir Gaylord by a head. As you know, the field was the smallest on record—five starters, only two other stables being willing to take a sporting chance against Jaipur and Sir Gaylord and the speedy Green Ticket, even though fourth money in the Futurity was more than first money in a ten-thousand-dollar overnight. Looking them over as they jogged to the start, I thought Jaipur was the picture of quality, Sir Gaylord appeared bright and fit, and Green Ticket didn't seem a whit the worse for his Atlantic City outing, when he won in such lickety-split time. To me, Cyane was simply another two-year-old, and the fifth horse was Jake. I couldn't imagine anything named Jake winning the Futurity.

Green Ticket was quickest away, and ran the first quarter in 0:22⅗, but Jaipur was only a step behind him, and, taking the lead on the far turn, passed the half-mile pole in 0:45⅖. Jaipur slowed up after that and was headed by Sir Gaylord in the stretch, but then he took the lead again, only to be passed by Cyane, who came up along the rail in the last sixteenth. Without wishing to belittle Cyane's achievement, I must say that he was very lucky; if he had been checked in his run through the stretch, he would have finished third. Arcaro, who rode Jaipur, makes few mistakes in hundred-thousand-dollar races, but it's generally agreed that he made a little dandy in the Futurity, allowing his mount to bear out on the home turn and thereby giving Ycaza, on Cyane, the opening he was hoping for. Of course, at that moment Arcaro had his hands full withstanding the challenge of Sir Gaylord. Indeed, some observers wondered if he saw Cyane at all. Cyane is owned by Mrs. Harry Lunger, who has



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been trying for years to win a Futurity. A sturdy bay colt by Turn-to and Your Game, he won his three starts prior to the Futurity in a way that attracted the attention of horsemen, and for all I know he may be a nonesuch. Nevertheless, I think Jaipur was best in the Futurity, for he put away Green Ticket, which took some doing, and then stood off Sir Gaylord, though I agree with a number of horsemen who feel that Shoemaker, on Sir Gaylord, made his bid too soon. No doubt the three will meet again in the Champagne Stakes at Aqueduct on October 14th. Then we'll find out.

THE United Nations Handicap is another event that's never dull, and the renewal over the turf course at Atlantic City recently was true to its traditions, Oink winning by a nose (no jokes, please) from Tompion, with Art Market and nine others strung out behind them. To me, the most surprising thing about the race was the price against Oink. Although he had won four times in a row in Chicago during the summer, twice on the grass, he paid $57.20 in the tote. (I liked the scramble of the horseplayers for the two-dollar tickets that his owner, Jack Hogan, a Chicago insurance-company president, threw up for grabs after the finish as a sort of libation to Dame Fortune.) As I saw the race on television, Intentionally set the pace, as he did last year for T. V. Lark, Sword Dancer, and Bally Ache, and when he tired Oink took command and held Tompion safely in the last few strides. Carry Back was out of the picture. He wasn't hurried in the early running, and when it came time for him to turn on his far-famed burst of speed, he didn't have it. Well, he'll be out again this weekend, in the Woodward Stakes, which will be on the main course at Belmont. He'll meet Kelso, among others. I'll string along with Kelso.

FROM all accounts, Hurricane Esther did so little damage to the Big A that the Belmont-at-Aqueduct meeting will open on October 2nd, as planned.

—AUDAX MINOR

•

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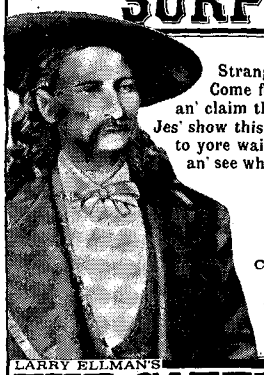

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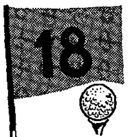

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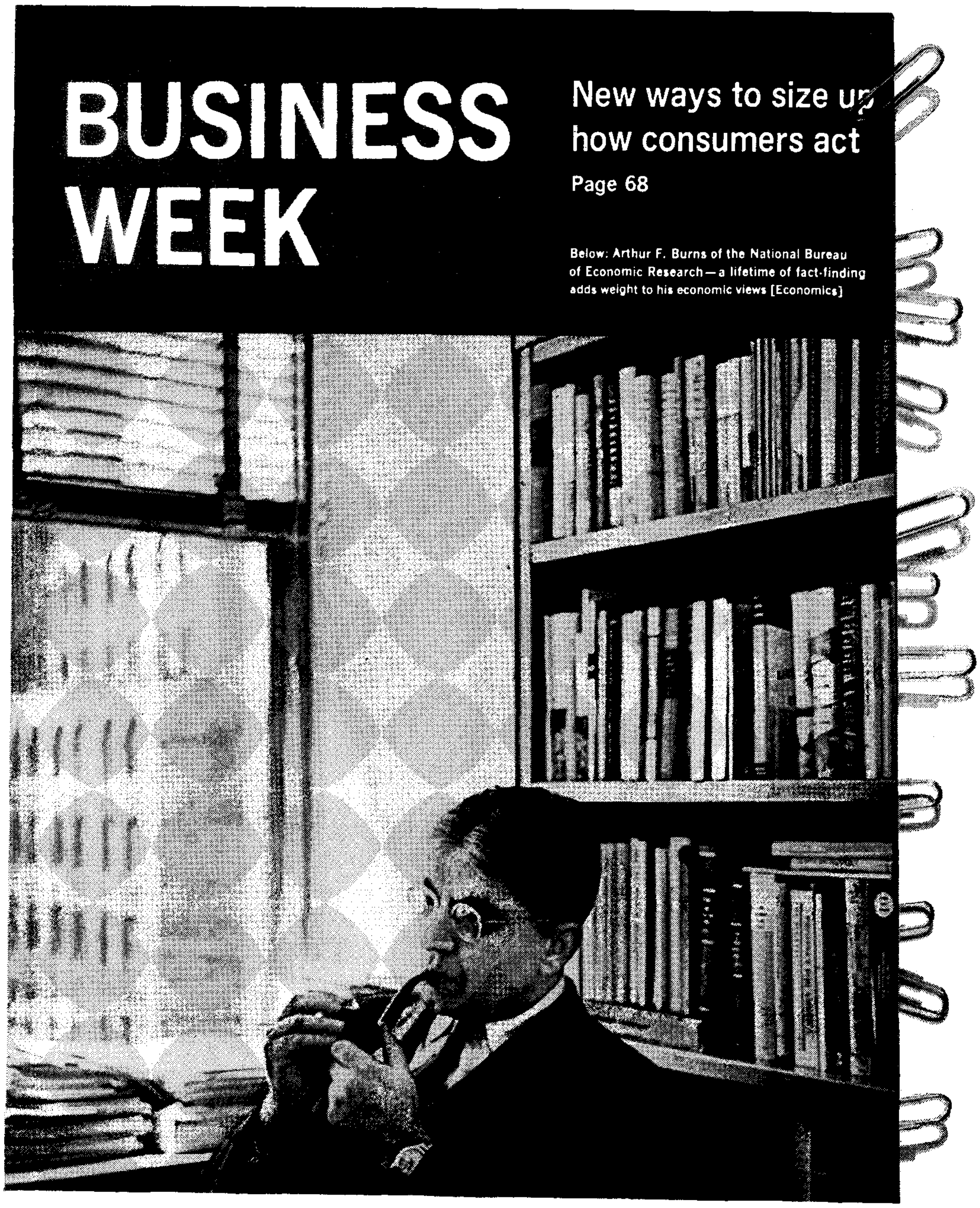

BUSINESS WEEK

New ways to size up how consumers act

Page 68

Below: Arthur F. Burns of the National Bureau of Economic Research—a lifetime of fact-finding adds weight to his economic views [Economics]

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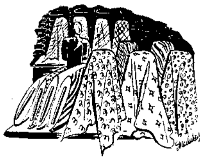
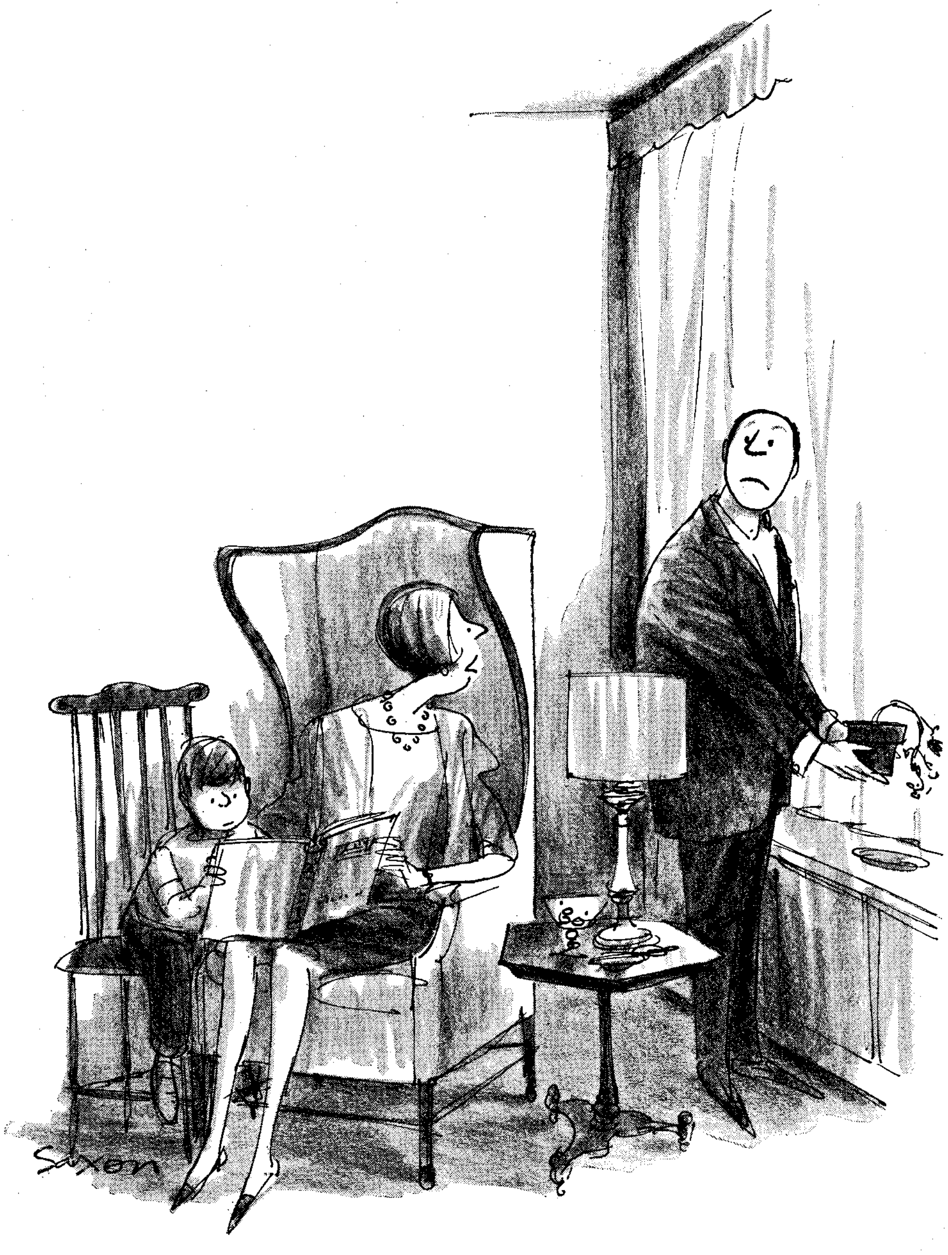
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

FEMININE FASHIONS



NOW that I've foraged all over town looking at what the fashion pages have taken to calling the "new, body-conscious" fit, all I can say is that if you have a small, high bust, an infinitesimal waist, and very long legs, you can afford to tie a loose sash around you just above the waistline (Norell) or place a savage leather belt well up on the diaphragm (Galanos and others), because Nature will reassert your true proportions somehow. But most women need help, and the ultrasimplicity that has prevailed for so long is often very trying. A good deal of help, I am glad to say, is at hand among the masters like Norell, Galanos, Trigère, and others, who, while clinging to the fundamentally sparse dress, manage to flatter the figure with fine seams and bias cuts. And that ace Ben Zuckerman is not alone in managing to give a concave look down the diaphragm to suits and coats that may be quite loose in back. Since most of these look like nothing on the hanger (and sound like less than that in words), you simply have to try them on to see what they do for you; all I can do is to speak up about the more obvious fantasies in the great American ready-to-wear places.

Right off the bat, however, I must point out that to balance these chic, practical, little-sparrow dresses there is a vast interest in lavish fur trimmings, with emphasis on hemlines. Also, there is a spate of brocades, bubbly black silks (matelassés), luxurious prints, and cut velvet to alleviate fundamentally straightforward lines. Where fur trimming is concerned, Ben Zuckerman is exuberant, putting an utterly simple basic black dress under a nine-tenth-length coat with a flat two-inch band collar of fur that goes on down one side for the closing and encircles the easy, circular hem. (Versions of this are everywhere; De Pinna has it in oyster-white matelassé with white mink, Bergdorf in various brocades banded with ranch mink, and so on and so on.) Mr. Z. has also turned out a black wool suit with a sharp, natural waistline (rare these days) and an eight-inch peplum of black beaver below (Lord & Taylor). And one of the nicest suits in town is his, too, cropping up at Bendel. It's in what he calls a "white marble" tweed (white with little dark veins through it), and it has a wide ring collar of black nutria; the same fur encircles the hips in a three-inch band below an indented waistline, the fluff making the skinny skirt and your own hips look even smaller. A fur that is widely admired in this brownish season is fisher, and it trims a Zuckerman costume of dirty-mustard wool by supplying it with a huge shawl collar that retreats below the waistline to make the facing of a three-quarter coat (De Pinna, Mimi Tuthill, and Bonwit Teller). But the fisher triumph I saw was by Trigère, at Bergdorf Goodman. A willowy wool dress has its hem edged with the fur, and the shorter coat that goes with it has a similar edge, creating a double effect when both are worn. Other efforts to take the play away from stark necklines and concentrate on short, twenties hemlines occur in dance dresses. Burke-Amey, at De Pinna, has made one in black crêpe with short sleeves and a mass of black silk roses emphasizing the circular flare of the short skirt, and Bob Bugnand, at Rosette Pennington, has done a sheer-wool number with a low string belt and faille ruching at the base. Edward Abbott, also at Rosette Pennington, contributes a V-necked black crêpe dress with a skirt that is *all* six tiers of blue ostrich. (Quite a show, quite a show!) In the daytime category, rows of stitching often achieve hem interest of a more subtle sort. Pattullo's winner in this line is of taupe fleece and has a longish cutaway tunic sort of jacket above a straight skirt with six rows



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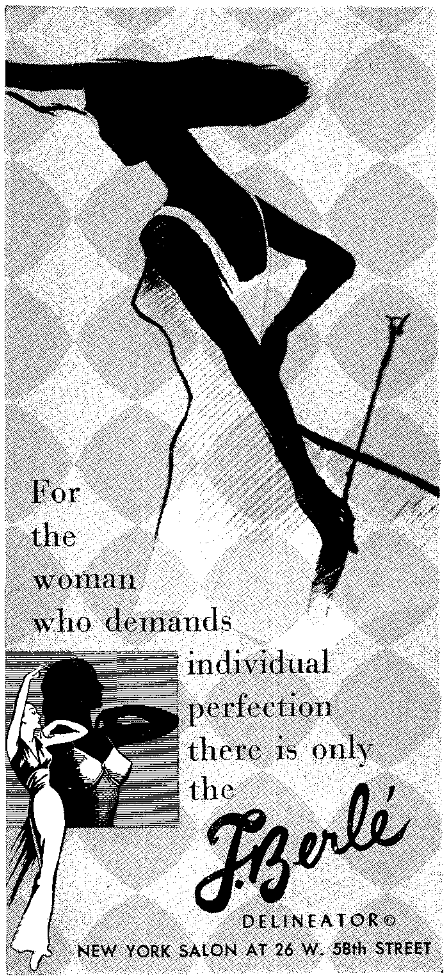
of stitching around each hem; there is a blouse of cream satin to go with it (Saks Fifth Avenue).

Where colors are concerned, you can be as reticent or as loud as you wish. Any number of browns—variously called taupe and cinnamon and burnt sugar—have their counterparts in any number of greens, my favorite being a murky Bergdorf specialty called "green tobacco," which is green with a brownish cast. There are muted desert oranges, along with a marvellous marmalade color that Trigère (Bonwit Teller) uses in a pyramid-shaped wool coat with a collar that stands away from the neckline. Beyond all this are flaming reds (Norell is on a military kick this season, and his bandmaster red is everywhere) and, in coats, some of the loudest steamer-rug plaids you've ever seen.

Speaking of coats, every possible line is available to you. If you are tall and like a real circular capelike sweep in back, Jay Thorpe is a good port of call. There's one by Werlé of California in a huge navy-and-dark-purple hound's-tooth check, with an enormous stole collar. Monte Sano & Pruzan's cape coat in a red plaid with an emphatic green crossbar is here, too, accompanied by a stole that can double as a hood. Originala (also at Jay Thorpe) takes the noisiest blanket plaid in captivity (red predominates) and makes another swashbuckling beauty from it. Lord & Taylor is democratic about line; it has both skinny and circular coats in profusion. In the latter field, mohair with two-and-a-half-inch stripes of brown and olive is the fabric; in the former, it's a diagonal tweed, with six double-breasted buttons giving a high-waisted look. (The striped item is by Monte Sano & Pruzan, the tweed item by Dior-New York.) If an honest-to-goodness cape is what you're after, Trigère is the ticket. Lord & Taylor has her double-faced wool cape (grass green on one side and gray on the other), with wide cartridge pleats around the shoulders and big folds coming forward to shelter the arms as they emerge from slits at the sides. Another Trigère cape is part of a costume, which starts with a dress of loopy gray wool that has jutting hip pockets; the cape, made of the same stuff, is full-length, open in front, and flaring at the sides and back.

A coat with skinny lines is more your dish? They turn up all over the place. Here Norell is magnificent, as always. Bendel is particularly enthusiastic about his military offerings, which include a navy coat with gold-braid edges and gold buttons, as well as a topcoat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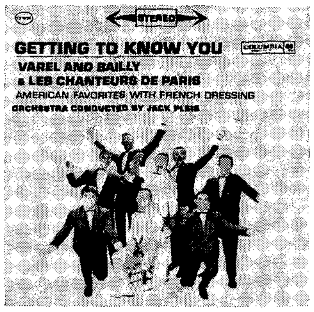
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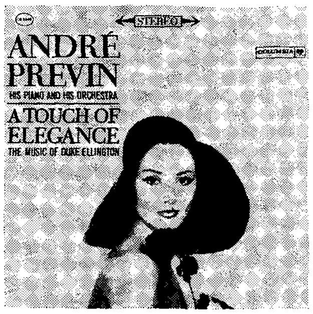
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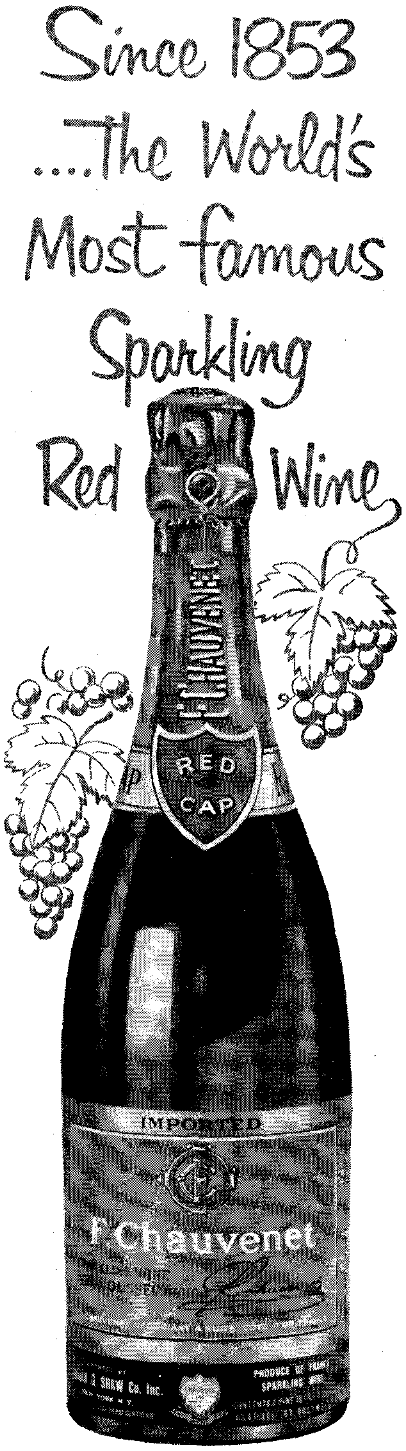

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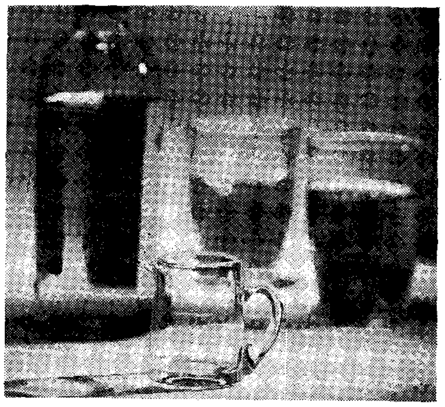
that somehow suggests the First World War—double-breasted, with small armholes, lifted shoulders, and a raised bustline. It's in a sort of olive drab, too. Bendel is also keen on his John Philip Sousa red jacket, which has three gold-braid strips across the front and is worn over one of the slinkiest black crêpe formal evening dresses around. Tassell, likewise beating the drum, contributes a military coat-dress, again in olive drab, and cut absolutely straight, with six buttons in double-breasted array, plus an inch-wide epaulet ending in a button at the tip of each shoulder.

But let us forge on to a few of the shops.

At Bendel, Scaasi does everything possible to make evenings sensational, with a short dinner dress of chiffon in a Paisley print (dark blue-green ground with oranges and browns sprawled on it) and a matching wool Paisley coat that has a huddled collar of fisher; the fur proceeds down the side closing and makes a six-inch border around the hem. Scaasi's, too, is a dance dress in a brushed, velvety sort of kitten's-ear silk printed with bright, bold anemones. In formal lengths, there's a knockout by Galanos in a black satin printed with dull-green squares and orange-and-brown roses in a trellis effect. This is narrow at the ankles, and front fullness is pulled upward under the bust to give it an Empire line. Norell likes his evening things either very narrow or very full indeed. Bendel has his very narrow red jersey dance dress, the tunic top tied high with a self sash and having short, very narrow pipestem sleeves, and also versions of his very full dance dresses, with gathered long skirts in luxury fabrics and tops that resemble all-beaded sweaters. (Bendel prefers them sleeveless; I agree with Bergdorf that the long-sleeved ones have more oomph.) What about fur-lined coats, you ask? Red or Kelly mohair by Raelson is entirely lined with civet cat. As for coat-dresses, there is a Galanos beauty in a pink-pearl brushed wool, bateau-necked and fly-fronted, the only decoration being a seam about a half inch from all the edges.

Bergdorf Goodman, for formal evenings, has a beautiful Dior-New York dress of a peacock-blue-and-gold brocade; its surplice back ends in a bow behind one hip, and a little mink-collared jacket goes with it. Beads are everywhere here—on a long-sleeved Ceil Chapman number that is all coppery, star-shaped paillettes, and on a Larry Aldrich number that testifies to



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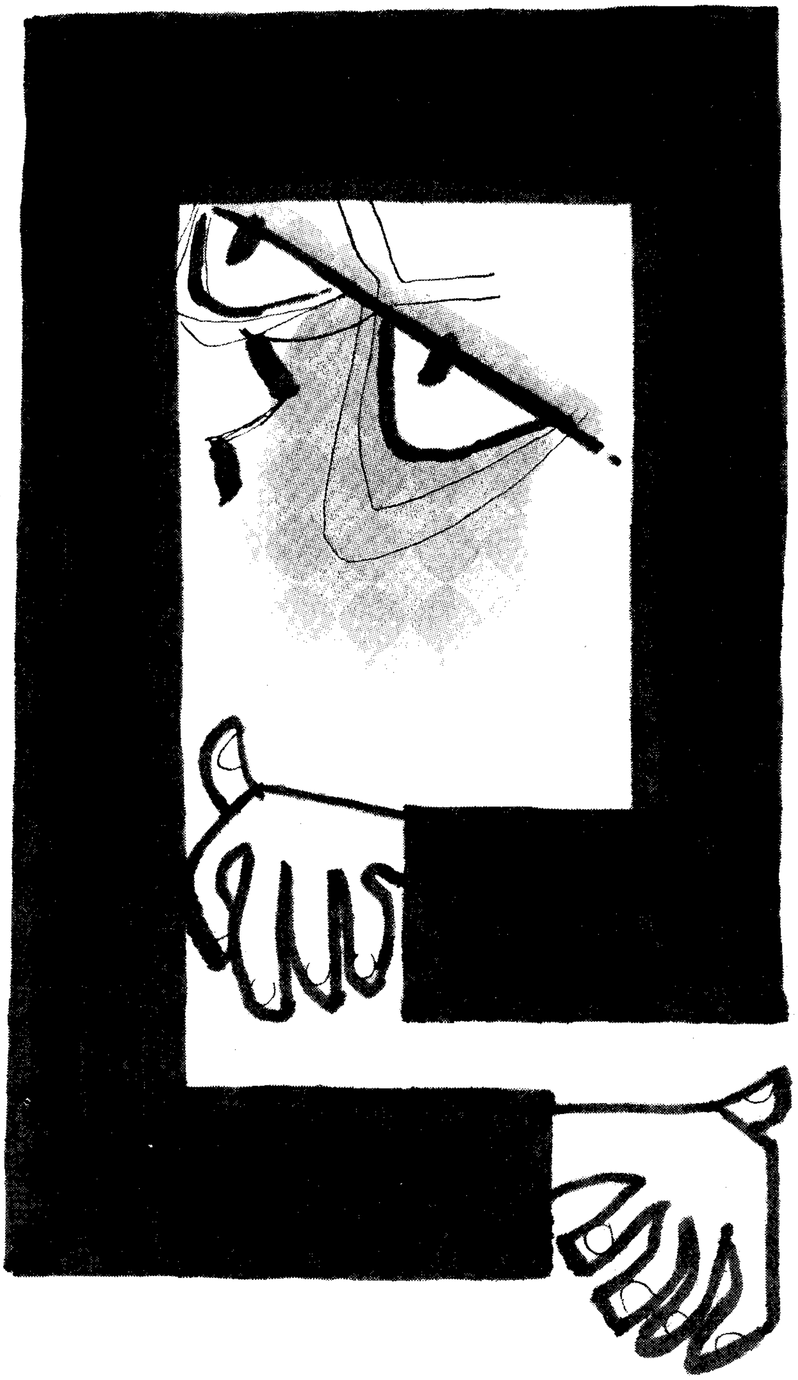

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his yen for black bugle beads on black crêpe. Deep bands of the beads are at the bottom of the sleek overblouse and outline the bateau neck and the sleeveless armholes. And here you will find Pauline Trigère's remarkable metal brocade, really bubbling on the surface, which is stitched up into a simple dress with an Empire look at the waist and a matching hooded coat. (Bergdorf ordered the dress short, but it also comes long or in Trigère's "intermission" length—some thirteen inches from the floor.) Among the women's sizes (some go up to 40), there are several beautiful costumes by Ruffolo and a slick evening dress by Sonia. The latter has gold sequins and small white beads massed to make a loose band across the narrow strapped top; black nylon velvet descends sinuously to the floor. A white-satin-lined black velvet stole goes with it.

Bonwit Teller teems with those little black dresses by Norell and Galanos. One Norell costume I particularly liked was of a black nubbly wool, the straight, short jacket having double-breasted buttons, and the skirt of the sleeveless dress bursting into any number of godets for a trumpet flare at the hem. For formal evenings, there's Irene's blue-and-pale-gold brocade, long and slinky, with an outward flare starting just above the knees at each side; this has a matching tunic coat. (Irene is to be found *only* at Bonwit Teller.) The suit department has many examples of the art of Jacques Tiffeau. One ingratiating little thing is of red wool with a slightly concave look under the high bust and a very high-waisted seam, like a yoke, in back; there's a self scarf that you can knot as you choose. A Tiffeau coat comes in a brown plaid with a big red overcheck; this has a drawstring look at the very high waist, but the back is loose and barrel-shaped. There's also a good selection of Davidow's versions of the Chanel suit, in the original fabrics, and the one I dearly loved was of a black-and-white pebbly tweed with tiny brass buttons and bindings of black and cocoa braid. The jacket is a collarless cardigan and the blouse is of copper silk.

Up Jay Thorpe way, they are mad about elaborate fabrics, with brocades of every description, tree-bark surfaces among the matelassés, and the like. One triumph is a three-piece Adele Simpson costume of black matelassé—a slightly flared skirt, an overblouse with shoulder straps, and a two-button, slightly fitted jacket. The round-hipped look is favored here, as in Rudolph's

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dark-green peau-de-soie dress with matching braid-and-ribbon embroidery decorating the hem and making a wide band at the hips; Rosina Angela takes a sapphire brocade with a moiré look and pulls it up to a bow high at the center of the waist, whence flanges descend to round out the hips. Oh, they've got a million of them, including some prints for winter daytimes. One of the best of these (here and elsewhere) is Trigère's lightweight angora wool, all blurred browns and greens and flashes of orchid, with a tiny suède belt tied at the normal waistline. And anybody's season would get a lift from Trigère's black peau de soie for dinner and dancing. A string belt goes around the molded body, and a big circular flounce starts a bit above each knee to give puffy side fullness at the base. Speaking of flounces, Werlé of California has one, in a black brocade, that is pure fandango; a full, circular tunic goes down almost to the knee on one side and up to the hip on the other. This is demure at the top, with a bateau neck and elbow sleeves. And speaking of suits again, you may have gathered that jackets can be just about any length, including the so-called walking length (mid-thigh), which is presented here by Stanley Nelson of California in a suit of camel's hair. The jacket hangs loose and has stitched bands around the hips, the skirt is straight, and the cashmere sweater is dyed to match.

Lord & Taylor knows all about our overheated cabs and hotel lobbies, so it's come up with some Marquise suits that don't need coats over them. One is in a really heavy tweed (mixed gray and orange and yellow) and has a big box jacket with low flap pockets. Others are called turncoats—the jackets are reversible is why. In one, pebbly black wool and fitch combine to make a longish jacket worn over a straight skirt and a sleeveless overblouse of the wool; black Alaskine silk-and-wool with mink (the furs are worked horizontal-

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ly) makes another. Both jackets are below-hip length. And if you haven't heard enough about fur trimmings, hark to a couple of entries in the coat department. One, by Tilly Heitner, is strictly from the twenties, with a beaver collar flaring high around the neck, a beaver border a good fifteen inches deep, and beaver cuffs extending from just above the wrists to just below the elbows. Ben Zuckerman's black semifitted wool coat that has a black mink hem, four skins deep, is the other. In the dress department, I was dazzled by a Galanos full-length evening sheath of Shocking-pink spongy wool that has all manner of diagonal pinches ascending to a round, collarless neck. With it goes something that resembles a toga—an open, dropped sleeve on one side and a big tie on the opposite shoulder. There are also examples of Ben Reig's fondness for beaded cardigans over trailing formal dresses; one consists of a sort of leopard print of beading over a black chiffon swirler with a wrapped, strapless top.

I NEVER seem to get tired of those lavish fur trimmings, and De Pinna doesn't, either—Zuckerman's tan herringbone-tweed suit with tan fox cuffs and shawl collar, for instance. Among the coats is Tilly Heitner's, in greige fleece, with a shawl collar of Norwegian blue fox and a border at the hem that is two skins deep. A Monte Sano & Pruzan coat leaves fur strictly alone, being all four-inch squares in white and French-mustard color; this is collarless, and its shape is dolman. Seems to me I was talking about winter prints a bit back. Well, De Pinna has Rentner's muted baby-leopard print in an angora sort of sheer wool; cap sleeves and a belt at the normal waistline are the story. As we get dressier, we encounter Zuckerman's little-boy suit of red velveteen piped with lighter-colored grosgrain and bearing ruby buttons (it also comes in beige with topaz buttons), and a couple of theatre suits that show a penchant for barrel skirts. One is by Dior-New York in a tree-bark wool-and-mohair mixture, and it appears as a double-breasted jacket plus a skirt that has a half-inch band of black grosgrain at the hem and another a bit above. The other theatre suit is by Monte Sano & Pruzan—a black sculptured silk with a molded short jacket and the skirt belling out below a trim hip yoke. Then there is a Trigère with a full skirt of brown ribbon-lace chrysanthemums on a black ground, a snug top of sheer black wool, and a vast triangular stole of brown net with black mums swaggering

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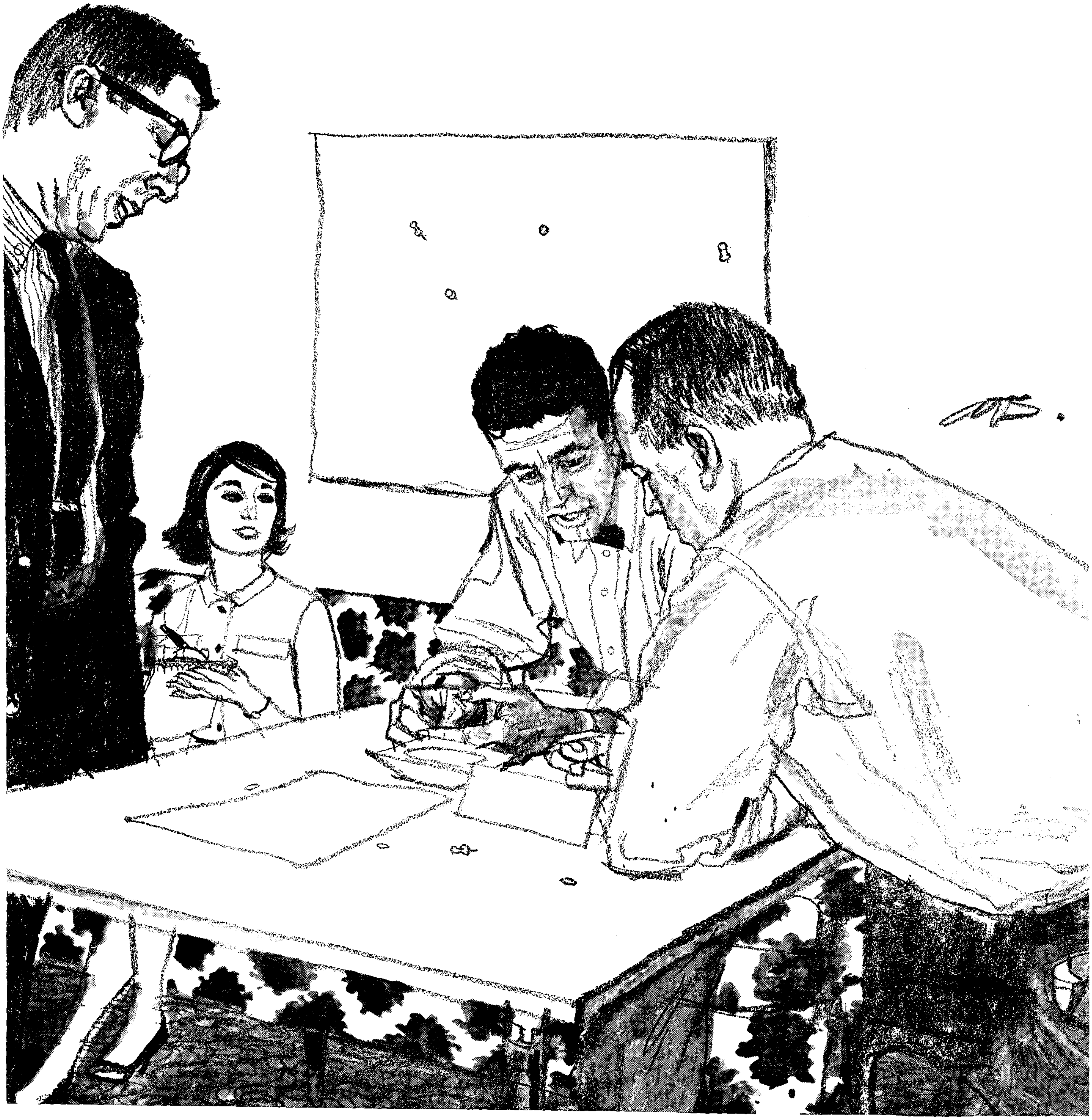

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*Starch 1961 Consumer Magazine Report: 4,282,000 primary young married (ages 18-34) readers.

over it. Finally, a Mollie Parnis: olive-green silk with a diamond-shaped pattern in rusty brown and silver, made into a sleeveless, bateau-necked overblouse and a skirt with two fins jutting forward at either side of the front.

FOR afternoons, Saks Fifth Avenue offers Pattullo's molded sheath of black or raspberry broadcloth, with a mink collar that emerges over the collarless jacket. For later in the evening: a Sophie dress that has a black cashmere top dotted with openwork circles (spider-web embroidery fills them in a bit); the black marquisette skirt is gathered but narrowish. Also Sophie's is a tobacco or bright-blue peau-de-soie dance dress with black lace veiling the back, covering the short sleeves, and cutting in at the sides to make your waist more curvy. This can be all black, too. For the full-blown evening hours, Gothé contributes sheer deb stuff in white peau de soie with branchlike crystal embroidery; this is princesse through the waist and then goes in unpressed pleats to the floor. And there are beautiful full-length chiffons, again by Sophie, among them one in tomato red, strapless and wrapped around the upper body, with an occasional up-and-down velvet interlacing. As an answer to the Chanel "little theatre suit," Ben Zuckerman produces a sort of lamé in green and gold, with a collarless little-boy jacket that curves out at the base, and a green chiffon overblouse.

AND now for a couple of smaller shops that manage to have a wide range of selections despite their apparent lack of space. One is Rosette Pennington. (I believe you may have heard me mention the name before.) I haven't seen the shop's Burke-Amey knits elsewhere (they involve a heavy, tailorable jersey), and a fine example is a Chanel-type mauve cardigan bound with brown grosgrain and navy ball fringe. This jacket has long bell sleeves, and the short-sleeved dress below has a brown grosgrain tie emerging from a fold around the waist to knot at the side front. Another of the knits is shown in black, combining a collarless jacket fastened with a big frog at the low waistline and a sleeveless dress with a soft, straight skirt. Bob Bugnand's new made-in-America ready-to-wear venture produces a first-rate dress in a hairy dull-green tweed; a straight-backed skirt has a big, soft panel in front, and a wide leather belt emerges front and back. (The top blouses over it at the sides.) From Dior-New York comes a black tweed cast as a two-piece dress—a topper and a skirt with a good, easy, firm flare, emphasized by grosgrain detail. And there are two fine numbers here from the Arkins, those champions of economy. Leonard A. has a short-sleeved dress and waist-length jacket of a muted red-and-black tweed ($70), while Andrew A. has a meshy blue tweed dress with short sleeves, blue satin piping, and little string bows at the back of the neck and at the waist ($55).

Mimi Tuthill is another favorite shop of mine, and here you can find goodies like a Branell suit of an olive pebbly wool with—as a change from fur—clipped self fringe encircling the round neck and cuffs. The jacket is a three-button cutaway, the skirt is straight, and there is a bloused top of matching wool jersey. You'll also see Zuckerman's simple dress in a bright-blue loopy wool, which has a leather belt and also has a bright-red velveteen bolero—edged with the wool and sporting a string tie at the neck—over it. Mrs. Tuthill also houses one of the damnedest black crêpe dresses (by Dior-New York) you'll ever see. It has a bateau neck and a slanting bloused top that goes way down below the left hip and upward toward the right hip; the narrow skirt is a wraparound. For formal evenings, Pattullo uses gold-shot pink lamé to make a dress with a pink bow just below the bust, a fitted midriff, and a gathered skirt. And there are beautiful brocades, such as a heavy silk, from Sarmi, with purple and green and sapphire patterns; this appears in a short dress with a matching coat. From Scaasi, there is a brocade in a tulip design making a high-strapped, skimpy dress and the longish tunic jacket over it.

AND, after all this, you should see the clothes I've left out!

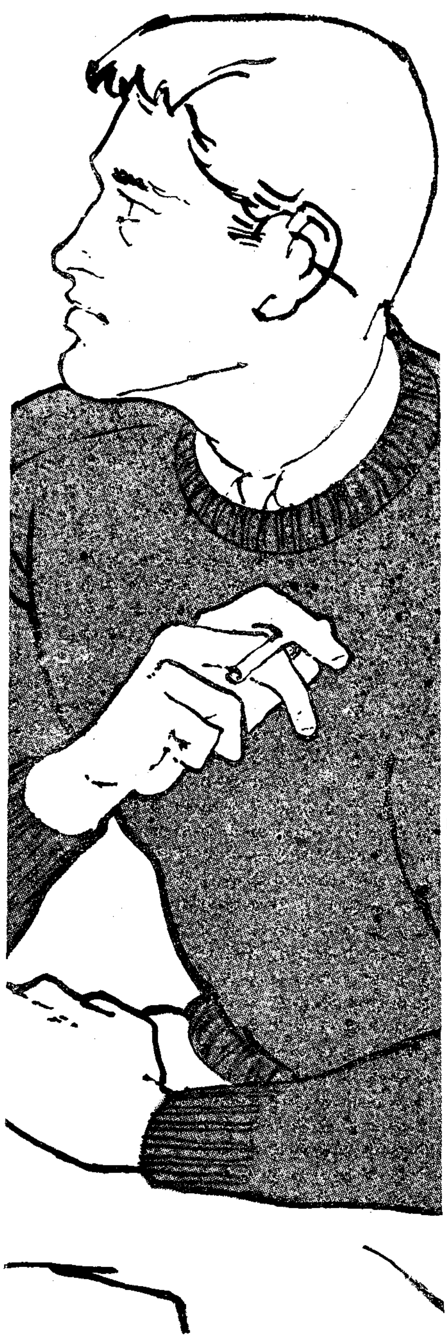
—LOIS LONG

• •

PASSAGE

It is their twittering that shimmers; it is their droning
That steadily hones the stillness. They remain hidden.
Invisibly, summer is passing. A flight not noticed
Unless by these noises, that will be matched, at night,
By the brilliance, the sustained distance, of constellations.

—BABETTE DEUTSCH



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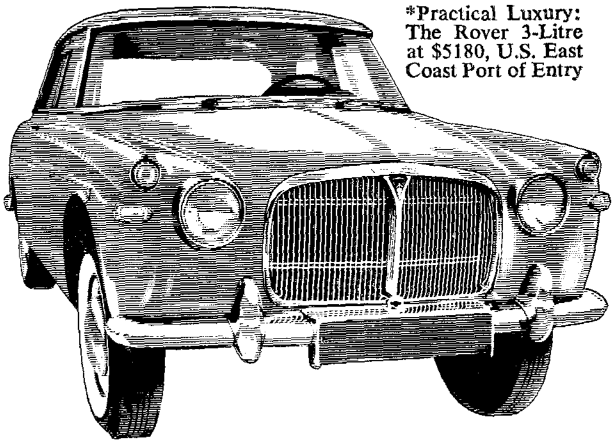

*Practical Luxury:
The Rover 3-Litre
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The Ideal Automobile?

Mr. Ken Purdy, author, and ranking authority on high performance motor cars, makes this observation:

"Automobiles can be built to satisfy many purposes. They can be made superlatively fast, to offer speeds in the range 120 to 160 miles an hour. Such cars will be very exciting and their engines will be fussy, delicate, and expensive to maintain. They can be made to be superlatively luxurious, in which case their prices will start at $10,000. They can be built to be artificially stylish, in which case they will be hopelessly out-of-date eighteen months later. They can be built to offer rock-bottom economy and they will be uncomfortable and limited in utility.

"The ideal automobile would combine these factors to produce a fast, luxurious, conservatively styled car offering cheap maintenance and low fuel consumption. Of the very many automobile manufacturers who have attempted this synthesis, Rover has probably succeeded best."

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There are two Rover sedans. The Rover "100" and the Rover 3-Litre.

The Rover 3-Litre was awarded the gold medal for best coachwork in its class at London's Earls Court Automobile Show in 1959. It is available with fully automatic transmission and power steering.*

The Rover "100" is the latest version of the classic P-4 series, first introduced in 1948, and embodies thirteen years of continuous refinement. It is available with four-speed manual shift and Laycock de Normanville overdrive.† Both Rovers are powered by a seven main bearing crankshaft, six-cylinder engine of exclusive design, and are equipped with front wheel disc brakes.

Since the introduction of the first Rover car in 1904, many prominent British families have owned no other make. The reasons for this loyalty are perhaps not superficially apparent; only by driving a Rover can one begin to appreciate the Rover's remarkable silence, smoothness and comfort, and the general feeling of well-being that this car traditionally imparts. To acquaint you with the many satisfactions of Rover ownership, your Rover dealer or Rover branch office will be happy to make arrangements for a Rover car to be placed at your disposal for a suitable trial period. European delivery may be arranged through your Rover dealer or through the offices of the company.

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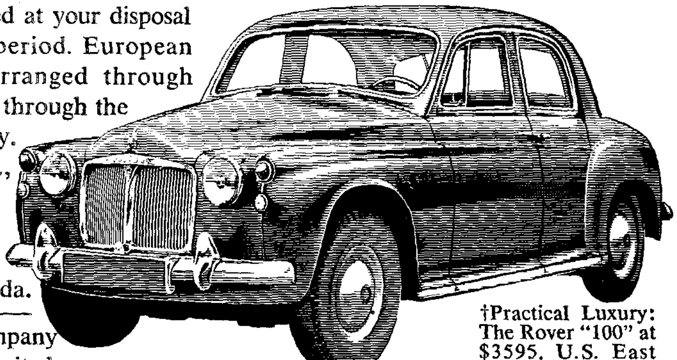

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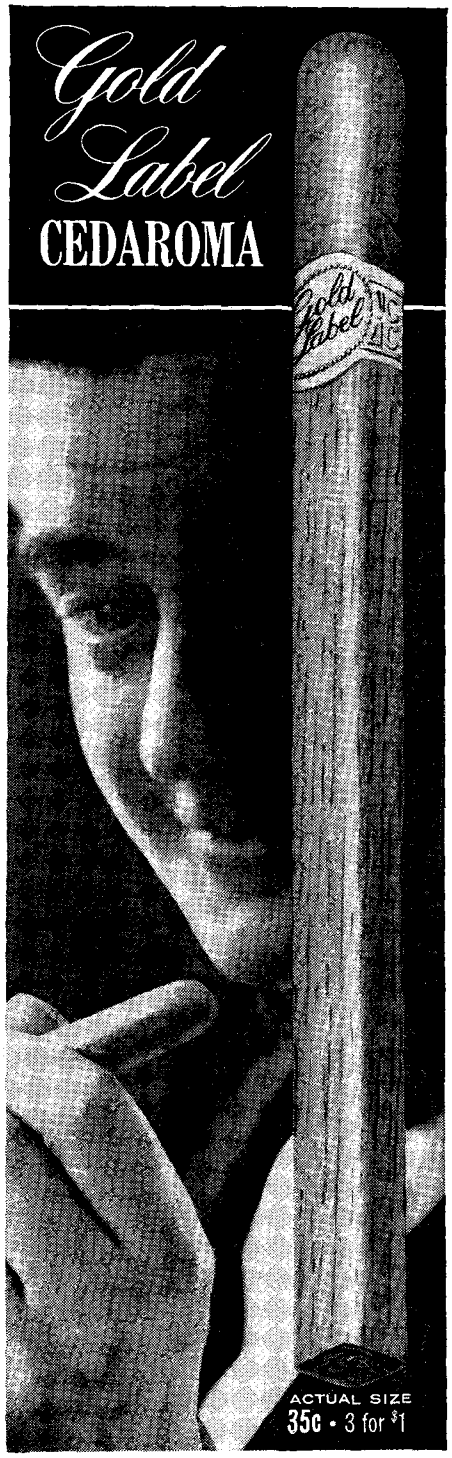

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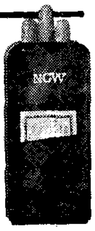

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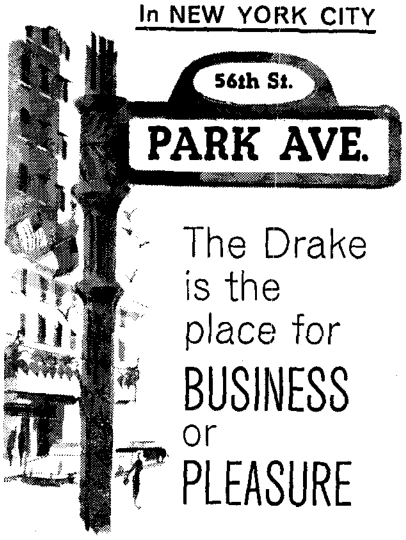
THE CURRENT CINEMA

East and West

WATCHING "The Hustler" put me in mind of Cyril Connolly's celebrated remark that imprisoned in every fat man is a thin one wildly signalling to be let out, for what keeps calling attention to itself in "The Hustler" is the marvellous picture it might have been if only it hadn't got so big and diffuse. To be overambitious can be as much a form of self-indulgence as to lack ambition altogether, and it looks as if Robert Rossen, who produced and directed the picture and shared with Sidney Carroll the crucial task of devising the screenplay, tried to embrace too much, reaching for a magnum opus where an opus of ordinary size would have done nicely; in any event, so many unnecessary complications have been piled onto an essentially modest story that it ends by collapsing of its own weight. More's the pity, because the story that has been lost is as sound as it is modest, its subject being a test of prowess between a strong young man and a man at the moment of passing his prime, who makes up in experience what he has begun to lose in strength. This struggle, which only one of the combatants can win but which neither can afford to lose, may well be among the earliest dramas in existence—what is it, after all, but the attempted dethronement of the aging King of the Wood?—and is just as thrilling today as Frazer indicates it was a couple of thousand years ago. That being the case, there was no very pressing need to tamper with it, and Mr. Rossen and Mr. Carroll have been particularly ill advised to add, by way of providing what I guess has to be called love interest, the soppiest girl in the world.

The contest in "The Hustler" takes place not by Lake Nemi but in a New York poolroom, and the contestants are a pair of fantastically skillful pool sharks, or hustlers, played by Paul Newman and Jackie Gleason. As long as these two are shooting pool, the picture has something like the pre-verbal, truly hair-raising power of a prizefight, cockfight, or other ancient agon, but whenever the restless camera abandons the brilliantly lighted tables and dirty shadows of the

In NEW YORK CITY



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poolroom for the Village apartment of the soppy girl, played by Piper Laurie, the picture goes slack and we find ourselves irritably urging Miss Laurie to get her anguish over with. Our irritation is heightened by the fact that Paul Newman and Jackie Gleason have both been given superb roles and play them superbly (Mr. Gleason is an exception to Mr. Connolly's epigram: in him as a fat man one seems to glimpse still another fat man, signalling mildly to be let alone), while poor Miss Laurie must do her best with a role that is as thankless as they come; that is to say, she plays a crippled alcoholic approaching thirty, apparently without friends and supported by a father she never sees, who sleeps in a lumpy bed with a batik spread and devotes her time between bouts of drinking to the composition of unsalable short stories.

Despite its faults, "The Hustler" is well worth seeing. Among the many good things it contains are performances by George C. Scott as a tough gangster-gambler, by Myron McCormick as the shabby, aging manager of the up-and-coming young pool shark, and by Murray Hamilton as a wealthy Southern aristocrat who takes pleasure in an occasional risky romp with the underworld. Also to be praised are the dialogue, which falters only at the last moment, and the photography, which is wonderfully harsh and foreboding.

"A THUNDER OF DRUMS" is an exemplary Western, filmed in CinemaScope and Metrocolor. The Arizona desert was never broader, the U.S. Cavalry never gamer. The screenplay was written by James Warner Bellah, an old hand at this sort of thing, and he has seen to it that the air is always agreeably full of bullets, arrows, groans, exhortations, and the dust of horses galloping, men slugging each other on account of some woman, and Indian varmints pitching headlong to their deaths. I can't resist mentioning that the Indians in "A Thunder of Drums" look a lot better fed than the Indians in movies used to look when I was a boy, but great pains have been taken to make everything in this picture absolutely authentic, and I suspect that the Indians shown here are the real thing, while *my* Indians were probably half-starved white extras, called in off the street and stained with old coffee grounds. The star of the picture is Richard Boone, who plays a hard-bitten cavalry captain with such conviction that he manages to carry along a whole bevy of unconvincing child actors of voting age, in-

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cluding George Hamilton and Luana Patten. Arthur O'Connell plays himself, lightly disguised as Sergeant Rodermill, and a man bearing the name of Slim Pickens has an appropriately small role.

SAD to say, an English picture called "The Risk" never quite gets going. Its subject is a C. P. Snowy one—a team of scientists has discovered a method of stamping out typhus and bubonic plague, but the method is dangerous, and could be used to spread the diseases instead of curing them. Her Majesty's Government refuses to let the team publish its findings, lest England's enemies someday make use of them in bacterial warfare against England. The moral question involved is whether the team should defy the government in order that hundreds of thousands of lives may be saved immediately throughout the world though hundreds of thousands of English lives may eventually be lost as a result. The question is well enough posed, but the tricky and not very substantial plot with which it is fleshed out attempts to be both comic and exciting and is often neither. The actors do not appear to have felt inspired, and the only girl in the picture is obliged to look as clinical and unpretty as possible. I found her concealment of sex appeal genuinely shocking. —BRENDAN GILL

•

THE WORD

The word as a unit occupies a paradoxical position in contemporary linguistic science. Such a unit, roughly coinciding in usage with its employment in everyday language and in the discourse of sciences other than linguistics, occurs almost universally in the actual practice of descriptive linguists as the dividing line between the two levels of morphological (infra-word) and syntactic (supra-word) constructions. Yet no generally accepted and satisfactory definition exists, and some linguists deny any validity to the word as a unit, relegating it to folk linguistics.—*From "Essays in Linguistics," by Joseph H. Greenberg.*

They're in a pet, that's why.

•

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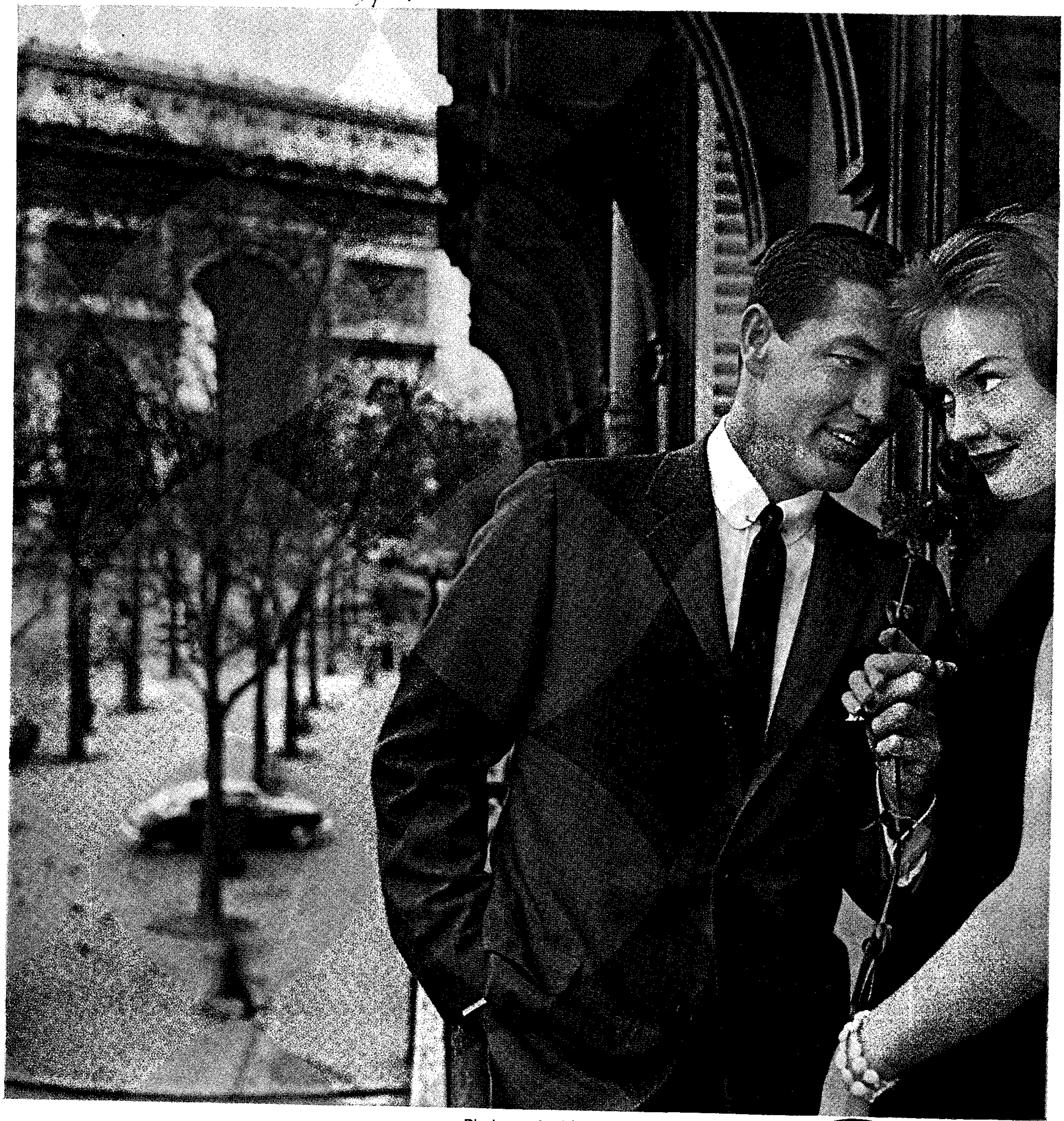

Photographed in Paris on a Holiday Abroad via Sabena Intercontinental Jet

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DEPARTMENT OF AMPLIFICATION

NEW YORK CITY,
SEPTEMBER 18, 1961

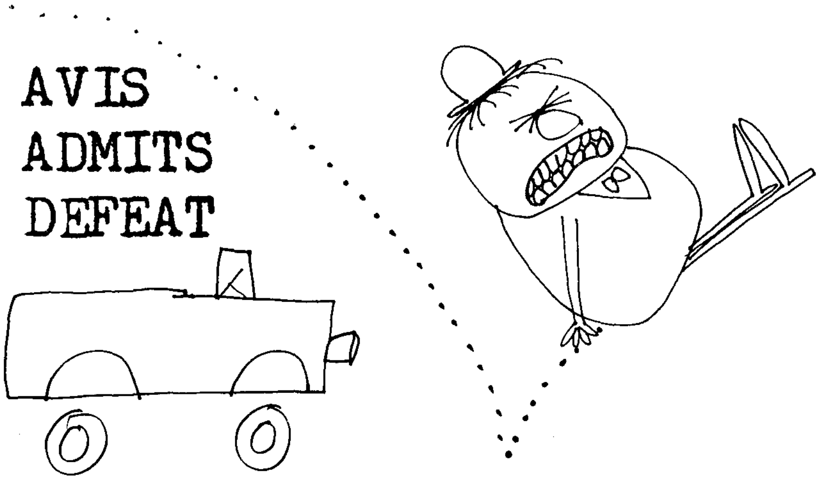
The Editors, *The New Yorker*,
DEAR SIRS:

IN Susan M. Black's recent piece about superlative sights likely to lure tourists to this country (world's only three-ring sea circus, world's longest escalator, world's first plastic church, world's tallest totem pole, and so on—"What to See in America," September 9th), the author made things out to be a good deal simpler than they are. When it comes to superlatives, especially those used in travel literature, it turns out that there are superlatives and superlatives—that, in fact, some are more superlative than others, and that as many as eight or ten wonders can each be hailed as the most superlative superlative of all.

Take, for example, bridges. Among the superlatively long ones in the United States are the world's longest single suspension span (Golden Gate Bridge, California), the world's longest suspension span between two anchorages (Straits of Mackinac Bridge, Michigan), the world's longest hingeless-arch span (Rainbow Bridge, New York), the world's longest steel-arch span (Bayonne Bridge, New Jersey-New York), the world's longest steel bridge (San Francisco-Oakland Bay Bridge, California), the world's longest continuous steel bridge (Richmond-San Rafael Bridge, California), the world's longest steel bridge over salt water (Chesapeake Bay Bridge, Maryland), the world's longest floating concrete bridge (Lake Washington Bridge, Seattle, Washington), and, under construction, the world's longest over-water crossing (Chesapeake Bay Bridge Tunnel, Virginia).

Confusing? Yes, but by no means exceptional, and in the course of planning and making several trips around the country I have run into so many similar confusions that I have undertaken to organize them into categories.

One category is ambiguous superlatives. Last winter, when I was preparing to travel to the Deep South, I sent for some brochures. They contained the information that at Georgetown, South Carolina, is "the largest paper mill of its kind" (what kind?); that near Atlanta, Georgia, is "the largest State Farmers' Market of its kind in the world" (what kind?); and that at Pensacola, Florida,



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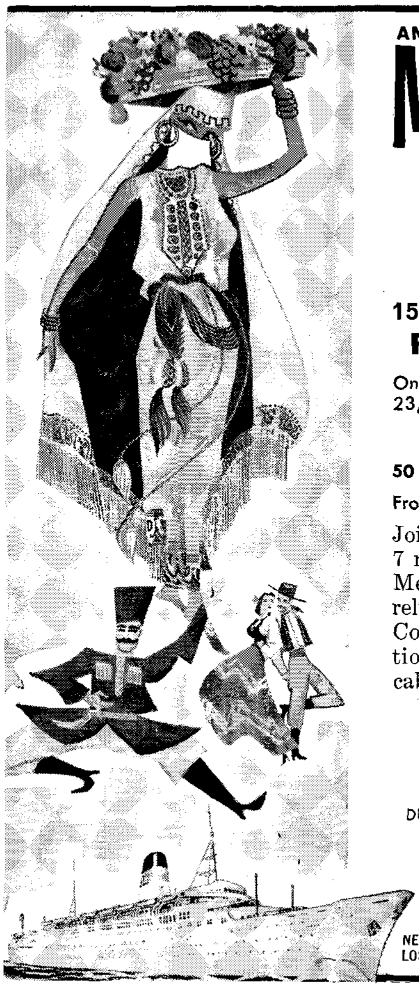

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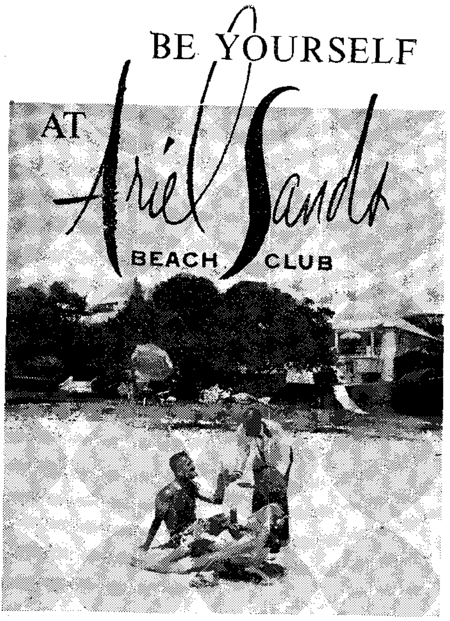
is "the world's largest nylon plant, the *only integrated* plant of its kind in the United States" (what kind, and what is integrated—the nylon, the employees?).

Qualified superlatives come next. I don't know what sort of publicity handouts fell into Miss Black's possession that she found so many of the world's unqualified-superlative wonders, because the travel literature I get never mentions the world's tallest totem pole or the world's longest escalator but always calls my attention to the world's longest *indoor* escalator or the world's tallest totem pole *constructed by Lithuanians*. Thus, I know that "the world's largest single storage space on one level" is in Atchison, Kansas; that "the first college library in America housed in a separate building" is at the University of South Carolina; and that "the world's only statue of George Washington made from life and approved by him" is in Richmond, Virginia. These qualified superlatives are provocative, and I cannot help but wonder where we may hope to find the world's largest multi-level single storage space, America's first college library housed in a semi-attached building, and a statue of George Washington made from life on which he cast his disapproval. Miss Black should understand my curiosity, having, no doubt, wondered where she could find the world's second plastic church.

EVEN more disconcerting than the qualified superlatives are the modified superlatives. How often have I travelled miles only to see not the world's longest escalator or the world's tallest totem pole but *one* of the world's tallest totem poles or the escalator that was *probably* the world's longest! And yet I have always found something appealing in this honesty, and perhaps that is why I have vowed, on my next journey to the Far West, to take in New Mexico's Gila Cliff Dwellings, "one of the least accessible national monuments in the United States," and Winchester House, California, "probably the world's largest, most complicated, and exclusively private residence finally opened to the public." Although my next scheduled trip will be to Magee, Mississippi, because it can boast of having "a direct factory branch of the world's largest manufacturer of automatic poultry equipment," I may make a detour and go to Mississippi by way of Kansas. Who wouldn't go out of his way to Sabetha, Kansas, to see "one of the world's largest direct farm-to-market



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coöperative creameries, which each year names a Butter Queen," or to Pittsburg, Kansas, which proudly claims "the nation's largest plant devoted largely to the production of coal preparation equipment"?

Yours,
KITTY C. MARGULIES

ALBUQUERQUE, N. MEX.,
SEPTEMBER 20, 1961

To the Editors, *The New Yorker*,
DEAR SIRS:

FROM her catalogue of superlatives that she hopes will lure foreign travellers to the United States, Susan M. Black has unaccountably omitted the fact that New Mexico receives more requests than any other state for foreign-travel information from people who are under the impression that New Mexico is not in the United States.

Yours truly,
L. C. MOON

•

THE CREATIVE LIFE IN THE DEAR, DEAD DAYS

[*From an article called "How I Made Belasco Produce My Play," by Edward Locke, in McClure's Magazine, May, 1912*]

If I were asked offhand to say what justifies the success of the Belasco productions, I should say, Mr. Belasco's skill in theatrical surgery. He dissects a manuscript word for word, speech for speech, until its anatomy is in perfect theatrical proportion.

There are surgeons who operate, but do not heal. Belasco is a dramatic healer.

From ten in the morning frequently till three the next morning, we went through the play with miscroscopic care. Often we spent hours on a few lines, on a single speech.

For instance, at a critical stage of the development of the story I had written these lines:

DR. EMERSON: How did she die?

BALSAMO: Her kid, and a careless doctor.

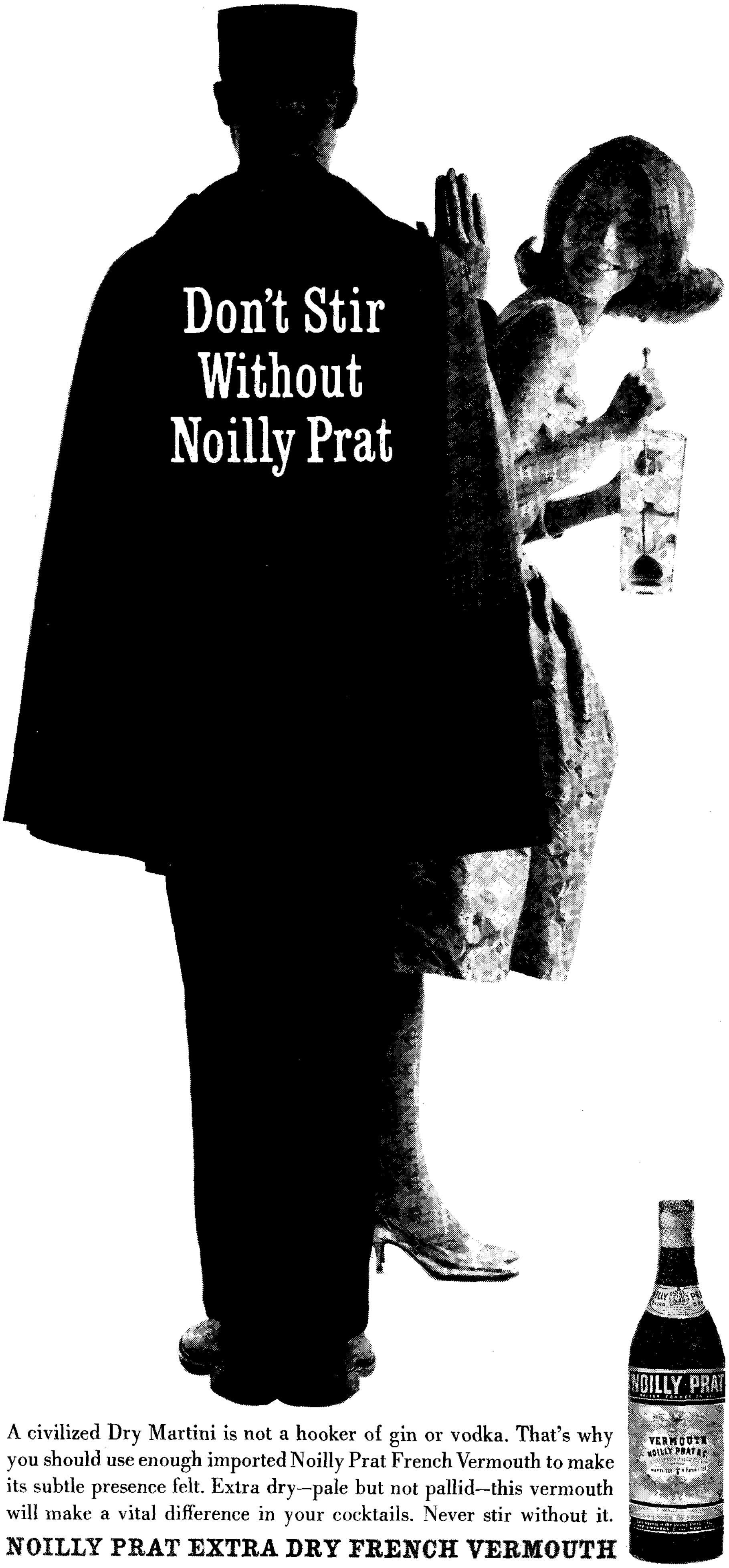
"Mr. Locke," said Mr. Belasco, "no doubt those are just the words a man of Balsamo's crude, rough nature would have used, but—well, it is not a nice thing for women to hear. It would be a shock, possibly, to some of them. Now, let's see if we can't tell them this fact in the story in some other way."

For the whole day we worked on those lines, writing, rewriting, turning the thought over in all phases of expression. Eventually we agreed upon this transcription of those lines:

DR. EMERSON: How did she die?

BALSAMO: Just faded away, after the baby was born.

What Mr. Belasco accomplished in this change of words revealed his penetrating understanding of human psychology, and it established in my mind his sense of responsibility to his audiences.



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ABOUT THE CHILDREN

"AND does Philip believe in the lollipop tree?" Murray Clark asked.

"He does and he doesn't," Renée Dickinson said, scanning the menu to see what there was for dessert. "At that age, it's hard to tell what they believe in. I'll just have coffee."

Her husband had roomed with Murray both in prep school and in college, and she often remarked that Murray would have made a perfect husband and father. His not having married was such a *waste*. Secretly, in his heart, he agreed with her, and it was the basis of their friendship. The Dickinsons lived in a big house on a hill overlooking the whole of Boston, and had four children. Ricky, the eldest, was Murray's godson. He was ten years old, according to the back page of Murray's address book. Then there was Mary-pye, who must be eight now, and Philip, and the baby. Philip was five or six, and frail, and wore glasses, and had a stormy disposition. He was also fairly irresistible. But then they were all charming, handsome, well-behaved—so far as Murray Clark had had occasion to observe them—children. Freddie, the baby, was, if Murray remembered correctly, *two or maybe two and a half*. Anyway, he was walking and talking.

"I don't think he thought it was true that if he planted a stick in the ground lollipops would grow on it," Renée continued. "On the other hand, he probably figured that someone just might come along and make it true. And Mary-pye's club did, while he was having his nap. When he came downstairs there it was."

"And was he pleased?"

"Oh, very. After that he went around planting sticks everywhere."

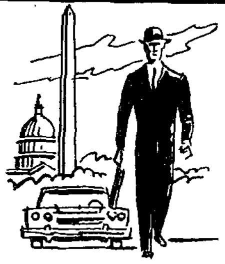
The waiter appeared, and the conversation was suspended while he took their order. "And Ricky?" Murray asked, when the waiter had collected the menus and departed.

"Oh, he's wonderful. He has a fine character. It shows in everything he does. He's such a pleasure to me. I get such pleasure just from watching him. . . . On the train coming down, I made a solemn vow not to bore you with talking about my children."

"You know I enjoy hearing about them," Murray said.

"I know you're very polite," she said. "But there are limits. And I don't want to take advantage of your being a bachelor." She looked around the restaurant and then opened her purse and brought

WASHINGTON, D. C.



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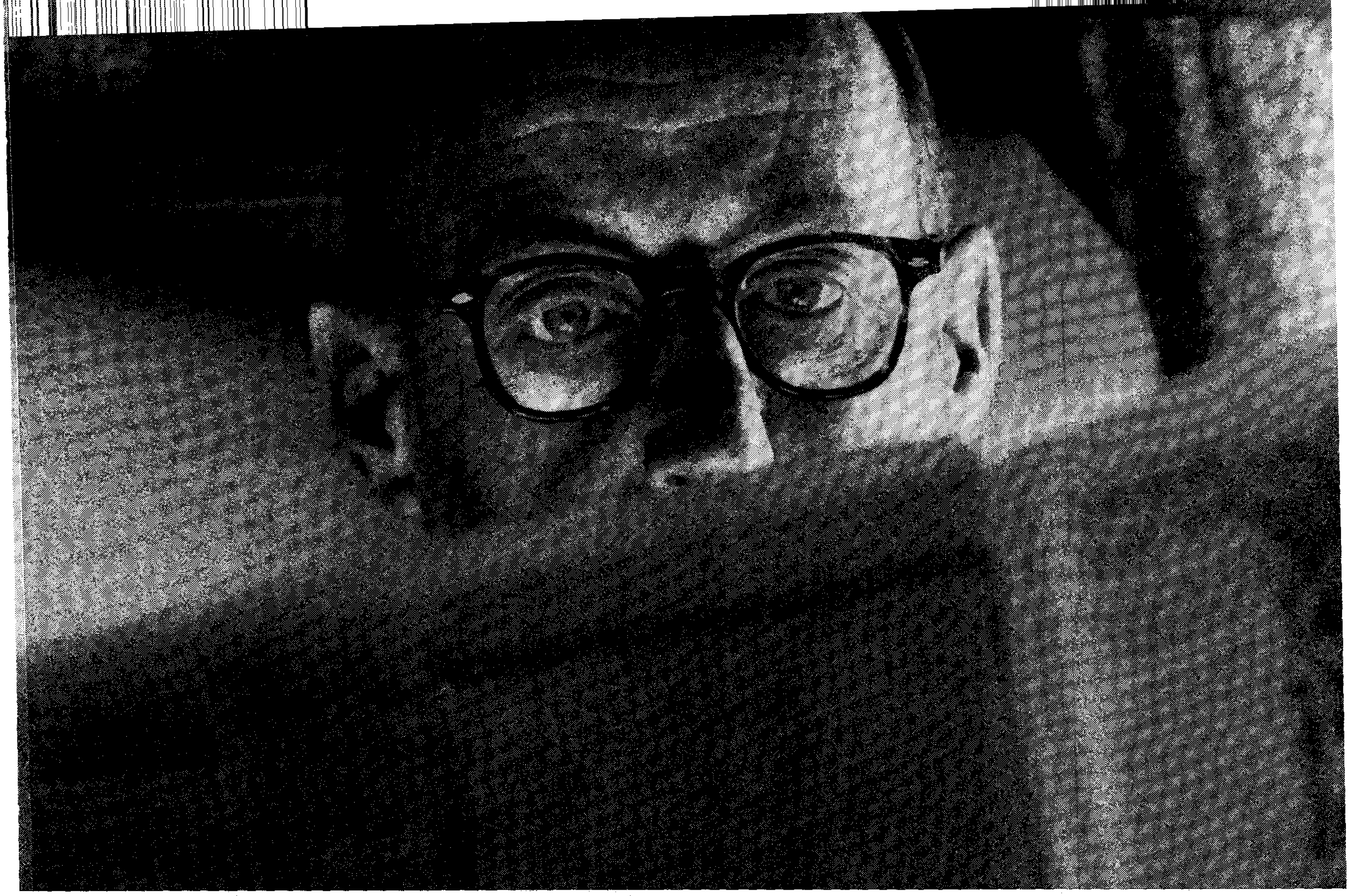

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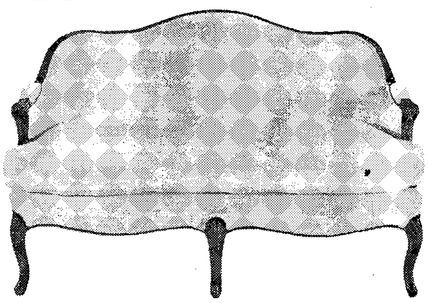

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out her cigarettes. “George’s mother was staying with us,” she said, and blew a cloud of smoke through her nose. “And after that we had the Coopers, just for one night.” She watched the waiter put Murray’s tea and her coffee in front of them, and then said, “You remember the Coopers.”

He nodded.

“They were on their way up to Andover, to see Frieda’s aunt and the autumn colors. . . . And Mary-pye has a camera.”

“A Brownie, I expect?”

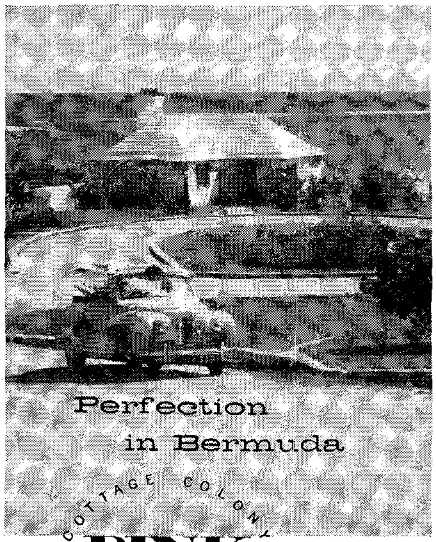
“Yes,” Renee said. “George brought it home to her the same day the Coopers came. She’d been after her father to buy her a camera since the twenty-second of August, and finally he remembered. She reminded him, as a matter of fact. I don’t know what she told Miss Wills, at the switchboard, but she got through to him somehow, and he brought the camera home that evening, and she was beside herself. And the Coopers had presents for all the children, so it was like Christmas. The Coopers were for Stevenson and they pretend to like Kennedy. And we had lobster—I broiled it in the fireplace while we were having our drinks—and George and Phil Cooper argued before and then again *after* dinner.”

“What about?”

“Politics. I tried every way in the world to stop them, but they were enjoying it, I guess. Anyway, they didn’t come to blows. What time is it by your watch?”

“Quarter after two.”

“You have to get back to your office, and I still have some shopping to do. You’re sure you’re not in a hurry? . . . The Coopers brought Freddie a mechanical fish that swims in the bathtub, but he got his hands on it and broke it before anybody had a chance to show him how it worked. And Ricky a Viking ship that you assemble out of a lot of little pieces, like a model airplane. I forget what they brought Mary-pye, but there was something. And Philip a little fortress about three inches high. The top slides back and inside are some tiny little wooden soldiers. I asked Frieda where she found it and she said in a toy store. She loves little things. She collects them. I told him to put it away up high somewhere so Freddie couldn’t get at it, and he did. He was very careful, and carried the fortress and the soldiers with him everywhere he went. And Mary-pye took pictures of everybody, without any film in the camera. And I was glad that Philip was pleased with his soldiers, because he has a toy dog—it’s on wheels, a huge, *snow-white* French



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poodle—and unfortunately Freddie is wild about it, and Philip doesn't always want to let him have it. When I saw it, I said, 'George, didn't they have a black one?' He loves to bring home these enormous animals. And the next morning, before the Coopers left, we put a roll of film in Mary-pye's camera. Ricky posed for her with a football in his hand and his arm drawn back over his right shoulder, ready to make a forward pass. I wish you could have seen his stance. He had just played football for the first time three days before. It was a very good imitation. We sat watching them through the dining-room window, and pretty soon Mary-pye came in and said, 'Mother, can I tease Freddie?' "

"What on earth did she mean by that?"

"She wanted to make him angry so he'd follow her out of the house and she could take his picture. I told her to use a lump of sugar. Freddie will go anywhere and do anything for sugar. And she did—she held a lump of sugar in front of him and it worked; that is, she got him to come outside and sit in his fire engine. But then she couldn't *find* him in the camera. And he wouldn't stay still. And I heard this awful screaming. George went outside to see what was the matter, and it seems that Freddie kept backing away, into the garage, where it was too dark to take his picture. But they took it, finally. Mary-pye dragged the fire engine out into the driveway—that's what all the screaming was about—and Ricky lay down behind it so Freddie couldn't back away from the camera, and they got his picture."

She found the mirror in her purse, looked at herself, applied fresh lip rouge, and then sat back with the lipstick in her hand. "Also a picture of the Coopers," she said, "before they drove off to Andover. George asked them to stop on their way back and have Sunday dinner with us, and they said they couldn't on account of Frieda's aunt, but he made them promise to stop for five minutes, since we're only two miles from the parkway." She put the mirror and lipstick away and closed the purse with a snap. "And Philip gave Mary-pye his fortress and soldiers."

"He didn't like them any more?" Murray asked, and signalled the waiter to bring the check.

"No, it wasn't that. He gave them away because he was so mad about something. We all tried to stop him. Mary-pye said, 'Philip, is this going to be an Indian gift?' and he said no. I asked him if he knew what an Indian

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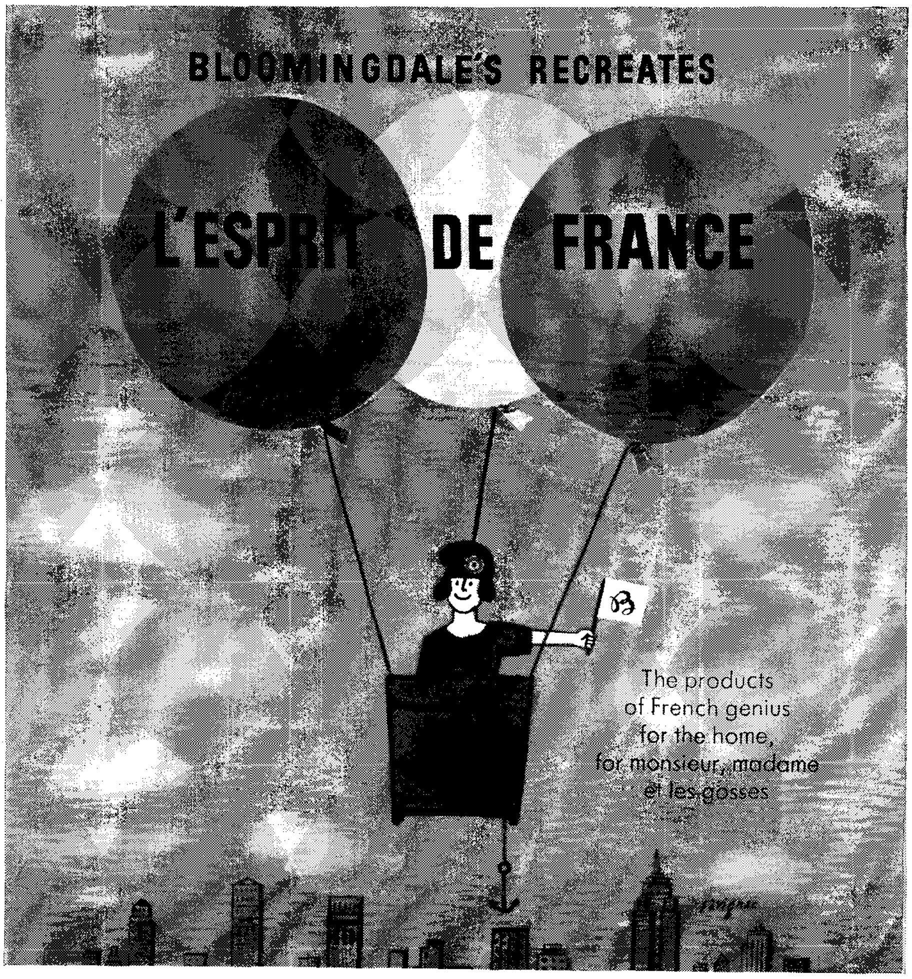

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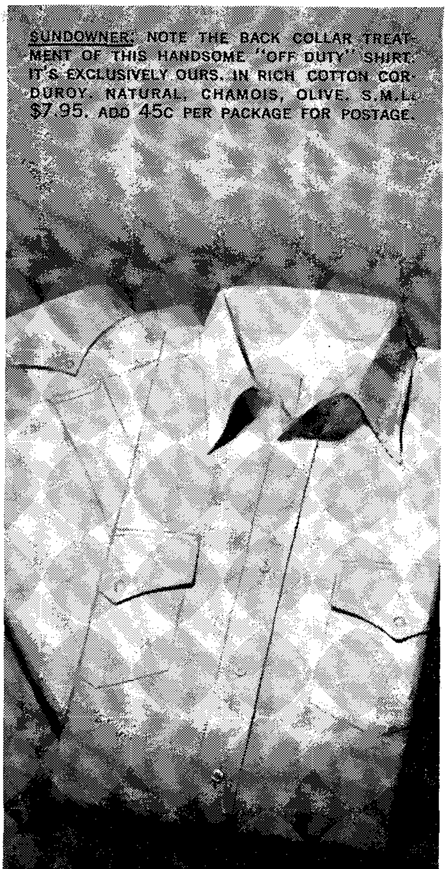
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giver was, and he said, 'It's somebody who gives you something and then wants it back.' So I let him. That was still on Saturday. Two hours later he took the soldiers back. And Sunday the Coopers drove in the driveway just as we were sitting down to dinner, only they'd eaten—they'd stopped and had fried clams along the way. And you know how confusing that is. I had a roast lamb, so there would have been plenty. And they stayed and stayed. And the baby found the Viking ship when nobody was looking, and sprinkled the pieces all over the house. But the pictures turned out very well, all except the one of Ricky making a forward pass." The waiter put the change in front of Murray, and Renée gathered up her purse and gloves. "You know how terribly blond he is? If you try to take his picture as you would anyone else's, nothing shows on the negative. I always set the camera for a snow scene."

"That works?"

"Perfectly," she said.

—WILLIAM MAXWELL

•

NOT LONG AGO, I had the good fortune to be in Milan, Italy, and to spend some time in the famous Duomo. I had visited the cathedral several times before and been awed by the stained glass windows which are among the most beautiful in the world. This time I noticed that it was possible to climb up to the maze of roof tops crowning the cathedral—a fact of which I'm sure every official tour takes advantage, but which I never realized. And so I mounted what turned out to be a series of levels around the roof which ascended to the equivalent of ten stories over the piazza and a view of one of the most incredible treasure houses of art I have ever seen.

For there, like a man-made forest of sculpture carved through the centuries, are hundreds of beautiful figures interlaced in a mass of intricate latticework, framed in arches of all sizes and shapes and mounted on scores of stately spires. From the street all this looks like an incredible icing on a gorgeous cake, but from close-up, one has the feeling that all of life is fixed in a permanent monument on top of the cathedral. It seems to be the whole tale of our culture cut into stone.

While wandering through the great forest, I began to understand why critics of Renaissance religion would see here evidence of a new idolatry. They would condemn the representations as the epitome of evil. What I saw as a magnificent artistic achievement, they would attack as a mass of graven images invested with supernatural powers dominating in an unhealthy and unreal way the lives of the people who believed in them.

The phrase "graven image" leads one to the more modern phrase "corporate image" and, of course, the field of public relations.—*David Finn in Pride.*

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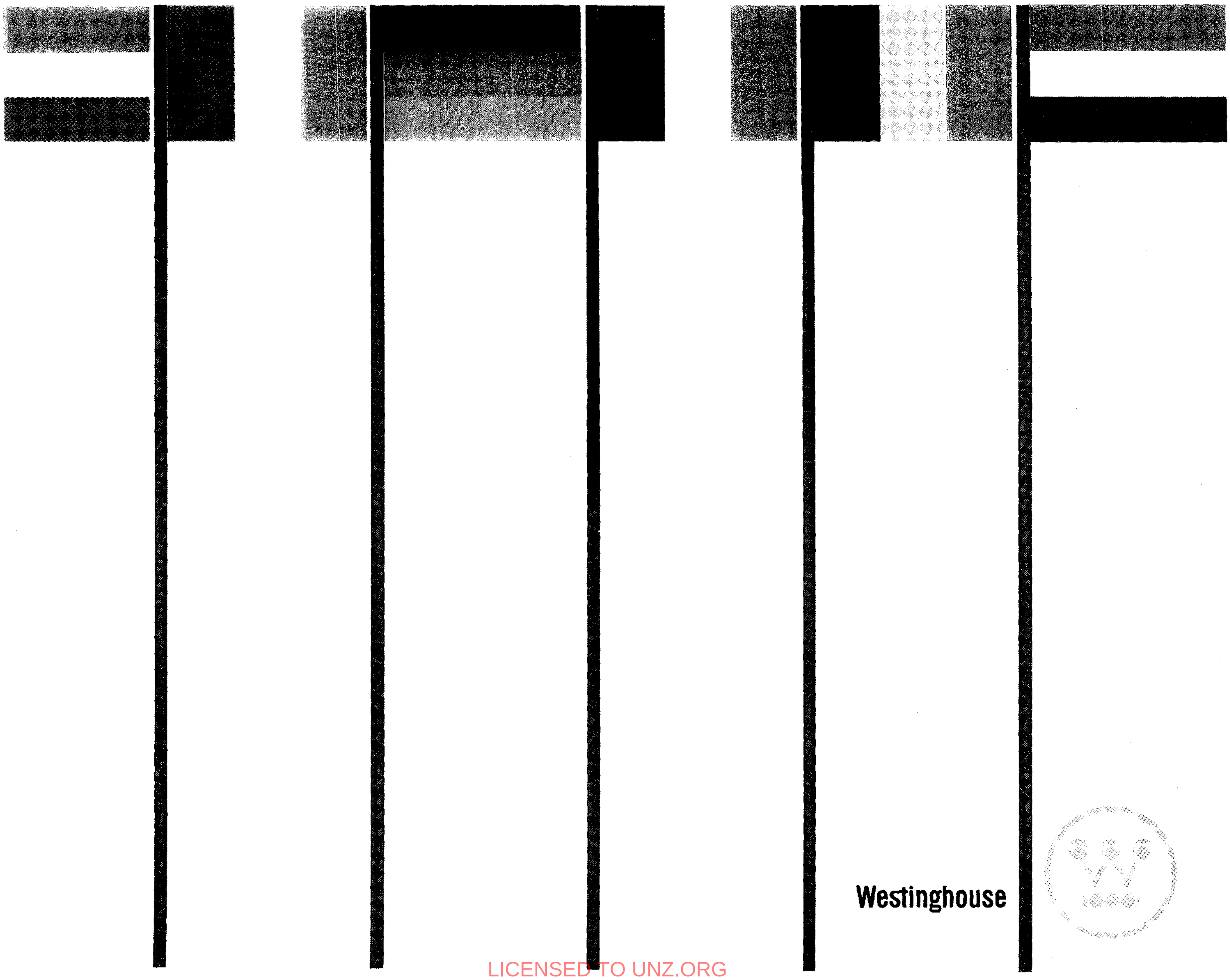

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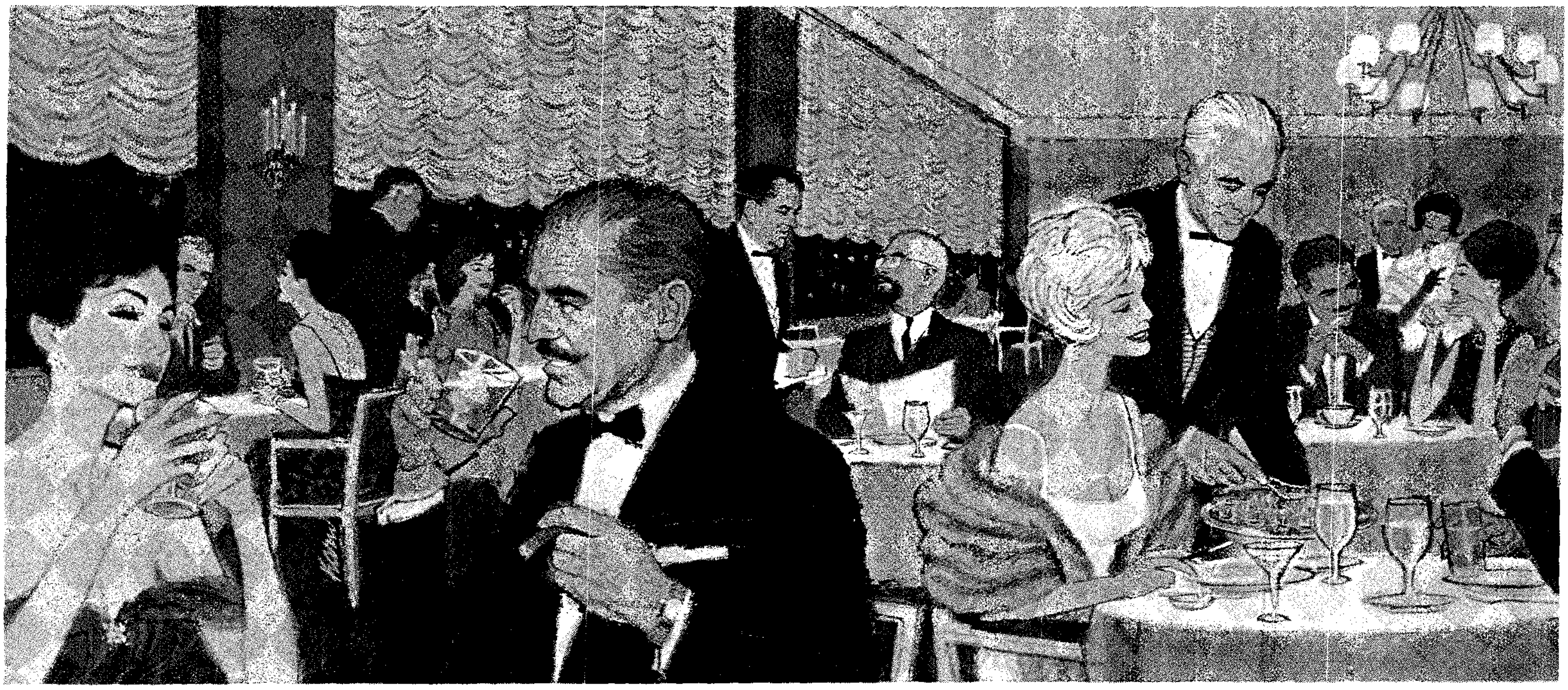

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MUSICAL EVENTS

Red Stars

SINCE its début here two weeks ago, a number of things about the Leningrad Kirov Ballet have clarified themselves. It is obvious, to begin with, that the company put its worst foot forward in its opening ballet, "Swan Lake," casting some of its least interesting dancers in the principal roles—I suspect out of deference to bureaucratic rules of seniority. Once that first night was past, its productions began to pick up grace and momentum, and since then it has given us a number of quite delightful evenings, climaxed by a "Sleeping Beauty" on Friday night of last week that was nearly all one could ask for. I am now in a position to set down my impressions of the company as a whole, and to analyze what seem to me its weaknesses and its virtues. The corps de ballet—particularly the female portion of it—is altogether superb, trained with the utmost precision and beautiful to look at. There is also a high, almost infallible degree of competence among the second-line dancers, whose contribution lies between that of the corps and that of the principals. The choreography—though what we have so far seen of it is fairly conventional, having been limited to standard classics, plus a few of those jumping and sword-brandishing Cossack items that are so dear to the Russian heart—has been tasteful, and the few departures from tradition, as we know it, have been of the happiest sort. The Kirov troupe is visually a very engaging one. Moreover, it contains two principal dancers—the extremely youthful Alla Sizova and Yuri Soloviev, both of whom I noted in secondary roles on opening night—who are real dazzlers. Miss Sizova, a petite personage built somewhat along the lines of Violette Verdy, not only is a supreme technician but has the intuitive grace, the warmth, and the individuality and personal charm found only among those born to her profession, and her every appearance has had an electrifying effect on whatever she has danced in. Mr. Soloviev is not far behind her. His spectacular leaps, perfect control, and refinement of bearing make him one of the great male dancers of his

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era, and since he is only twenty-one, he undoubtedly has a splendid future before him. Between them, these two dancers provide by far the major portion of the excitement in the troupe's performances.

On the debit side is the fact that the rest of the principal dancers are not comparably interesting. There are some neat technicians among them—Irina Kolpakova, Kaleria Fedicheva, Natalia Makarova, Ninel Kurgapkina, and Vladilen Semenov, to name a few—and there are some others who are considerably less than startling. Most of the neat technicians are rather cold. They scintillate from an athletic point of view, but few of them have the ability to project dramatic emotion or a strong individual personality. In fact, drama (and by drama I do not mean pantomime and pageantry but the ability to infuse poetry and gripping emotion into every line of a dancer's movement) appears to be one of the departments in which the company is a bit weak. I don't know whether this weakness is a modern Russian characteristic; it may be that the Soviet mind does not take readily to the mythological meaning of those old aristocratic fairy-tale classics dating from Czarist days, and tends to preoccupy itself with their outward form, rather than their deeper qualities of fantasy. The great Ulanova, who danced here with the Bolshoi troupe in 1959, showed a wonderful feeling for this poetic dream world, but Ulanova represented an older tradition. These newer ballerinas, with the conspicuous exception of Miss Sizova, go through their paces with practiced brilliance but leave the heart of their audience untouched.

A good example of this was provided by Tuesday night's "Giselle," in which Irina Kolpakova danced the principal role. "Giselle" is, of course, a highly dramatic ballet, full of bygone romanticism and nostalgia. With its title role in the hands of a truly great ballerina (Alicia Alonso is one who comes to mind), it can, despite all its old-fashioned sentimentality, move an audience to the edge of tears. Miss Kolpakova is a very pretty blonde, with any number of athletic accomplishments, and there are undoubtedly many roles in the repertoire in which she would shine. But "Giselle" is not one of them. The jilted peasant girl who returns from the grave to haunt her remorseful lover was portrayed, for the most part, with an air of cool detachment. One admired the pirouettes, but one was never drawn into sympathy with a character that, however ethereal and evanescent, is still

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a very real one. In consequence, I must put down this "Giselle," regretfully, as less than satisfying, despite some beautiful choreography and some lovely work by the corps de ballet.

Among the other performances I attended last week, there was a gala evening made up of smaller items, of which two old and unfamiliar Petipa works called "Bayaderka" (with tuneful music by Ludwig Minkus) and "The Corsair" (with equally tuneful music by Riccardo Drigo) were particularly pleasing. The former was exquisitely danced by Kaleria Fedicheva and a stirring, though not totally controlled, male dancer named Sergei Vikulov, who performed some great whirling leaps and otherwise made a very vigorous impression. "The Corsair" was done by that inimitable duo, Miss Sizova and Mr. Soloviev, and was, as might be expected, a triumph of elegance and youthful personality.

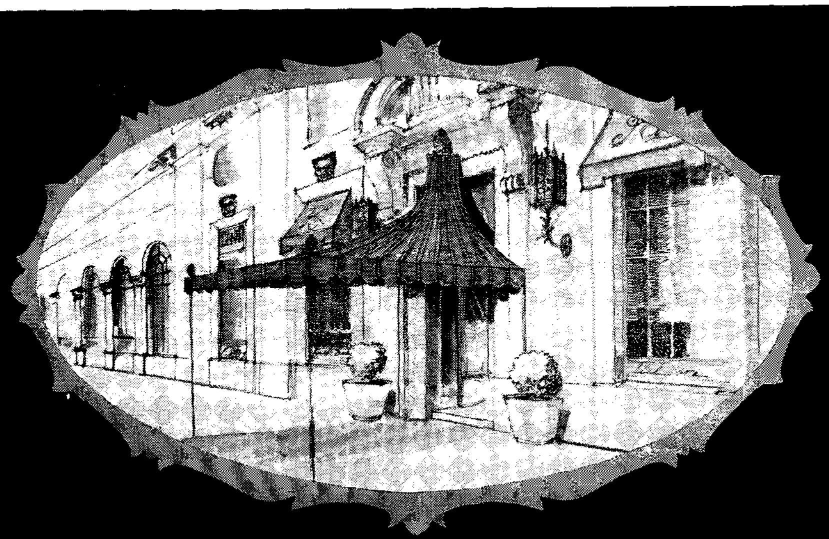
Friday night's "Sleeping Beauty" was unquestionably the high point of the Kirov season so far. It was an altogether charming production, tastefully costumed and splendidly choreographed. But the touch that really made it memorable was again that of Miss Sizova, who was a figure of pure enchantment throughout the evening, and of Mr. Soloviev, who brought his wonderful easy grace to the role of the Prince. I hate to bore you with repetition, but I must say again that the magic moments of the Kirov season have nearly all been provided by this pair. They are wonderful. Don't miss them.

—WINTHROP SARGEANT

JAZZ CONCERTS

The Love Bug Will Bite You

FATS WALLER, the irrepressible pianist, organist, composer, singer, and entertainer, who died at the age of thirty-nine in 1943, was one of those singular people who ultimately miss the mark because they are *too* gifted. For the whole Waller, embarrassed by his own riches into a destructive and lifelong self-mockery, equalled less than the sum of his parts. As a stride pianist, he masculinized the style of his teacher, James P. Johnson, and, in turn, became the chief inspiration of Art Tatum and Count Basie, among others. Yet he should have been an even better pianist; despite his extraordinary rhythmic intensity, his solos were rarely more than larking melodic embellishments. Waller has never been surpassed as a jazz organist, but the organ, empyrean and overstuffed, doesn't really fit into



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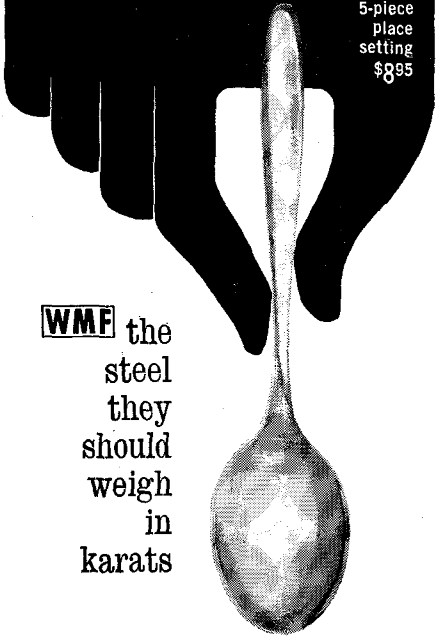

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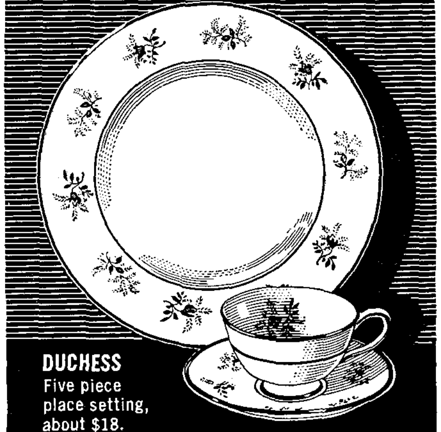

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jazz. Had he worked harder at his composing, he might well have matched George Gershwin and Duke Ellington, the best American songwriters. Instead, he left only a tantalizing handful of great tunes—"Black and Blue," "Squeeze Me," "Ain't Misbehavin'," and "Honeysuckle Rose." Waller the singer was indistinguishable from Waller the entertainer. Almost all his vocals were expert travesties of jazz singing and of the songs themselves. Indeed, this side of Waller—clowning, scampish, and ribald—has hardened since his death into a grotesque comic mask, his epitaph, which at once conceals his other talents and grins at his final failure.

These dour thoughts were set in motion by the eleventh of the *Metronome*-Museum of Modern Art concerts, given a couple of weeks ago by Dick Wellstood and the misnamed Fats Waller Alumni. Waller produced hundreds of small-band recordings, and, like most larger-than-life jazz musicians, he tended to be offhand about his choice of colleagues. But this didn't matter, for his materials were usually limited to such vacuities as "Why Do Hawaiians Sing Aloha?," "Boo Hoo," and "The Love Bug Will Bite You." And the recordings themselves were largely taken up by Waller—bounding through a chorus or so on piano, lampooning the lyrics (his eyebrows lifting and falling metronomically), rumbling encouragement behind the short solos allotted his sidemen, and shouting and thumping his way through the final ensemble. The other night, two of Waller's most durable accompanists—Gene Sedric (tenor saxophone and clarinet) and Herman Autrey (trumpet)—constituted the only Waller alumni. The rest of the group included Wellstood, on piano; Ahmed Abdul-Malik, on bass; and Panama Francis, on drums. Moreover, just one Waller-associated tune—Sedric's "Yacht Club Swing"—was offered (the six others were by Ellington, Mary Lou Williams, W. C. Handy, and Wellstood himself), and Wellstood, once a Waller disciple, now plays in a quite different style. Nonetheless, the Waller spirit—haw-hawing and big-bellied—was present during much of the evening, and even refused to be extinguished by the rain that cut the concert short three-quarters of the way through. (Several of the Museum concerts have been needlessly rained out this summer. Why not construct a temporary canvas roof for the musicians in the garden's southwest corner and let the audience chance the elements, or—perhaps even better—move the proceed-

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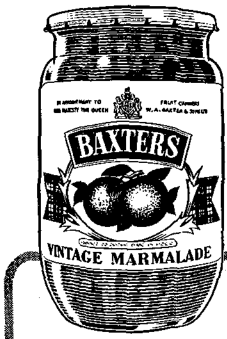

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ings into the auditorium when necessary?) "C-Jam Blues," "Yacht Club Swing," a blues by Wellstood called "Tina," and Mary Lou Williams' "Lonely Moments" were genuine Wallerlike effusions (this was probably due to Sedric's and Autrey's sound; the arrangements were more complex than any that Waller used, and the solos far more extended), but perhaps the most successful number was Autrey's exquisite and distinctly un-Wallerlike "St. Louis Blues." He played the out-of-tempo first half in a muted growling fashion, and in the second half, which settled into a gentle beat, he abandoned his growl and placed his still muted horn directly beside the microphone, as if he were whispering urgently into one's ear between cupped hands. Sedric, a non-oily Chu Berry, was less impressive, suggesting an apprentice *castrato* in a wobbly falsetto clarinet rendition of "I Got It Bad and That Ain't Good." Abdul-Malik displayed his customary rigidity, and Francis his admiration for Sid Catlett. Wellstood, who is thirty-three, was surprising, for he has become a kind of missing link between the most advanced swing pianist, Nat Cole, and the first bebop pianist, Bud Powell. There are flecks of everyone from Ellington to Clyde Hart in his work, but his playing—clear, thoughtful single-note figures, gangling lower-register chords, a firm, inventive left hand—is strictly his own. Waller the teacher would have liked that.

LAST week at Freedom House, the Jazz Arts Society gave its third and final showing of jazz films from the collection of Ernest R. Smith, a New York advertising man. (The first program, a superior one, will be repeated on October 25th at the Judson Memorial Church.) Included were over two dozen shorts, snippets from shorts, brief films done around 1950 for television, and soundies (two- or three-minute films made in the early forties for jukeboxes equipped with small screens). Since Smith's collection, like all treasure-troves, has a bottom, the program was pretty raggle-taggle. There were lots of vocals by Louis Jordan (who had one of the first "funky" small bands), Peggy Lee, Sarah Vaughan, June Christy, Billy Eckstine (with his 1946 big band, which had Gene Ammons and Art Blakey, both of them visible), and Fats Waller, mugging like sixty, as well as instrumentals by the clean-cut, 4-H bands of Glen Gray, Buddy Rich, Larry Clinton, and Stan Kenton. But the scattered exceptions were wonder-

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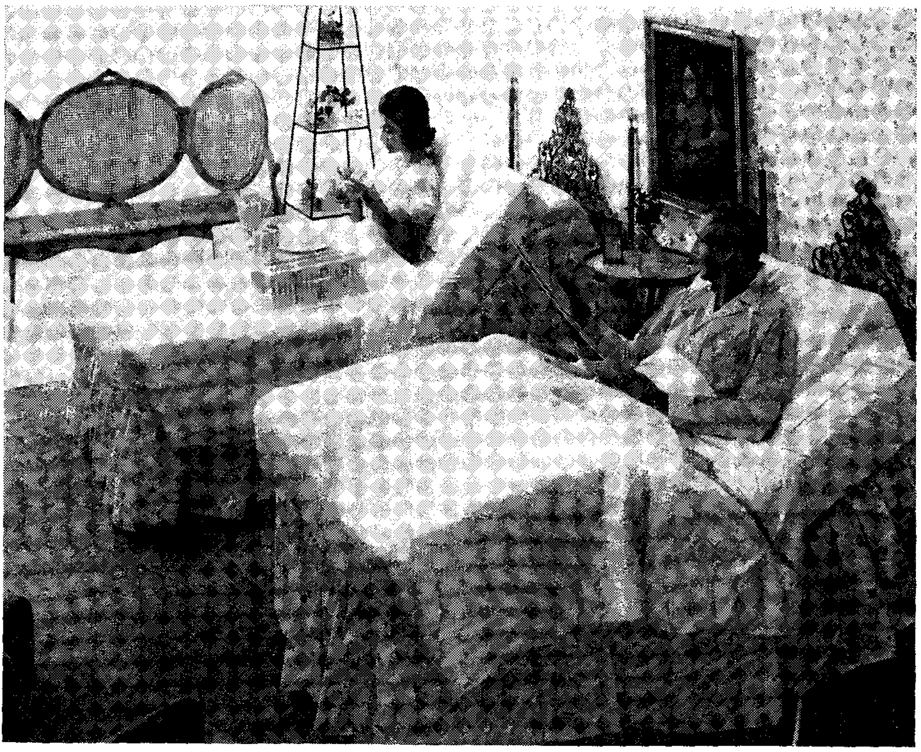

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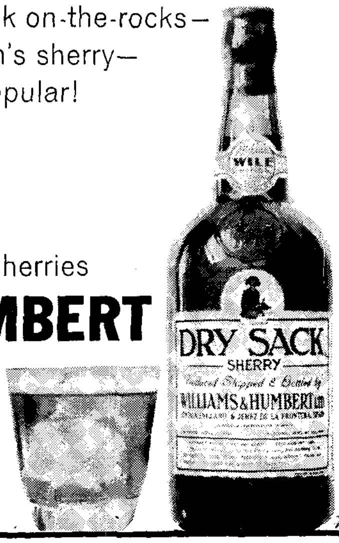

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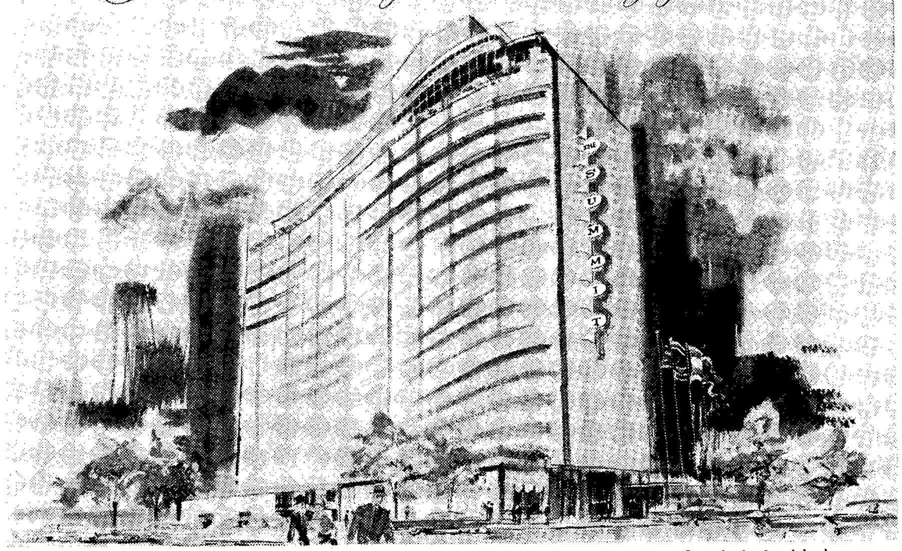

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ful. In a couple of 1942 Louis Armstrong soundies, done with the last of his big bands, Armstrong sang "Shine" and played a fine short solo, and the late Velma Middleton, straining the joists, sang and danced "Swingin' on Nothin'." The high points of the Armstrong selections, though, were several fleeting shots of Sid Catlett, who was between jobs with Benny Goodman and Teddy Wilson's Café Society Uptown band. A monumentlike figure behind his drums, his eyes revealing the slightly malevolent expression they sometimes assumed when he was concentrating, he could be seen, in a last glimpse, casually spinning a drumstick through the air (a blurred-moon effect) with his right hand while his left descended like an enormous fly swatter on his hi-hat cymbals. Of equal value were a number by Al Cooper and his Savoy Sultans, a semi-legendary and very hot Harlem band from the late thirties, and two short television films by Jack Teagarden (made in company with Ray Bauduc and Charlie Teagarden), who fashioned absolutely first-rate solos in "That's A-Plenty" and "The Jack Armstrong Blues." Three kick-the-can Lionel Hampton big-band numbers (1950-52) were saved by the astonishing spectacle of the pianist Milt Buckner, who resembles a round, bespectacled frog, and who played the up-tempo "Cobb's Idea" with such fervor that he cleared both the piano stool and the floor on each beat. The usual Uncle Tom effects were visible during the evening (Armstrong's "Shine" opened with two Negroes shining a huge shoe—an unpardonable visual pun, since the title of the song is simply a pejorative term for a Negro) and reached an apogee in "Sophisticated Lady," a 1951 Duke Ellington short, in which the alto saxophonist Willie Smith, who is a nearly white Negro, was shown not *in* the band but as a soloist standing well in front of it, his chair in the saxophone section remaining resoundingly empty throughout the picture. This sort of discretion and thoughtfulness must make white-supremacists weak with gratitude.

—WHITNEY BALLIETT

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BOOKS

Creatures of the Air

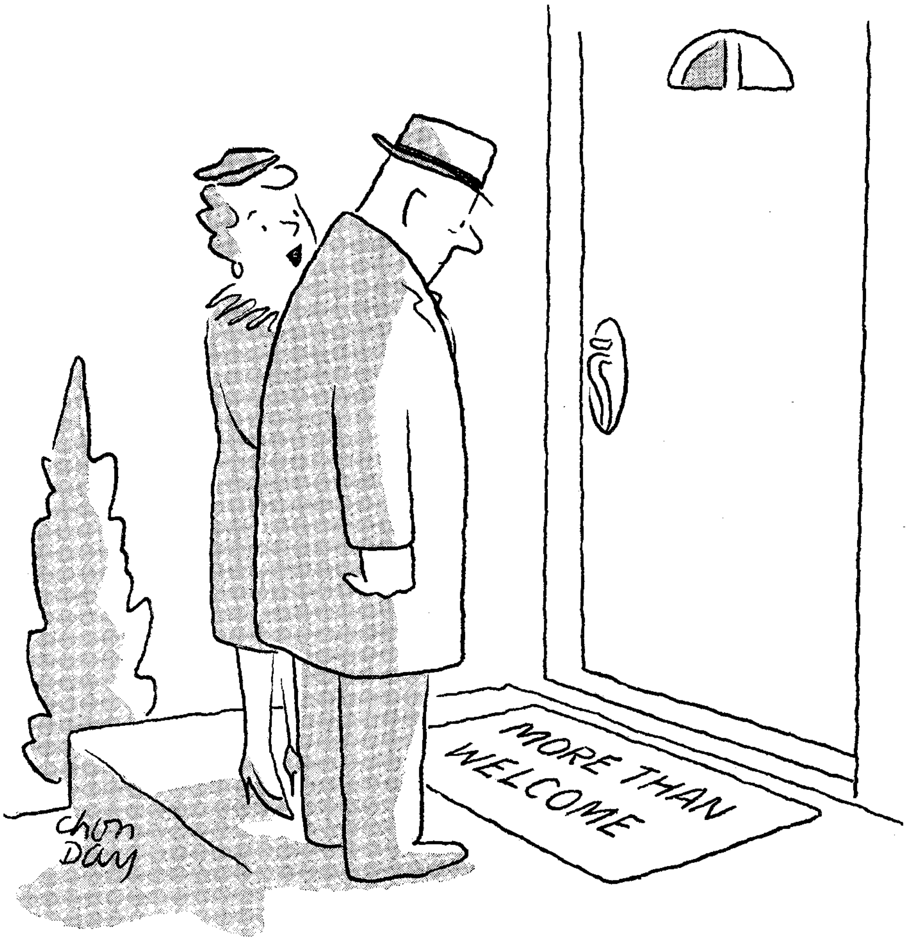
THE dust jacket of "The Bachelors" (Lippincott), Muriel Spark's fifth novel in five years, displays a new picture of the authoress. The broad-faced young sphinx, one hand clapped over an apparent earache, who rather fiercely frowned out from the previous jacket flaps has yielded to a pert and, indeed, bonny lass who studies her potential reader with a relaxed acuteness and a fraction of a smile. The graceful chins-up pose is so strongly reminiscent of a Radcliffe yearbook that I take this photograph to signify Mrs. Spark's graduation to the title of master. Not that "The Bachelors" is her best novel. Her masterpiece, for the moment, remains "Memento Mori;" the clairvoyance is easier, the humor keener, the compassion less embarrassed. But "The Bachelors" does seem her second-best, and a distinct improvement over its predecessor, "The Ballad of Peckham Rye," wherein her most obvious singularities—a swift complication of plot and a curt diffidence of style—reached, perhaps, the threshold of diminishing returns; the camera was so speeded up that the flicker fatigued the eye. I have no such complaint about "The Bachelors;" it is packed but alive in every detail, and convinces me, at least, that Mrs. Spark is one of the few writers of the language on either side of the Atlantic with enough resources, daring, and stamina to be altering, as well as feeding, the fiction machine.

The theme of "The Bachelors" is bachelordom considered as a territory of damnation. Its plot concerns the ripples stirred in a set of unmarried London men and women by the legal prosecution of a villainous, but genuine, spiritualist medium. Among the principals, I count ten bachelors and, on the female side, three maidens, two widows, and one divorcée. That in the space of a work little more than two hundred pages long all these persons are set in motion and made not merely distinct from one another but individually memorable illustrates Mrs. Spark's remarkable gifts of draftsmanship. Her psychology is penetrating but unassuming; her descriptive strokes are few but they cut deep. Once in a while, she offers a sentence that indicates the power of elaboration she keeps in reserve:

> She was crying, and it satisfied him to see her cry and to think that he had brought about this drooping of her stately neck, the leaning of her head on her hand, the tremor of her jade earrings, the resigned dabbing of her eyes with her handkerchief, and the final offended sniff.

In general, she writes the prose of a poet who has decided that prose is something else again. Her determinedly declarative sentences at moments feel, in their very tautness, close to exhaustion and exasperation. The sentences of Henry Green reach, with a passionate vibrato that blurs grammar and punctuation out of them, to touch the surface of the thing described. Mrs. Spark's simplicity is diagrammatic rather than sensual; her hard, unflecked prose seems laid on from a calculated distance that this admirer, sometimes, would be relieved to see reduced.

But detachment is the genius of her fiction. We are lifted above her characters, and though they are reduced in size and cryptically foreshortened, they are all seen at once, and their busy interactions are as plain and pleasing as a solved puzzle. The use by a serious author of fun-house plots, full of trapdoors, abrupt apparitions, and smartly clicking secret panels, may strike American readers as incongruous. We are accustomed to honest autobiographical shapelessness. Ishmael and Huck Finn are alike adrift on vessels whose course they cannot control, through waters whose depths are revealed with a shudder. We remain somewhat aghast at a world that has never been tamed, by either a consecrated social order or an exhaustive natural theology. Our novels tend to be about education rather than products of it; they are soul-searching rather than worldly-wise. English fiction, for all the social and philosophical earthquakes since Chaucer, continues to aspire, with the serenity of a treatise, to a certain dispassionate elevation above the human scene. Hence its greater gaiety and ease of contrivance, its (on the whole) superior finish, and its flattering air of speaking to the reader who, himself presumably educated, may be spared the obvious. But in the last analysis human experience is mired in a solipsism to which America's strenuous confessional



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exercises are faithful, and authors who rise above the accidents of autobiography are at the mercy of the accidents of knowledgeability.

Mrs. Spark knows a great deal. She knows how people act and talk. She has a surprising fund of specific information; her medical, legal, and otherwise technical terms are employed with an air of being authentic without having been "worked up." How she gathered the fascinating material on séances in modern London, I can't imagine. She knows her London as Defoe knew his and Dickens his. She ranges with aplomb through all varieties of social modes, from teashop waitresses to convolutely neurotic intellectuals; she knows how epileptics feel as the fit approaches, what women say when they put on lawyers' wigs (they say, "The quality of mercy is not strained"), how the London underworld does its drab business, how a would-be murderer can rationalize his crime into a vision of tenderness. Jane Austen, that angel, never trod into a scene where men were talking without a lady present; "The Bachelors" consists almost entirely of such conversations, and though an Englishman might detect more false notes than I, there seem uncannily few. With maximum terseness, ten bachelors are given a spectrum of motives for their lonely state; not even the shades of homosexuality, from shadowy latency to painted blatancy, are safe from Mrs. Spark's remorseless insight. She seems able to derive artistic nourishment from the homogenized sophistication of the urban intelligentsia. One guesses that her sombre tapestry of "London, the great city of bachelors," is woven from the conversational lint of parties and casual meetings.

Since Hawthorne praised Trollope's novels as "solid, substantial . . . as real as if some giant had hewn a great lump out of the earth and put it under a glass case," American writers have coveted the assurance that enables their British counterparts to build persuasively and at length upon the overheard, the glimpsed, and the guessed. When, however, like Henry James, they boldly attempt to appropriate to themselves this ability, strange things result; James's novels, for all their superb furniture, remain pilgrim's progresses whose substance thins gaseously beyond the edges of the moral issue. There is intrinsic in the novel of knowledgeability a crisis that no exquisiteness of form can avoid: How does all this information add up? The crisis is not acute if the author believes that life adds up to nothing. But

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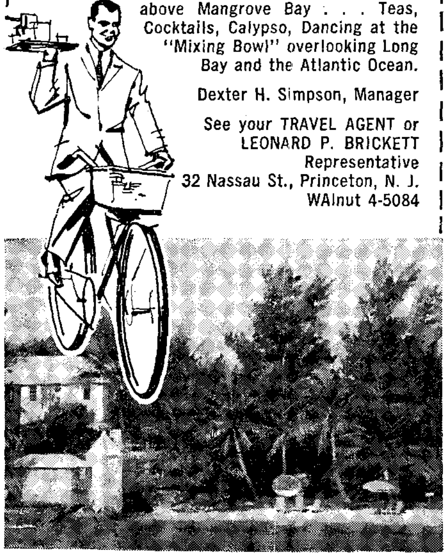

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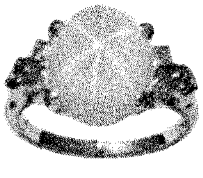

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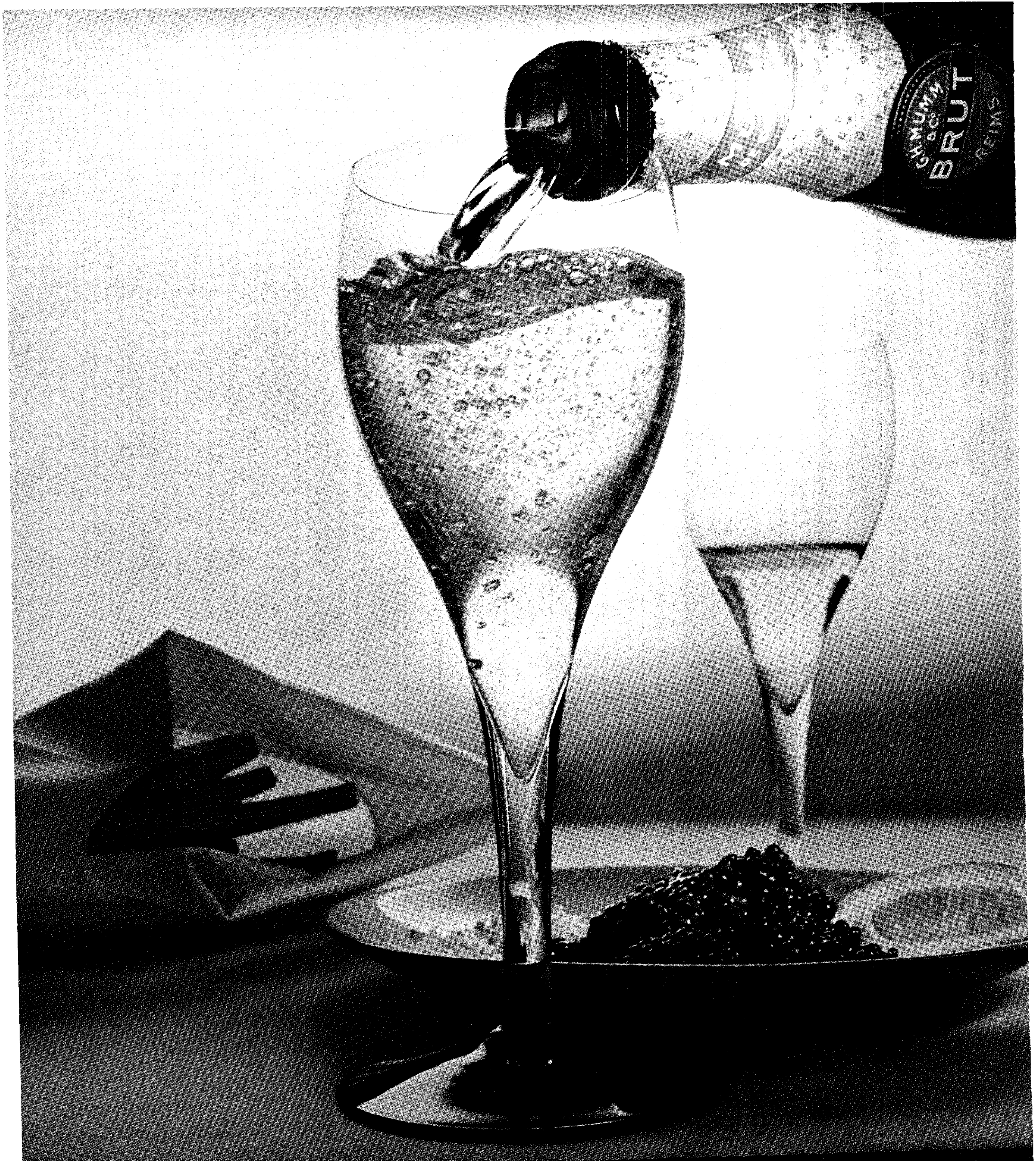

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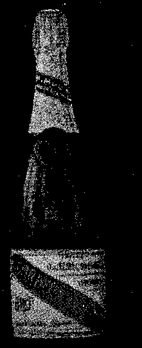

Mrs. Spark surely does not believe this. She writes as a Roman Catholic—very much so. Catholic converts dot her casts of characters, and theological questions nag on all sides. Yet the effect of all this evident concern is to form a shell of hints around a hollow center; our sense of Mrs. Spark, for all she tells, not telling all she knows, becomes unnerving. Her God seems neither the dreadful *deus absconditus* of Pascal and Greene nor the sunny *lux mundi* who illumines the broad optimism of Aquinas and Chesterton. As in a photograph of a solar eclipse, a corona of heresy and anxiety surrounds a perfectly black, blank disc. To be fair, this probably is, through Mrs. Spark's eyes, an accurate photograph. Then why does she bother to shock our materialist credulity with so much casual, trivial supernaturalism? In this book Patrick Seton indubitably *does* make contact with the dead; in "Memento Mori" it apparently really *is* Death itself on the telephone; in "The Ballad of Peckham Rye" Dougal Douglas may or may not be a devil; in "The Comforters" the heroine hears the author's typewriter clacking as it writes the book. In one short story, "The Seraph and the Zambesi," Mrs. Spark entirely drops the reins on her otherworldliness. A heavenly seraph inexplicably interrupts the performance of an African Christmas pageant, and the marvel is described in an intense flight of what I can only call comic mysticism:

> This was a living body. The most noticeable thing was its constancy; it seemed not to conform to the law of perspective, but remained the same size when I approached as when I withdrew. And altogether unlike other forms of life, it had a completed look. No part was undergoing a process; the outline lacked the signs of confusion and ferment which are commonly the signs of living things, and this was also the principle of its beauty. The eyes took up nearly the whole of the head, extending far over the cheekbones. From the back of the head came two muscular wings which from time to time folded themselves over the eyes, making a draught of scorching air. There was hardly any neck. Another pair of wings, tough and supple, spread from below the shoulders, and a third pair extended from the calves of the legs, appearing to sustain the body. The feet looked too fragile to bear up such a concentrated degree of being.

This is gorgeous medieval illumination, but the text it adorns remains dreary and unimpressed. A little later, this astonishing creature is prosaically observed skimming along the highway "at about seventy miles an hour." Perhaps this is the way it would be. The spiritual fatigue of the West has proceeded so far that the distinction between reality and

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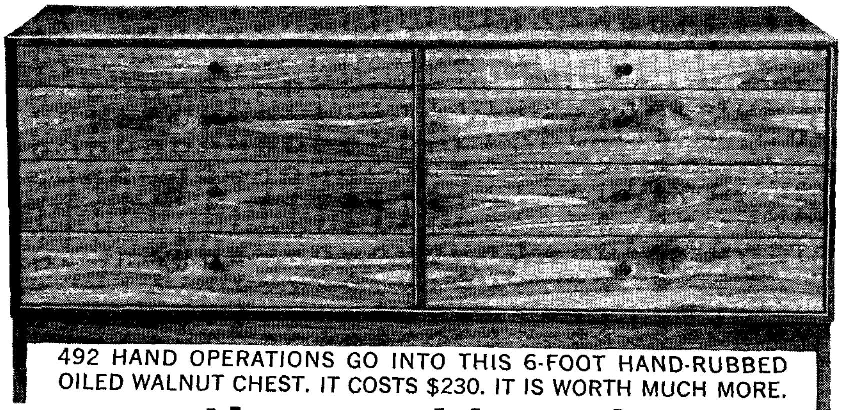

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unreality is no longer one to which much passion can attach. Miracles are now and again reported in the middle pages of newspapers, and no one bothers to disprove them.

Mrs. Spark, following Firbank and Waugh, carries on that traditional diffidence with which English converts to Catholicism seem to regard the church of their choice. A character in her first novel remarks that "the True Church was awful, though unfortunately, one couldn't deny, true." Our impression is less that the Church has an overpowering case than that the world is too flimsy and foolish to offer much resistance to the leap of faith. Nor is it very heartily suggested that being a Christian improves or comforts one; Mrs. Spark's Catholic characters differ from the others only in having the articles of an ancient creed built into their grid of reflexes, predispositions, and quirks. The possibility of redemption hovers over Sparkland rather bleakly. The people have neither much body nor much soul; they are bundles of nerves. The unimpeachable triumph of "Memento Mori" may spring from the fact that old people actually have, by and large, shrivelled to such neural skeletons, which twitch uninhibited by the claims of flesh, sense, or the future. But her young people seem thin; perhaps, more materially realized, they would repel the incursions of her impudent witchcraft. I do not mean to complain; it is just the metaphysical *ambiance*, vaguely earnest and wryly grim, that gives Mrs. Spark's fiction its final fillip of interest. Her books narrow, through the lucid complications of incident, toward a culminating focus, in a sentence or two, of virtually total obscurity. In "The Bachelors," the sentences are:

> It is all demonology and to do with creatures of the air, and there are others beside ourselves, he thought, who lie in their beds like happy countries that have no history. Others ferment in prison; some rot, maimed; some lean over the banisters of presbyteries to see if anyone is going to answer the telephone.

Thus Mrs. Spark adds it all up; and such irrational numbers, which can never be carried to their final term, perhaps do compose the true sum. If I, for my part, resist consignment to the ranks of demons, it is because a convincing depiction of evil needs somewhere in it a glimmer of the good. This Mrs. Spark does not provide; her moral cosmos is limited by a certain personal impatience. But her sharp invention and austere style have in them something of Dante, and there are signs in "The Bachelors"

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that she is preparing to leave the sulphuric and antic scene she has mastered for the more familiar terraces of purgatory. —JOHN UPDIKE

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

GEORGE WASHINGTON SEPTEMBER, SIR!, by Ronald Harwood (Farrar, Straus & Cudahy). This very simplified version of the South African racial dilemma is built around the predicament of George Washington September, a handsome young Zulu houseboy whose chance of spending the quiet, pleasant life he wants is ruined when he is caught between two great violences—the violence of white police power and the violence of black political agitation. The writing is clear, but it has a funny sound, as though Mr. Harwood had tried to make himself at home in someone else's mind, and had not been welcomed, and had gone on talking anyway with his foot in the door. The scene is Cape Town, and the time is the present.

THE LONG GAINER, by William Manchester (Little, Brown). A big, flurried, excited novel about an ambitious college president whose dream of a career in politics is destroyed by a campus scandal. Among the characters are some who are moral and some who are immoral and some who are amoral, but one and all they are collegiate in attitude, tone, behavior, and speech. The college is in New England, but its atmosphere is all Southern.

NOTE: Knopf has published "When My Girl Comes Home," a volume of nine short stories by V. S. Pritchett, of which six first appeared in this magazine.

GENERAL

THE VICTORIANS, by Sir Charles Petrie (Longmans, Green). A chatty survey of Great Britain in the great age of Victoria, when Prince Albert and Charles Dickens collaborated in creating the modern Christmas, when a cricket ball bowled through W. G. Grace's beard was a national event, when sherry was served with the soup, and when the head of an Oxford college could publicly acknowledge an illegitimate child without scandal. Sir Charles furnishes these and many other comic details, but he also reminds us that in Liverpool in 1836 there were fifteen hundred thieves under the age of fifteen, that

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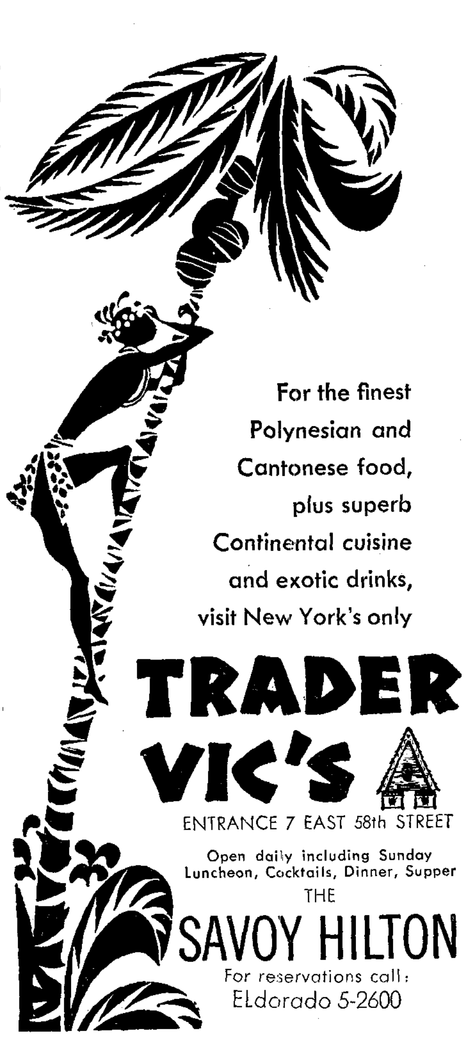
the Irish landed gentry were so poor that the buffet chickens at the Lord-Lieutenant's parties in Dublin had to be secured to the plates, and that women in harness crawled through the Lancashire mines pulling loads of coal for two shillings a day or less. Period illustrations.

Corunna, by Christopher Hibbert (Macmillan). An exceptionally fine addition to the British Battles series. Mr. Hibbert's assignment, it would seem, was simply to recount for the delectation of military tacticians the bittersweet repulse of an élite French army by the ragged expeditionary force under Sir John Moore at the Spanish port of Corunna on January 16, 1809, but he has done much more than that. While satisfying his contract audience, he has also produced for the ordinary reader a brief but comprehensive study of a most peculiar and generally unedifying campaign—a campaign in which the Spanish victims of Napoleon welcomed their British allies with treachery and contempt; in which a superbly equipped and disciplined British army dissolved under hardship into a rabble of thieves, drunkards, and rapists; in which one of England's most gifted generals was balked at almost every turn by a bumbling staff and, at the moment of final victory, was killed by a random shot. Illustrated with maps and contemporary paintings and drawings.

The Sheppard Murder Case, by Paul Holmes (McKay). In the opinion of the author, the brutal murder, on July 4, 1954, of Mrs. Samuel Sheppard, for which her husband, a prominent Cleveland osteopathic surgeon, was convicted and sentenced to life imprisonment, remains a mystery. Mr. Holmes is well qualified to have an informed opinion on the matter. He is an experienced newspaperman, he covered the Sheppard trial, and the several appeals and attempts to reopen the question, for the Chicago *Tribune*, and he is a graduate in law. As we follow his review of the case—the immediate cries for Dr. Sheppard's head that rang through even the news columns of the Cleveland newspapers (particularly the Cleveland *Press*), the halfhearted investigation of the affair by the Cleveland authorities (they seemed to wish only to close their books, one way or another, as quickly as possible), and the skimpy dribble of actual evidence (as opposed to hearsay and irrelevancies) assembled by the prosecution—it is



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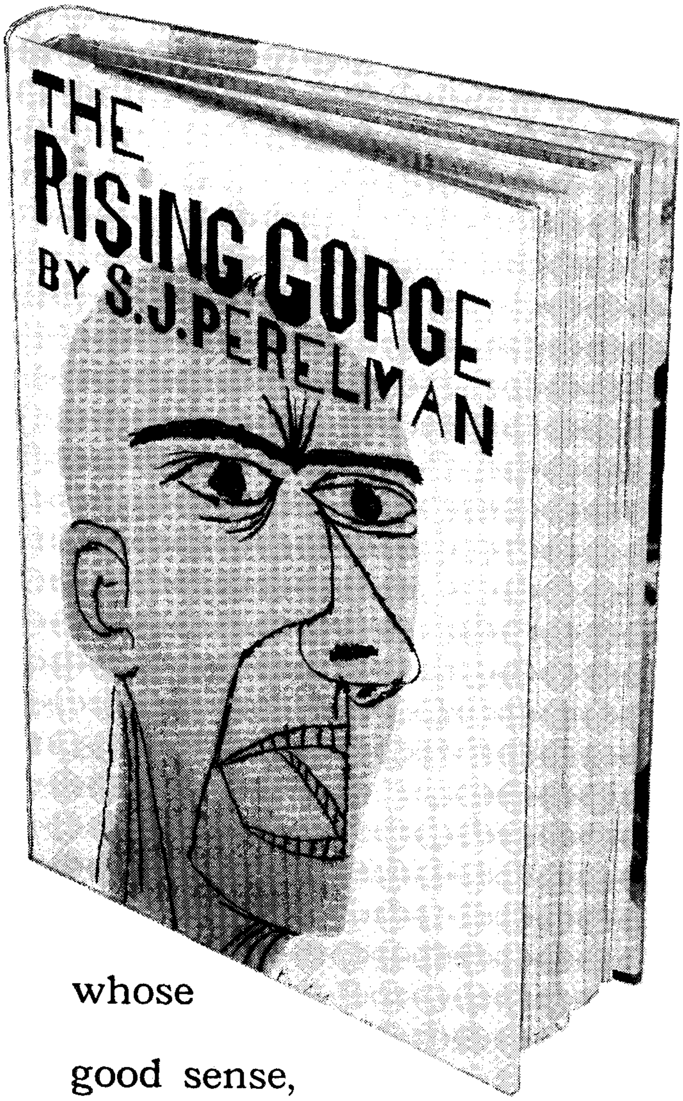

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impossible not to share his belief that Dr. Sheppard's guilt was merely presumed, and certainly not proved beyond a reasonable doubt. The one thing that does stand unequivocally proved is that the freedom of the press can be—and in this instance was—shamefully abused. Erle Stanley Gardner, who interested himself in the case through his Court of Last Resort, contributes a pertinent foreword.

VOICES IN STONE, by Ernst Doblhofer, translated by Mervyn Savill (Viking). A fine popular account of the decipherment of ancient writings, including the little-publicized Old Turkish runic script, on which the author is an expert. Dr. Doblhofer tends to write overdramatically, with a tropical luxuriance of metaphor, but his scholarship is thorough, and he gives the decipherments step by step, with examples so extensive that the reader could sit down and dash off a letter in Hittite hieroglyphics, Gublitic writing, or Creto-Mycenaean Linear B. Illustrated.

THE FOREST PEOPLE, by Colin M. Turnbull (Simon & Schuster). This book, the work of an English anthropologist on the staff of the American Museum of Natural History, is a study—informal but authoritative—of the Pygmies (or, as they call themselves, the BaMbuti) of the Ituri Forest, in what is now the Republic of the Congo. Mr. Turnbull's credentials are in excellent order. He speaks the chief dialect of the Pygmies; he has lived in intimacy with several Pygmy hunting groups, on one occasion for nearly a year; and he writes extremely well. What chiefly distinguishes his book, however, is the novelty of the Pygmies themselves—but not because they are small (around four feet, on the average) and exceedingly primitive (they use but cannot make fire). Their novelty lies in the communal peace, the material plenty, and the high-spirited pursuit of happiness, notably by way of ritualized songfests, that mark their daily life. Maps and photographs.

EDINBURGH, by Eric Linklater (Macmillan). A little advice to tourists about hotels, restaurants, and sights, and plenty of good writing, crisp and evocative, in praise of romantic, historic, criminal, beautiful, smelly, funny Edinburgh. An inadequate guidebook but a delightful book.

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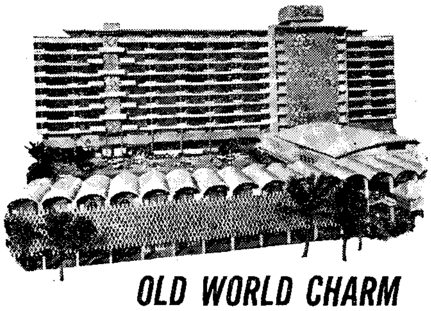
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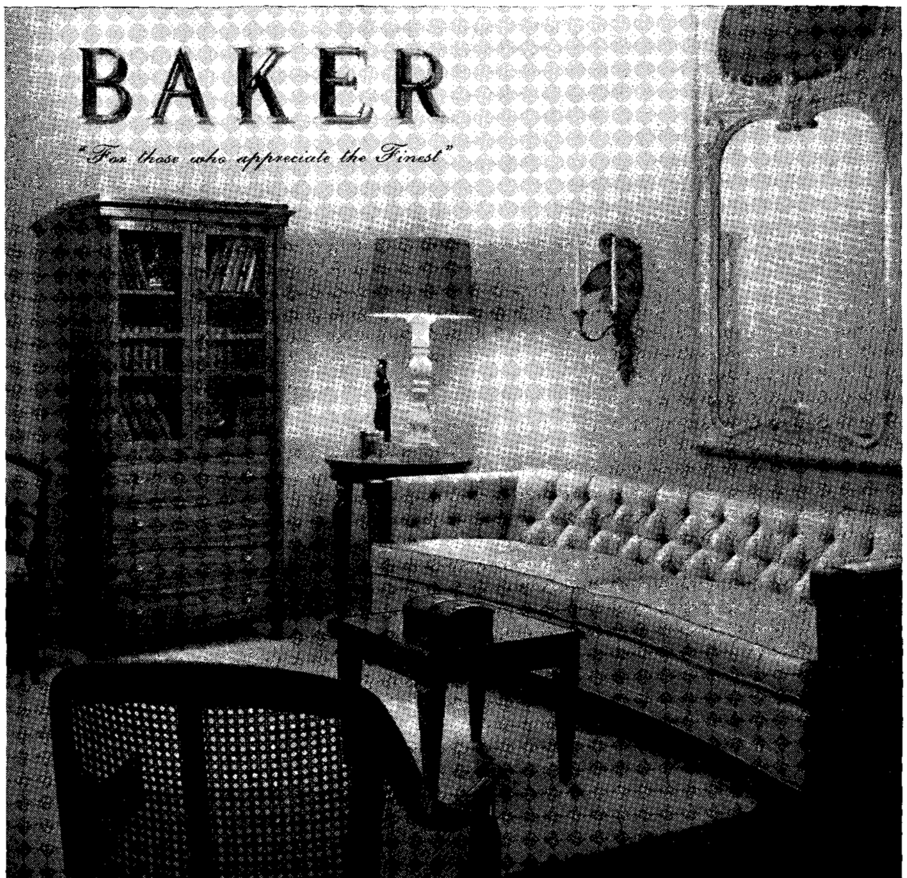
JAMES, edited by Albert Mordell (Twayne). A collection of Howells' reviews and articles about James, most of them never before published in book form. Howells was an enthusiastic but obtuse critic of James, regularly telling the world that he was a grand writer but not a novelist, because he lacked "the genuine story-telling gift." Only twice did Howells break through his consistent preference for James's lesser work and recognize a masterpiece—in the cases of "The Princess Casamassima" and "The Wings of the Dove."

VAN GOGH, A SELF-PORTRAIT: LETTERS REVEALING HIS LIFE AS A PAINTER, selected by W. H. Auden (New York Graphic Society). One of the weariest of clichés is the notion that the artist both welcomes and is somehow benefited by poverty, lack of recognition, inadequate food and lodgings (whether in a Paris garret or in a Manhattan loft or tenement), and the general chanciness of the traditional *vie de bohème*. Van Gogh, who not only enjoyed all these questionable advantages but went crazy, too, has been the target of more of this mixture of sentimentality and condescension than any other artist, and the present volume—a selection of some hundred of his most important letters, taken from the definitive three-volume edition published three years ago—is an excellent antidote to such nonsense. The letters range from one written in 1873, when he was working at Goupil's gallery in London and, at twenty, had all his struggles ahead of him, to one from Auvers-sur-Oise, dated July 23, 1890, only six days before he committed suicide. They are heavy going in spots, understandably, but they are full proof of his humility, his pride, and his tenacity, and there is something almost terrifying in the view the later ones give of his own observation of the way his hardships and his anxieties were leading him inevitably to deterioration and death. There are eight color plates and twenty-seven reproductions of drawings in black-and-white.

THE GLORIOUS OYSTER, by Hector Bolitho, Maurice Burton, and W. A. Bentley (Horizon). An untidy, hit-or-miss history—social, scientific, and gastronomic—of the world's most cherished shellfish. Mr. Bolitho is largely concerned with oyster lore ("Whoever eats oysters on St. James's Day will never want mon-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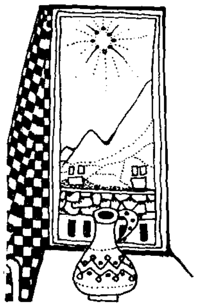

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ey"), the superiority of English oysters to all others, and feats (mostly anonymous) of gluttony. Mr. Bentley's province is the kitchen. He tells us how to make an oyster stew, an oyster-and-grapefruit salad, oysters à la Rockefeller, and so on. Dr. Burton, a zoologist formerly on the staff of the British Museum of Natural History, discusses such matters as reproduction, anatomy, physiology, and metabolism, and he does so entertainingly and well. His contributions, however, are not enough to offset the droning triviality of his companions. Illustrated with still-life paintings (devoted wholly or in part to oysters) by such artists as Jan Steen, Barent van der Meer, Theodore Rousseau, and Braque. Oh, yes—there is also an appendix of references to oysters by Dickens, Shakespeare, Jim Tully, and others.

FRENCH CATHEDRALS, by Jean Bony and Martin Hürlimann (Viking). A big picture book containing an essay by Mr. Bony, a hundred and ninety-nine photographs by Mr. Hürlimann, and descriptive notes on the plates by Peter Meyer. The book is less inclusive than its title, being limited to French Gothic cathedrals. Mr. Bony, in no mood for argument, says that the great ones are bold arrangements of volumes and masses; that nineteenth-century connoisseurs were mistaken in preferring the attenuated late-Gothic style to the earlier, more solid Gothic; and that no one should admire tracery more than structure. Not that Mr. Bony fails to do justice to tracery—he appreciates sculpture and stained glass, but puts them in their place as ornament. Mr. Hürlimann's pictures are foursquare, handsome illustrations of Mr. Bony's aesthetic judgments. Twelve dollars.

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Mr. Burns, speaking at the morning session in the University of Utah Union, said the emphasis and extensive accumulation of information on the responsibility of the employer to the employe suggests the need for some emphasis and information on the responsibility of the employer to the employe.—*Salt Lake Tribune.*

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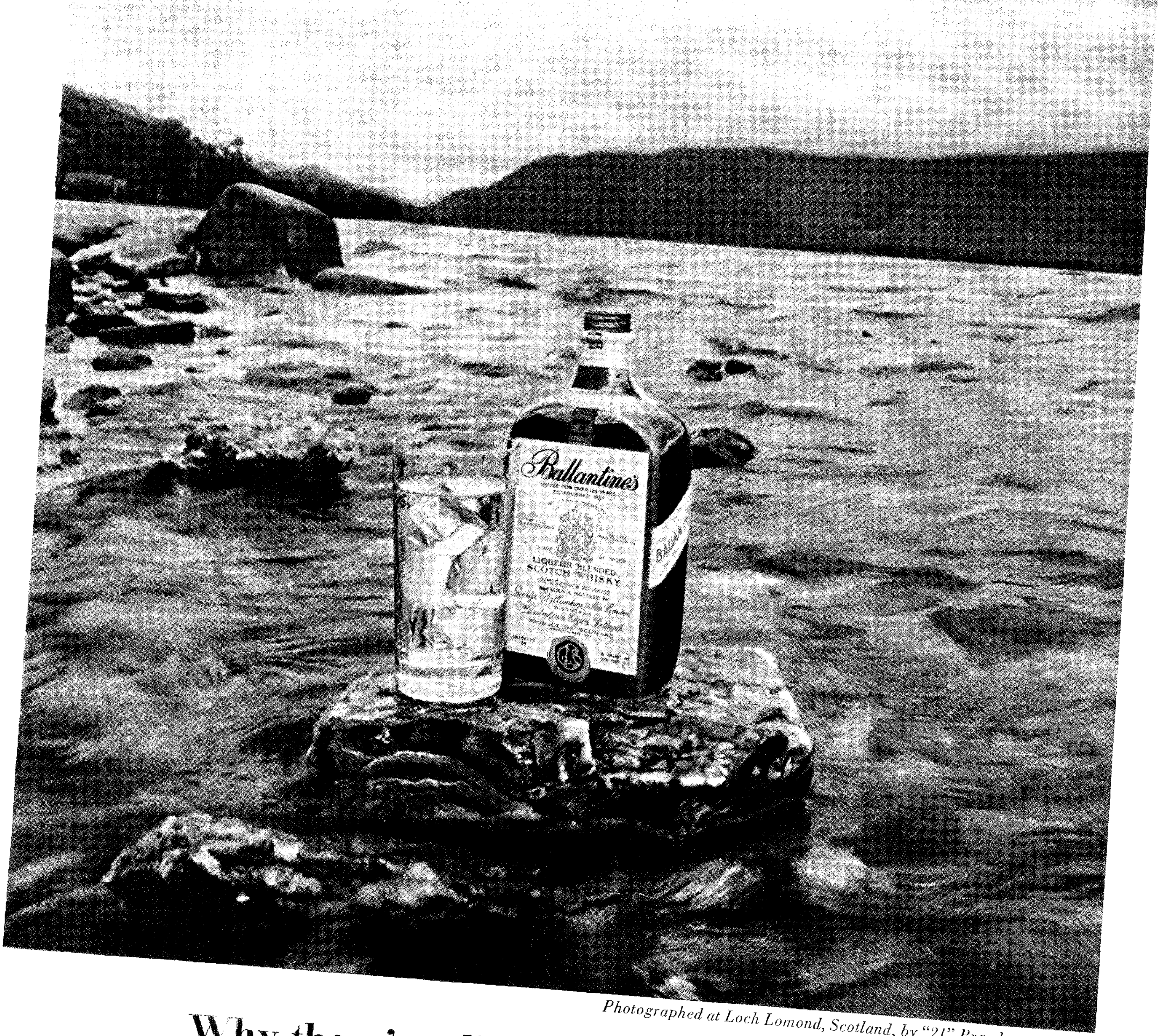

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